January 30, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Broadway Financier

a short story by

DAMON RUNYON

JAN. 30, 1932

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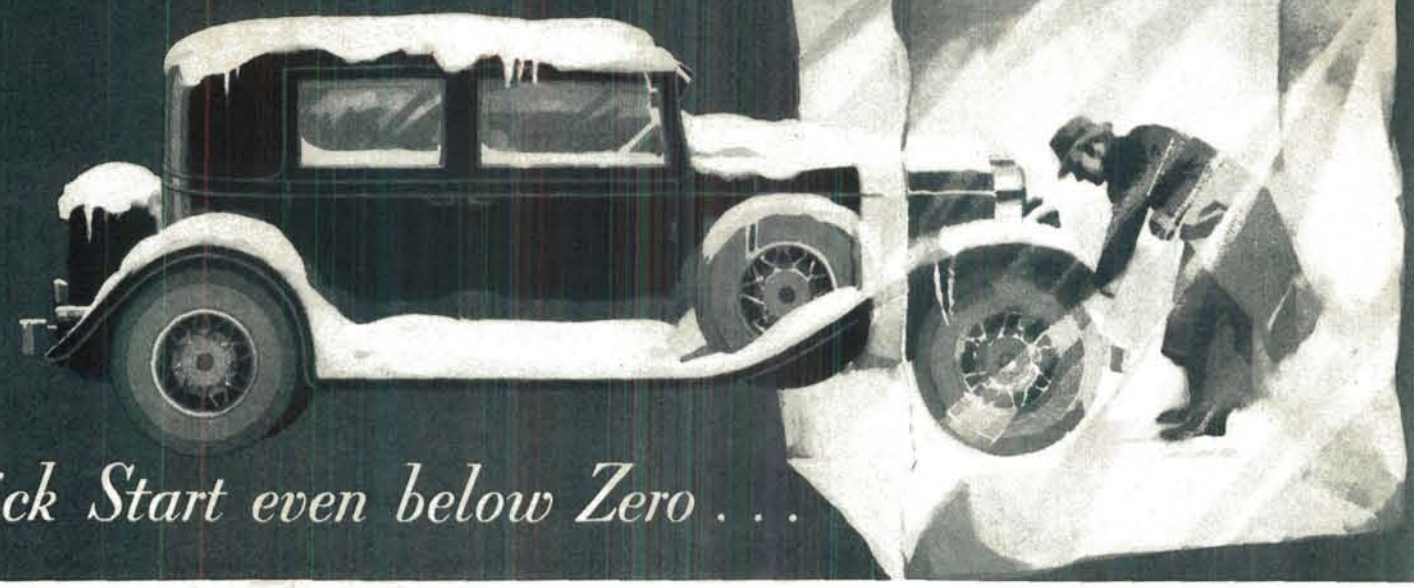
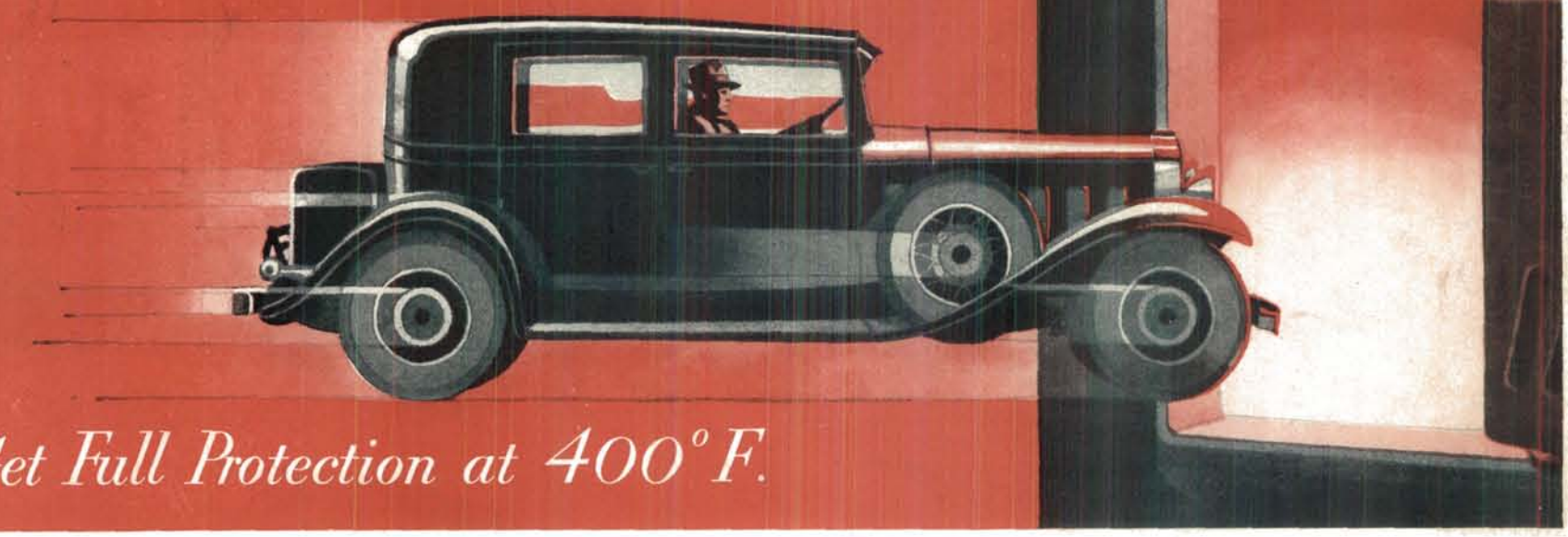
SAVE YOUR BATTERY!



Get a Quick Start even below Zero . . .

SAVE YOUR ENGINE!



Get Full Protection at 400° F.

"Grrrrr—spgrrrrr—umpghrrrrr" . . . That's not Eskimo dialect. It's not Greek. It is cold-weather starter language. And it's an important warning for you.

On cold days when your starter groans and labors—most often you can blame one thing—the oil!

In these thrifty times don't risk the expense this can bring—in battery recharging and repairs, in unnecessary engine wear. You can easily avoid it. Play safe—change to the world's biggest-selling winter oil—*double-range* Mobiloil Arctic.

On cold days an ordinary oil lies cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It cannot circulate promptly. It cannot lubricate properly. Of course your engine labors. Of course it wears prematurely.

Here's why changing to Mobiloil Arctic avoids all this trouble, spares you expense. At the first turn of your engine, Mobiloil Arctic quickly spurts to every engine part. To pistons. To bearings. Result—you save engine wear, battery drain—and besides that you get a quick start even below zero.

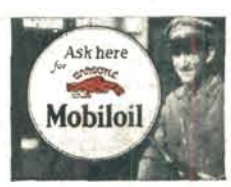
• • •

For today's winter driving speeds, a winter oil that gives you *only* a quick start is not enough. Just a few minutes after you start, your engine gets *hot*. Temperatures may soar to 400° F. That's when many so-called "winter oils" fail to lubricate effectively. They can't stand up.

But Mobiloil Arctic is different from other winter oils. It is the unique *double-range* winter oil. It gives you easy starting even below zero. And when your engine heats up, Mobiloil Arctic maintains its rich lubricating quality. It stands up. It gives fast-flying moving parts protection no matter how fast you drive.

These are thrifty times. Don't risk repairs—don't risk wear. Drain and refill today with Mobiloil Arctic. And for easy gear-shifting, have Mobiloil "CW" put in your gears.

Mobiloil Arctic



VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.

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☆

Ten world-famous Artists take the

"BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" *test*

PAUL MANSHIP · EZRA WINTER · JOHN LAGATTA · F. G. COOPER · McCLELLAND BARCLAY · LEOPOLD SEYFFERT · ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN · FLOYD DAVIS · JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG · HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
-AND G-E WINS AGAIN!

In a tone-test at McClelland Barclay's studio, General Electric Radio won its victory of victories! Competing against three other famous radios, with all sets hidden by a screen, its truer tone earned it a *unanimous vote.*

Not one of the internationally-known artists who came to this experiment as Mr. Barclay's guest knew the names of the contesting sets! All they saw was a screen. All they knew was that four unnamed radios were hidden behind it. They were asked to pick, by number, the set whose tone they preferred. *To the last man,* the world-famous listeners picked General Electric Radio! Here is strong evidence of better tone. But even more convincing will be the evidence of your own ears! Go now and hear the General Electric!

No claims, no arguments, will impress you as much as what you actually hear. For your ears will tell you at once that here is a truer-toned radio. An instrument whose tone will add vastly to your enjoyment of radio.

If technicalities interest you, your own G-E Radio dealer will point out a host of improvements. He will show you the G-E Tone Equalizer, a G-E development in the G-E Popular Console which tremendously improves tone. But the best of all reasons why your radio should be a General Electric will be given you by your own ears.

All of the many G-E sets are reasonably priced, ranging from $37.50 to $345, tubes included. General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

•

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T.

•

When wiring or rewiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

January 30, 1932

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LET'S NOT PRETEND.

Next Week

FIRST of all, turn to page 30 and read that announcement.

What words of ours could fire you to greater determination to get down to the corner next Friday morning before the supply of Collier's disappears?

—

EMANUEL SWARTZ was a small, putty-faced, ineffectual man. Had you stepped into his little tailor shop and beheld him carefully pressing the pants of his few customers you would have thought him one of the world's misfits, doomed always to be pushed and jostled by life, not daring to protest or strike back.

You would have been incorrect. Most of us are unaware how easily new avenues of life open up. You perform some impulsive and unconsidered action, such as pushing a tough young man into a closet, and thereafter startling events follow as a matter of course and the face of the world changes completely.

You might even find yourself, with a small fortune in your hands, bound for the heavenly state of California.

Food for such pleasant observations on the inexplicable, combined with satisfying drama, awaits you in "Tailor Made," by William MacHarg.

TURBULENT China, with its ebb and flow of turmoil and terror, gives a glowing background to next week's Short Short Story. It's the adventure of an aged Chinese nurse whose devotion to her duty could not be dampened by the destroying fury of war. Murney Mintzer wrote it and the title is "At the Barricade."

—

FOR the past couple of years life has been just one crisis after another for Heinrich Brüning, Germany's chancellor. In appearance and manner he is far removed from the Bismarckian type. He is a recluse by inclination and priestlike in appearance. "Saint Francis of Assisi with a cigar," a Berlin wag named him. He is smooth and conciliatory, not scowling and masterful. Yet his friends call him "Best Since Bismarck," which is the title of T. R. Ybarra's interesting article.

—

JEROME BEATTY'S short story has an appealing element. It's about the commercial success, sometimes shaky due to bad management, which Bill Bonner built up with the aid of Mom Johnson and an eye-filling blonde named Connie Parsons. Besides the humor, we're rather fond of the doughnuts stuffed with chopped nuts without which there wouldn't have been any business. "Dollars for Doughnuts."

—

JEFFERY FARNOL, Alan LeMay, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Grantland Rice, Freling Foster, Milton Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole (wearing a mask) and others appear in the same ring with Gene Tunney. The footwork is something to watch. Collier's for action.

Any Week

ARRIVING home the other evening from his office, Mr. Robert L. Bullard of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, ate a friendly supper and retired to his big chair where he soothed his soul with Collier's. That done, he wrote us a letter.

"I am reminded," says he, "of the formula with which the good old Uncle Dorris Ammons (God rest his soul) began his prayer each Sunday morning at old Pleasant Hill Church: 'O, Lord we thank Thee that it is no worse with us than what it is.' "

—

AN INSPIRED, lifting acknowledgment of the everlasting mercy. Our sentiments exactly. But frequently, thoughtlessly, we find ourselves regretting that we haven't everything. For example, we find that Mr. Harvey Ingham, the scholarly editor of the Des Moines Register, visited New York and departed without calling on us. We might have helped him a lot, too. He complains that he had to walk twenty blocks in New York to find a speakeasy. One of the questions we would have asked him is: Where did he start from? The spot deserves exploring.

—

NO SOONER did Senator Nye suggest an amendment to the Corrupt Practices Act, limiting the expenses of a Presidential nominee to five million dollars, than we were buried under a fall of letters advising us that a President isn't worth a tenth of it.

"Show me a man," cries Mr. Morris Knowles, Jr., of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "who, offered his choice between five million dollars and a President, would have any trouble making a decision."

WE ARE notified by the A Dandelion on Every Lawn League, Inc., that we have been elected to membership. Its headquarters are in Yakima, Washington, but the seeds and samples enclosed with the notification come from California where, the letter informs us, "there is no ice, no snow, no slush, no flies, no fleas, no bull, no bunk, no booze, no yellowjackets and no saxophones." The letter goes on to advise us that "a generous chunk of winter watermelon follows under separate cover." All of which leaves us hoping that there will be no dues, too. We are all out of dues.

—

"WHAT'S all this talk about recognizing Russia?" demands Mr. Henry F. Landov of Lynn, Massachusetts. "I am a Russian born and bred, not a White Russian or a Red Russian but a Blue Russian. I have just returned from a visit to my native land. Even I, a Russian, was unable to recognize it."

—

"AND do you realize," asks Mrs. Mary E. Warshar of Rock Island, Illinois, "that this country has had only one crop failure in the past ten years? The only thing we haven't had plenty of is leadership."

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Let Him Hear

MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, amplified radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened. Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue to old and young. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Keep an eye on your wife

SOMETIMES appearance is deceiving. That's why we suggest that you keep an eye on your wife. Possibly she isn't as happy as she seems. Sometime you may catch her when she's off guard and surprise a little wistful look on her face. Is she worrying about you? After all, most wives are loyal and proud, and rather reluctant to speak up. This may be miles from the fact —but there's a chance she's distressed because you aren't as careful about shaving as you were in times past. Of course this suggestion is selfish on our part, but nevertheless a valuable hint. We urge you to be particular in the blade you choose and the way you use it. Today Gillette is offering a far superior razor blade. It makes frequent, close shaving comfortable and reasonably pleasant. Try it on our guarantee. Buy a package and use two blades. If you don't agree every shave is free from harshness and irritation—however tender your skin—return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

Gillette

RAZORS Gillette BLADES

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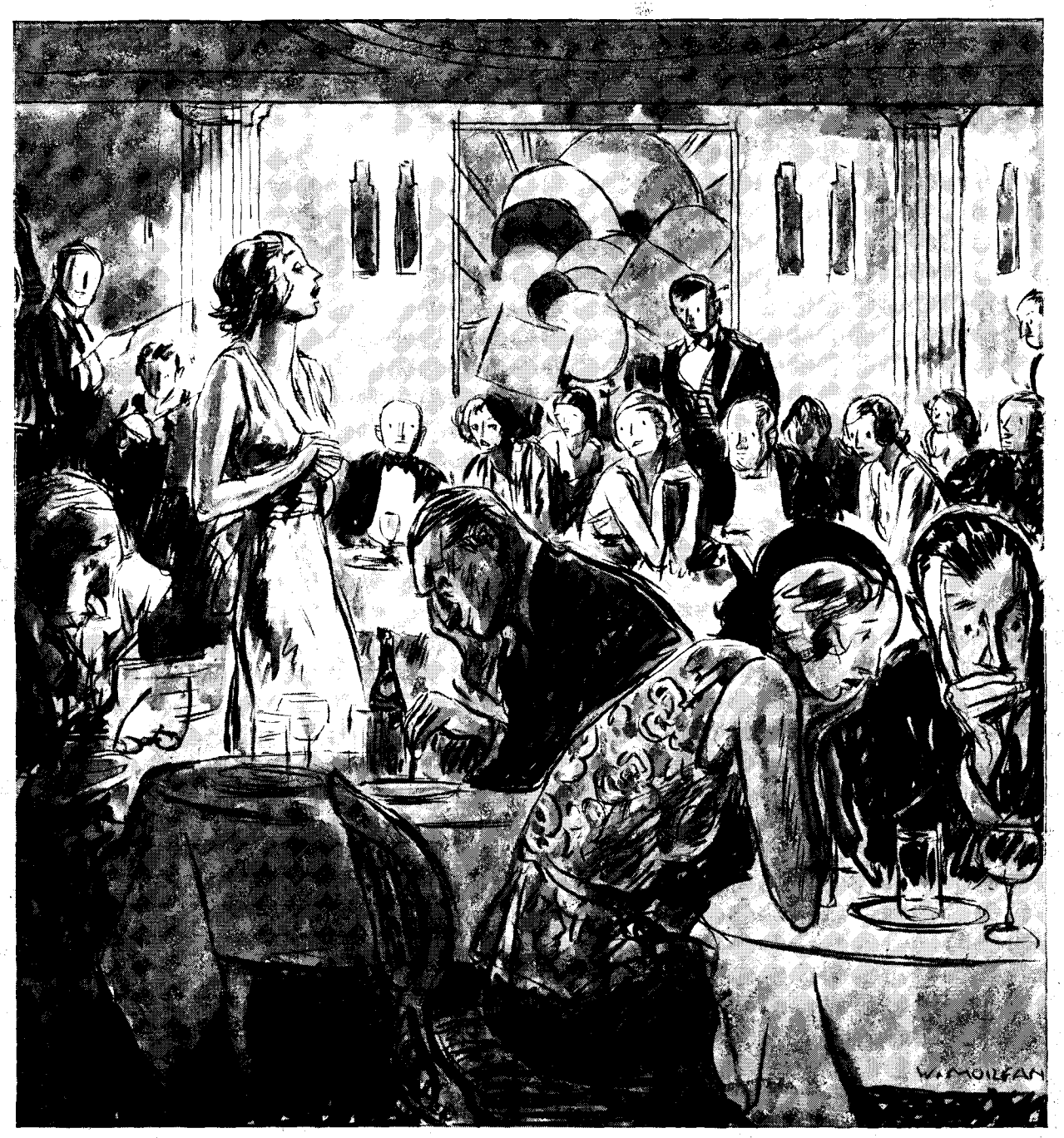
Broadway Financier

All about a smooth worker known as Silk, who learned that bankers do not always think of money

By Damon Runyon



Silk sings a very old song called Annie Laurie and she sings this so loud that sobs are heard all over the joint

OF ALL the scores made by dolls on Broadway the past twenty-five years, there is no doubt but what the very largest score is made by a doll who is called Silk, when she knocks off a banker by the name of Israel Ib, for the size of Silk's score is three million one hundred bobs and a few odd cents.

It is admitted by one and all who know about these matters that the record up to this time is held by a doll by the name of Irma Teak, who knocks off a Russian duke back in 1911 when Russian dukes are considered very useful by dolls, although of course in these days Russian dukes are about as useful as dandruff. Anyway, Irma Teak's score off this Russian duke is up around a million, and she moves to London with her duke and chucks quite a swell around there for a time. But finally Irma Teak goes blind, which is a tough break for her as she can no longer see how jealous she is making other dolls with her diamonds and sables and one thing and another, so what good are they to her, after all?

I know Irma Teak when she is a show doll at the old Winter Garden, and I also know the doll by the name of Mazie Mitz, who is in a Florodora revival, and who makes a score of maybe three hundred G's off a guy who has a string of ten-cent stores, and three hundred G's is by no means hay. But Mazie Mitz finally hauls off and runs away with a saxophone player she is in love with and so winds up back of the fifteen ball.

Furthermore, I know Clara Simmons, the model from Rickson's, who gets a five-story town house and a country place on Long Island off a guy in Wall Street for birthday presents, and while I never meet this guy personally, I always figure he must be very dumb because anybody who knows Clara Simmons knows she will be just as well satisfied with a bottle of perfume for a birthday present. For all I know, Clara Simmons may still own the town house and the country place, but she must be shoving on toward forty now, so naturally nobody on Broadway cares what becomes of her.

I KNOW a hundred other dolls who run up different scores, and some of them are very fair scores, indeed, but none of these scores are anything much alongside Silk's score off Israel Ib, and this score is all the more surprising because Silk starts out being greatly prejudiced against bankers. I am no booster for bankers myself, as I consider them very stony-hearted guys, but I am not prejudiced against them. In fact, I consider bankers very necessary, because if we do not have bankers many citizens will not be able to think of anybody to give a check on.

It is quite a while before she meets Israel Ib that Silk explains to me why she is prejudiced against bankers. It is when she is nothing but a chorus doll in Johnny Oakley's joint on Fifty-third Street, and comes into Mindy's after she gets through work, which is generally along about four o'clock in the morning.

At such an hour many citizens are sitting around Mindy's resting from the crap games and one thing and another, and dolls from the different joints around and about, including chorus dolls and hostesses, drop in for something to eat before going home, and generally these dolls are still in their make-up and very tired.

Naturally they come to know the citizens who are sitting around, and say hello, and maybe accept the hospitality of these citizens, such as java and Danish pastry, or maybe a few scrambled eggs, and it is all very pleasant and harmless, because a citizen who is all tuckered out from shooting craps is not going to get any high blood pressure over a tired chorus doll or a hostess, and especially a hostess.

Well, one morning Silk is sitting at my table guzzling a cup of java and a piece of apple pie, when in comes The Greek looking very weary, The Greek being a high shot who is well known far and wide. He drops into a chair alongside me and orders a Bismarck herring with sliced onions to come along, which is a dish that is considered most invigorating, and then The Greek mentions that he is playing the bank for twenty-four hours hand running, so right away Silk speaks up as follows:

"I HATE banks," she says. "Furthermore," she says, "I hate bankers. If it is not for a banker maybe I will not be slaving in Johnny Oakley's dirty little drum for thirty bobs per week. Maybe my mamma will still be alive, and I will be living at home with her instead of in a flea bag in Forty-seventh Street.

"My mamma once saves up three hundred bobs from scrubbing floors in an office building to send me to school," Silk says, "and a banker in one of the buildings where she does this scrubbing tells her to put her dough in his bank, and what happens but the bank busts and it is such a terrible blow to my mamma that she ups and dies. I am very small at the time," Silk says, "but I can remember standing in front of the busted bank with my mamma, and my mamma crying her eyes out."

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Well, personally, I consider Silk's crack about Johnny Oakley's joint uncalled for, as it is by no means little, but I explain to her that what The Greek is talking about is a faro bank, and not a bank you put money in, as such a bank is called a jug, and not a bank at all, while faro bank is a gambling game, and the reason I explain this to Silk is because everybody always explains things to her.

THE idea is everybody wishes Silk to be well smartened up, especially everybody who hangs out around Mindy's, because she is an orphan and never has a chance to go to school, and we do not wish her to grow up dumb like the average doll, as one and all are very fond of Silk from the first minute she bobs up around Mindy's.

Now at this time Silk is maybe seventeen years old and weighs maybe ninety pounds, sopping wet, and she is straight up and down like a boy. She has soft brown hair and brown eyes that seem too big for her face, and she looks right at you when she talks to you and she talks to you like one guy to another guy. In fact, I always claim there is more guy in Silk than there is doll, as she finally gets so she thinks like a guy, which is maybe because she associates more with guys than she does with other dolls and gets a guy's slant on things in general.

She loves to sit around Mindy's in the early morning gabbing with different citizens, although she does more listening than gabbing herself, and she loves to listen to gab about horse-racing and baseball and fights and crap-shooting and to guys cutting up old touches and whatever else is worth gabbing about, and she seldom sticks in her oar, except maybe to ask a question. Naturally a doll who is willing to listen instead of wishing to gab herself is bound to be popular because if there is anything most citizens hate and despise it is a gabby doll.

So then many citizens take a real interest in Silk's education, including Regret, the horse-player, who explains to her how to build up a sucker to betting on a hot horse, although personally I do not consider such knowledge of any more value to a young doll just starting out in the world than the lesson Big Nig, the crap-shooter, gives her one night on how to switch in a pair of tops on a craps game.

Then there is Doc Daro, who is considered one of the highest-class operators that ever rides the tubs in his day, being a great hand for traveling back and forth across the ocean and outplaying other passengers at bridge and poker and one thing and another, but who finally gets rheumatism in his hands so bad he can no longer shuffle the cards. And of course if Doc Daro cannot shuffle the cards there is no sense whatever in him trying to play games of skill any more.

DOC DARO is always telling Silk what rascals guys are and explaining to her the different kinds of business they will try to give her, this being the same kind of business the Doc gives dolls himself in his time. The Doc has an idea that a young doll who is battling Broadway needs plenty of education along such lines, but Silk tells me privately that she is jerry to the stuff Doc is telling her when she is five years old.

The guy I figure does Silk the most good is an old pappy guy by the name of Professor D, who is always reading books when he is not busy doping the horses. In fact, Professor D is considered somewhat daffy on the subject of reading books, but it seems he gets the habit from being a teacher in a college out in Ohio before he becomes a horse-player. Anyway, Professor D takes to giving Silk books to read, and what is more she reads them and talks them over afterward with the professor, who is greatly pleased by this.

"She is a bright little doll," Professor D says to me one day. "Furthermore," the professor says, "she has soul."

"Well," I say, "Big Nig claims she can palm a pair of dice as good as anybody he ever sees."

But the professor only says heigh-ho, and goes along, and I can see he does not consider me a character worth having much truck with, even though I am as much interested in Silk's education as anybody else.

Well, what happens one night but the regular singer in Johnny Oakley's joint, a doll by the name of Myrtle Marigold, hauls off and catches the measles from her twelve-year-old son, and as Johnny has enough trouble getting customers into his joint without giving them the measles after getting them there, he gives Myrtle Marigold plenty of wind at once.

But there he is without anybody to sing Stacker Lee to his customers, Stacker Lee being a ditty with which Myrtle Marigold panics the customers, so Johnny looks his chorus over and finally asks Silk if she can sing. And Silk says she can sing all right, but that she will not sing Stacker Lee, because she considers it a low-down lullaby, at best. Silk says she will sing something classical and, being desperate for singing, Johnny Oakley says go ahead. So what does Silk do but sing a very old song called Annie Laurie, which she learns from her mamma, and she sings this song so loud that sobs are heard all over the joint.

Of course if anybody investigates they will learn that the sobbing is being done by Professor D and Big Nig and The Greek, who happen to be in the joint at the time, and what they are sobbing about is the idea of Silk singing at all, but Johnny Oakley considers her a big hit and keeps her singing Annie Laurie right along, and one night Harry Fitz, the booking agent, drops in and hears her singing and tells Ziegfeld he discovers a doll with a brand-new style.

Naturally Ziggie signs her up at once for the Follies, because he has great faith in Harry Fitz's judgment but after Ziggie hears Silk sing he asks her if she can do anything else, and is greatly relieved when he learns she can dance.

SO SILK becomes a Ziegfeld dancer, and she is quite a sensation with the dramatic critics on the night she opens because she dances with all her clothes on, which is considered a very great novelty indeed. The citizens around Mindy's chip in and send Silk a taxicab full of orchids, and a floral pillow, and Professor D contributes a book called The Outline of History, and Silk is the happiest doll in town.

A year goes by, and what a year in the Follies does for Silk is most astonishing. Personally, I never see a lot of change in her looks, except her figure fills out so it has bumps here and there where a doll is entitled to have bumps, and her face grows to fit her eyes more, but everybody else claims she becomes beautiful, and her picture is always in the papers and dozens of guys are always hanging around after her and sending her flowers and one thing and another.

One guy in particular starts sending her jewelry, which Silk always brings around to Mindy's for Jewelry Joe to look at, this Jewelry Joe being a guy who peddles jewelry along Broadway for years, and who can tell you in a second what a piece of jewelry is worth.

Jewelry Joe finds that the jewelry Silk brings around is nothing much but slum, and naturally he advises her to have no further truck with any party who cannot send in anything better than this, but one morning she shows up in Mindy's with an emerald ring the size of a cake of soap, and the minute Jewelry Joe sees the emerald he tells Silk that whoever donates this is worthy of very careful consideration.

Now it seems that the party who sends the emerald is nobody but Israel Ib, the banker who owns the jug down on the lower East Side that is called the Bank of the Bridges, and the way Silk comes to connect with him is most unusual. It is through a young guy by the name of Simeon Slotsky, who is a teller in Israel Ib's jug, and who sees Silk dancing one night in the Follies and goes right off his ka-zip about her.

It is this Simeon Slotsky who is sending the jewelry that Silk first brings around, and the way he is buying this jewelry is by copping a little dough out of the jug now and then which does not belong to him. Naturally this is a most dishonest action, and by and by they catch up with Simeon Slotsky in the jug, and Israel Ib is going to place him in the pokey.

Well, Simeon Slotsky does not wish to be placed in the pokey and not knowing what else to do, what does he do but go to Silk and tell her his story, explaining that he commits this dishonest business only because he is daffy about her, even though Silk never gives him a tumble, and in fact never says as much as two words to him before.

He tells her that he comes of respectable old parents down on the lower East Side, who will be very sad if he is placed in the pokey, especially his mamma, but Israel Ib is bound and determined to put him away, because Israel

The old doll bobs up all of a sudden with a mop handle

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Ib is greatly opposed to anybody copping dough out of his jug. Simeon Slotsky says his mamma cries all over Israel Ib's vest trying to cry him out of the idea of placing her son in the pokey, but that Israel Ib is a very hard-hearted guy and will not give in no matter what, and furthermore he is very indignant because Simeon's mamma's tears spot up his vest. So Simeon says it looks as if he must go to the pokey unless Silk can think of something.

Now Silk is very young herself and very tender-hearted and she is sorry for Simeon Slotsky, because she can see he is nothing but a hundred-per-cent chump, so she sits down and writes a letter to Israel Ib asking him to call on her backstage at the Follies on a matter of great importance. Of course Silk does not know that it is not the proper caper to be writing a banker such a letter, and ordinarily it is a thousand to one, according to the way The Greek figures the odds, that a banker will pay no attention to such a letter except maybe to notify his lawyer.

But it seems that the letter tickles Israel Ib, as he always secretly wishes to get a peek backstage at the Follies to see if the dolls back there wear as few clothes as he hears, so he shows up the very same night, and in five minutes Silk has him all rounded up as far as Simeon Slotsky is concerned. Israel Ib says he will straighten out everything and send Simeon to a job in a jug out West.

So the next day Simeon Slotsky comes around and thanks Silk for all she does for him, and bawls quite some, and gets a photograph off her with her name signed to it which he says he will give to his mamma so she can stick it up on her wall on the East Side to always remember the doll who saves her son, and then Simeon Slotsky goes on about his business, and for all I know becomes a very honest and useful citizen. And forty-eight hours later, Silk is wearing the emerald from Israel Ib.

Now this Israel Ib is by no means a Broadway character, and in fact few ever hear of him before he bobs up sending Silk an emerald ring. In fact, it seems that Israel Ib is a quiet, industrious guy, who has nothing on his mind but running his jug and making plenty of scratch until the night he goes to see Silk.

HE IS a little short fat guy of maybe forty-odd at this time with a little round stomach sticking out in front of him and he always wears a white vest on his stomach, with a pair of gold-rimmed cheaters hanging on a black ribbon across the vest. He has a large snozzle, and is as homely as a mud fence, any way you take him, but it is well known to one and all that he is a coming guy in the banking dodge.

Silk is always making jokes about Israel Ib, because naturally she cannot see much to such a looking guy, but every morning she comes into Mindy's with all kinds of swag, such as bracelets and rings and brooches, and Jewelry Joe finally speaks to her very severely and tells her that a guy who can send her such merchandise is no joking matter.

There is no doubt that Israel Ib is dizzy about her, and personally I consider it very sad that a guy as smart as he must be lets himself get tangled up in such a situation. But then I remember that guys ten thousand times smarter than Israel Ib let themselves get tangled up the same way, so it is all even.

The upshot of the whole business is that Silk begins to pay a little serious attention to Israel Ib, and the next thing anybody knows she quits the Follies and takes to living in a large apartment on Park Avenue and riding around in a big car with a guy in uniform driving her, and she has enough fur coats for a tribe of Eskimos, including a chinchilla flogger that moves Israel back thirty G's.

Furthermore, it comes out that the apartment house she is living in is in her own name, and some citizens are greatly surprised, as they do not figure a doll just off Broadway smart enough to get anything in her own name, except maybe a traffic summons. But Professor D says he is not surprised because he once makes Silk read a book entitled The Importance of Property.

We do not see much of Silk any more these days, but every now and then we hear rumors of her getting more apartment houses and business buildings in her own name, and the citizens around Mindy's are greatly pleased because they figure it proves that the trouble they take educating Silk is by no means wasted. Finally we hear Silk goes to Europe, and for nearly two years she is living in Paris and other spots, and some say the reason she sticks around Europe is because she finds out all of a sudden that Israel Ib is a married guy, although personally I figure Silk must know this all along, because it certainly is no mystery. In fact, Israel Ib is very much married, indeed, and his ever-loving wife is a big fat old doll whose family has plenty of potatoes.

The chances are Silk is sick and tired of looking at Israel Ib, and stays abroad so she will not have to look at his ugly kisser more than two or three times a year, which is about as often as Israel Ib can think up excuses to go over and see her. Then one winter we hear that Silk is coming home to stay, and it is the winter of 1930 when things are very tough, indeed.

It is close to Christmas when Silk lands one morning around eleven o'clock from the steamship, and it seems she is expecting Israel Ib to meet her at the dock, but Israel Ib is not present, and nobody else is there to tell her why Israel Ib is absent.

IT SEEMS that some of Silk's luggage is being held up by the customs guys, as she brings over enough merchandise of one kind and another to stock a department store, and she wishes to see Israel Ib to get this matter straightened out, so she hires a taxi and tells the jockey to take her to Israel Ib's jug, figuring to stop in a minute and give Israel Ib his instructions, and maybe a good rousting around for not meeting her.

Now Silk never before goes to Israel Ib's jug, which is deep down on the

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

in her duke and starts boffing the shawls and whiskers on their noggins

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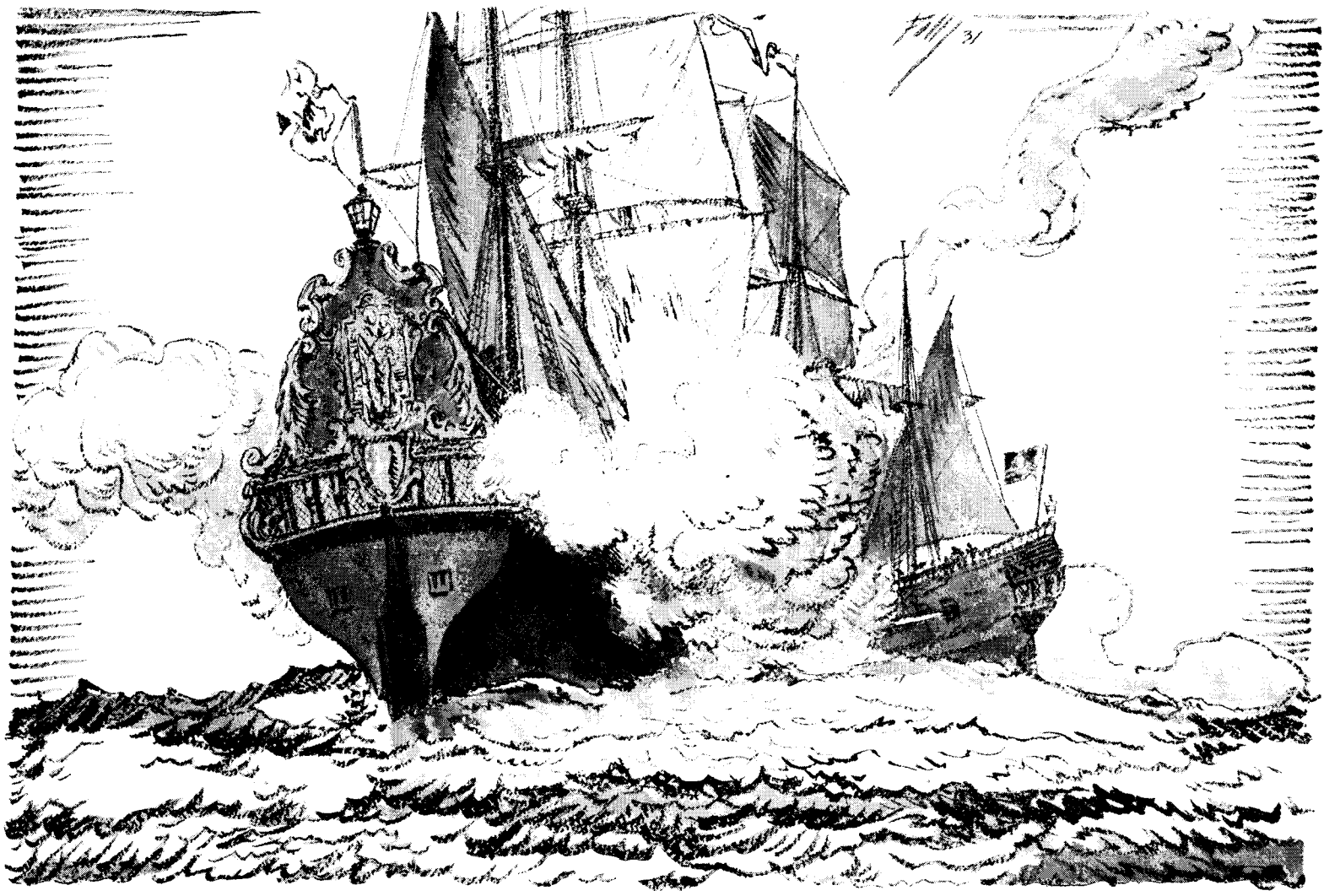

The great Santa Terésa was doomed. For an hour the pirate ship had hammered her

The Love Pirate

Another adventure of Captain Africa, gentleman buccaneer, in which he follows a pair of beautiful eyes where few would dare to tread

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

THERE was something in the pose of Doña Antonia de Montero that took Captain Africa's eye. She stood in the smoke of battle on the high poop deck of the great galleon Santa Terésa, and Captain Africa saw her only for an instant as he sprang from his own ship upon the bulwark of the Spaniard, shouting to his buccaneers to follow him.

In that crowded moment, when Africa stood poised upon the galleon's bulwark, he glanced upward and saw the woman on the lofty, castle-like poop and marked the high, proud tilt of her head. He saw, too, something more than this; he saw that there was no terror in her face but, instead, an exultant joy. The thought flashed through his mind that here was a strange thing; then in the tumult of battle he forgot her.

The great Santa Terésa was doomed. For an hour the pirate ship had hammered her at close range. Captain Africa had worked an old trick of his. Lying on the galleon's bow, his ship swept the Spaniard's decks with a terrible enfilade fire, while the galleon's narrow ports permitted only a few of her guns to bear. The unwieldy floating fortress had been almost helpless. Her decks were cluttered with dead and wounded. When at last the pirate craft ran alongside and grappled her, the result was no longer in doubt.

She snatched the lantern and held it for signal

Yet, for a few critical minutes, it seemed that their victory would cost the pirates very dear. The grappling hooks aft failed to hold. Only three of his men stood with Captain Africa on the galleon's main deck when the two vessels swung apart; these four, being thus cut off, found themselves in desperate case. Their backs to the bulwark forward of the poop, they fought against overwhelming odds. Two of them went down, run through with pikes. A cutlass split the skull of the third and he fell at Africa's feet.

The forward grapples held firm. Though their sterns swung wide, the bows of the two ships were locked together. Over the bow of their vessel the buccaneers swarmed upon the galleon's forecastle head. Now they swept aft with a hurricane rush to their captain's rescue—a wave of half-naked, flame-eyed, powder-blackened hellions yelling like fiends.

THE Spanish pikemen turned to face them. For a moment Africa had a respite, but three cutlass-men rushed him and again he was hard pressed. He fought with a cool skill that overlooked no opening, with a deadly joyousness more terrible than a berserk's rage. Somehow his tall, powerful form, clad in crimson damask, kept its footing; somehow his long, straight sword, flickering before him like the tongue of a snake, parried the blows aimed at him. Lithe as a tiger, quick as a leopard, six feet three in his boots yet as light on his toes as some slim Catalonian dancer, he held his own until rescue was at hand.

Suddenly the three cutlass-men leaped clear. The main body of the Spaniards was giving way before the oncoming pirate wave. Step by step they retreated until they stood ranged against the high wall of the poop. Forward, the ship was in the pirates' hands, but here where the pikemen stood at bay there was no wavering. These were veteran soldiers of the Netherlands wars, bound overseas to join King Philip's forces in New Spain, and they would sell their lives dearly.

Captain Africa strode forward in front of his men. His crimson coat had been half torn from him, his dark hawk-like face was streaked with blood. His hand raised above his head, he faced the bristling barrier of the pikes.

"Quarter!" he cried in Spanish. "Quarter to all who surrender! We'll take your goods and your gold and give you back your ship and your lives."

There was a minute of hesitation. Then a pike clattered to the deck, another and another. Within three minutes the captive Spaniards, in charge of Bledsoe, Africa's lieutenant, were being

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herded forward to join their fellow prisoners. Africa was about to follow when he glanced upward at the poop and saw the woman standing there—the woman whom he had seen for an instant as he boarded the galleon and then had forgotten. He swung on his heel and mounted the carved stair to the poop deck.

She turned to face him as he approached. She was tall, her lustrous black hair was uncovered, the breeze wrapped her white high-waisted dress closely around her slender form. Beside her now, his left arm encircling her shoulders, stood a gray-bearded Spaniard, richly dressed in purple satin, a rapier in his right hand. Africa saw at once that the woman was darkly beautiful, but what filled him with a fresh amazement was the challenge in her eyes. With blood and death around her, with the galleon in the hands of pirates and herself about to become their prey, this woman was not afraid.

Captain Africa was a student of eyes, especially the eyes of women. In the jet-black eyes of this tall Spanish beauty he discovered an intriguing mystery. He bowed low.

"Señor," he said quietly in Spanish, "will you be so good as to inform your daughter that I am entirely at her service?"

The Spaniard's swarthy scowling face flushed a dark red. "I am Don Jeronimo de Montero of Seville," he replied shortly. "This lady is the Doña Antonia, my wife."

"Ah, so!" said Africa. "My felicitations, Señor. You will not need your sword to protect your wife's honor. I am that rare thing, a pirate who keeps his word. You have heard of me, perhaps; I am Captain Africa."

Don Jeronimo bowed stiffly.

"You mean," he asked incredulously, "that your promise of quarter will be kept—that after you have rifled the galleon, we shall be allowed to go on our way?"

Africa inclined his head.

"And my wife?" Don Jeronimo continued. "You mean that these hounds of hell will not lay hands on her; that she will be permitted to go with me unharmed?"

Doña Antonia's eyes were fixed upon Captain Africa's face. He gazed into them. Jet-black though they were, he saw them as pools of fire. Something blazed in this woman, something far deeper than the excitement of the moment, something stronger even than the fear of death. She moved slightly; her shoulders seemed to shrink away from Don Jeronimo's encircling arm. The movement was almost imperceptible, but Africa saw it. Suddenly he knew what it was that blazed in those jet eyes.

They held his gaze with a strangely compelling power. "Take me!" they said. "Take me from this man whose very touch I loathe!" They became the eyes of a siren, alluring, seductive, promising everything. They promised too much. Africa had been born a gentleman and he retained a gentleman's fastidiousness as to certain matters. If, for a moment, his heart had softened toward this woman, it hardened now.

"I MEAN," he said, addressing himself to Don Jeronimo, "that I shall keep my word. Your wife is safe. She will be allowed to go with you unharmed."

He looked again into Doña Antonia's revealing eyes. They had changed, but they had not changed as he anticipated. He had expected to see anger in them, the proverbial fury of a woman scorned. But what he saw there was not anger. It was despair. Something in his own expression must have betrayed his surprise, for suddenly she smiled—a smile not wholly consistent with the tragedy in her eyes.

"We are going, my husband and I," she said casually, as though she were making conversation, "to San Marina in the country of New Spain. Do you know the governor's palace there, Sir Pirate? Is it a house in which a lady, who has known the luxury of Seville, may live in comfort?"

Captain Africa perceived that Don Jeronimo's stern brows had drawn together in a black frown.

"I have never visited San Marina, Señora," Africa's tone was as casual as hers had been. "Some day, perhaps, I shall do so."

He bowed and turned away. But as he turned, Doña Antonia's eyes held his again for a lingering instant and this time he could not read them. He was aware only of their depth, their luster, their mystery, and the extraordinary allurement of her face.

Doña Antonia de Montero, in green silk faced with gold, stood before a tall mirror in her bedroom in the governor's palace in San Marina and imparted to her dark loveliness those last touches which would enable her to enter the reception-room below with complete assurance of conquest.

This night was a special occasion. In the absence of her husband, the governor, she was to greet no less a personage than Don Guzman de Velez, envoy of the King of Spain, sent from Madrid to San Marina to confer with Don Jeronimo about certain questions of colonial policy.

"Think well, Love Pirate," he said slowly and drew her to him

TO DOÑA ANTONIA, however, it was like many other occasions in one important respect: it would provide her with another opportunity for the employment of her devastating beauty.

It was this—the reckless game that she played with her beauty as her weapon—that had made endurable the months which had elapsed since she had come to San Marina. In Seville her beauty had been famous. Here it was a stunning, irresistible force which swept everything before it.

She used it for a double purpose: to make the long days and nights pass more quickly, and to forget for a little while the man she hated—Don Jeronimo, her husband. She had married him two years before because it had seemed folly to reject him. He was an old man and twice a widower; but he was a grandee of Spain and she was only the daughter of a bankrupt wine merchant of Malaga. To the wine merchant and to Antonia, also, Don Jeronimo's infatuation was a gift from heaven.

His infatuation endured, but with it, she soon discovered, dwelt jealousy and a cold, cunning cruelty. Don Jeronimo's young and fascinating wife became one of the three most famous beauties of Seville; Don Jeronimo's jealousy became day by day more violent, his cruelties more intolerable.

THE worst cruelty of all had been his acceptance of the governorship of San Marina. Amid the gayeties of Seville, life held some compensations; in the remote wilderness of Spanish America existence with Jeronimo would be one long agony.

She did not know where they were going until they were aboard the galleon Santa Terésa. It was too late then to adopt any of the desperate remedies which she might have attempted. The one gleam of hope came when a pirate vessel attacked the galleon, laid her aboard and captured her. Not for one moment during the battle was Antonia afraid either of death or of what might follow if no cannon ball struck her. The pirate captain, whoever he was, could not be worse than Don Jeronimo.

But he had been worse than Jeronimo—he had been more cruel. He had not taken her. He had left her to Jeronimo, left her to go on with him in the half-crippled galleon to San Marina and to

(Continued on page 34)

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

Instantly Africa lunged again, and Jeronimo's lieutenant screamed hoarsely and fell

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States' Rights Ritchie

They don't like to reëlect their governors in Maryland. From 1838 to 1918 not one was given a second term. And now look at Albert Cabell Ritchie. They've put him in the governor's chair for the fourth time and they seem to be contented. There must be more to the man than a voice raised in denunciation of prohibition. There is. Here you have the man and his views —a vigorous, useful citizen and one of the foremost candidates for the Democratic nomination

By George Creel

MOST notabilities, on being mentioned for the Presidency, turn at once into a stuffed shirt or a walking frock coat, from which speech issues only after each word has been searched to make sure that it has been divested of everything save sound.

It is the unique distinction of Albert Cabell Ritchie, Maryland's governor, that he is today just as he was before enthusiastic friends proposed his name as a candidate for the highest office in the land. He retains his simplicity and naturalness in full degree and talks with all of his wonted courage and candor.

In the course of a recent interview every issue now before the American people, either directly or indirectly, came up for discussion, and not once did he sidestep, straddle or take refuge behind those sonorous platitudes that have come to be the hallmark of modern statesmanship. Prohibition, tariff, compulsory unemployment insurance, the Sherman Act, overproduction, water power, foreign debts and foreign policies, crop reduction, overcapitalization —he took them all in his stride, frankly and cheerfully, halting only to frame his thought more clearly.

"Take me or leave me." That seems to be his attitude. "Here's where I stand and this is what I think."

Another element of surprise is furnished by the appearance of the man. The great herd bull of the Wets, according to newspaper headlines and Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Ritchie ought by rights to have a plush face and bottle nose, set off by a check suit and diamond horseshoe pin. Instead of that, he comes pretty close to being what we all love to think of as the Typical American. Tall, slender, his face curiously young against his thatch of white hair, he has distinction together with good looks, charm and a gay, infectious good humor.

No Prohibition for Maryland

Prohibition, of course, had an early and important place in our conversation, for it was the Eighteenth Amendment that first brought Governor Ritchie into national prominence. Back in 1922, it may be remembered, President Harding called a conference for the purpose of telling the states their duty with respect to enforcement. Everything was proceeding harmoniously and according to schedule, when suddenly the comparatively unknown governor of Maryland upset the apple cart. Courteously and amiably, but quite firmly, he made it clear that his state had no intention of passing any Baby Volstead Act.

"The Eighteenth Amendment," he said, "is an unwarranted and unnecessary invasion of states' rights. The people of Maryland inherit a tradition of temperance, and we were effectually solving the liquor problem by local option. When a community wanted prohibition it got it. Now, however, that the Federal government has usurped the power and functions of the state, we hold that enforcement is the business of Federal officials. Any other course, in my opinion, would demoralize our police and courts and destroy our ability to maintain law and order."

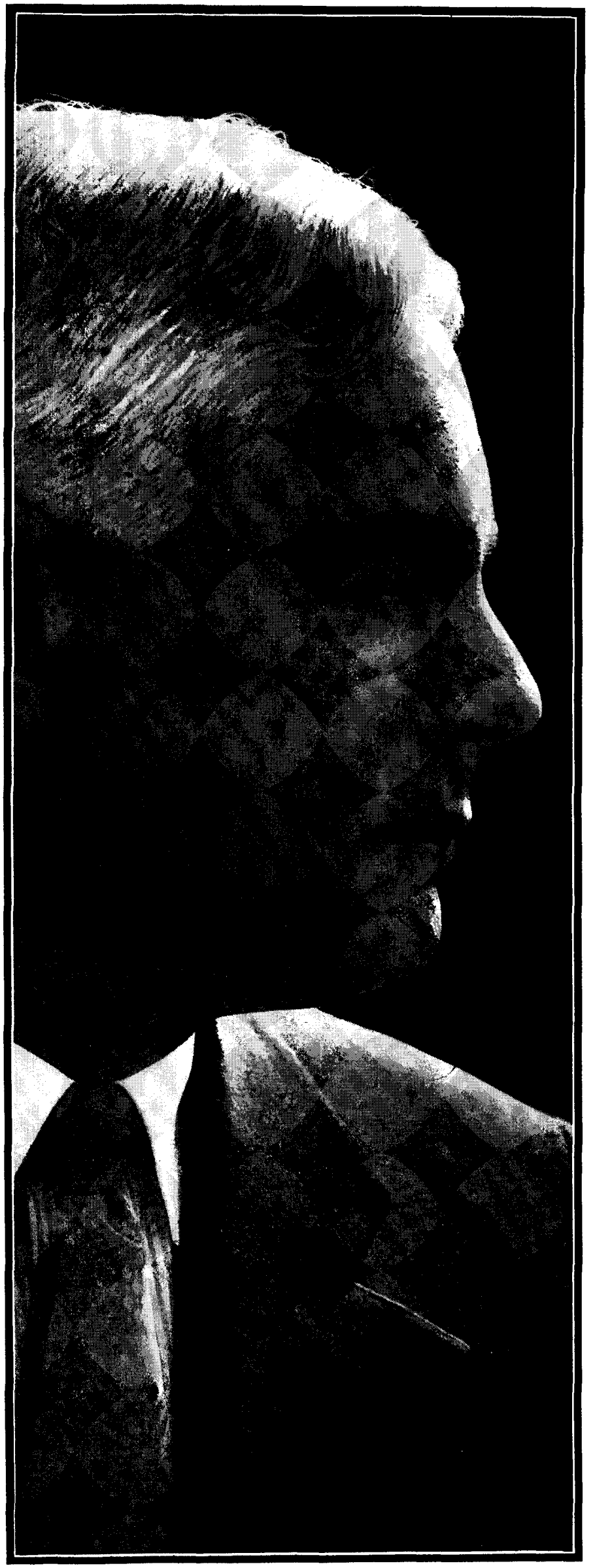
Where Liquor Control Belongs

He reiterated these views at the Coolidge conference in 1923, and the voters of Maryland supported his position. At no point, however, was there obstruction, nor was there any swing to the left. The people remained temperate and law-abiding, and the principle of local option was not only respected but pressed. Some nineteen or twenty of the twenty-three counties in the state had dry legislation before the Eighteenth Amendment, and Governor Ritchie, under the principle of local option, has signed sixteen bills strengthening these laws.

"I have always," Governor Ritchie continued, "been a strong advocate of temperance and, as a matter of truth, what moved me at the Harding luncheon was no question of 'wet' or 'dry,' but the intense conviction that prohibition was entirely a matter for local decision, and had no proper place in the Constitution. I wanted to put Maryland on record with the strongest possible dissent against another Federal attack upon her rights and powers.

"But let me be perfectly frank about this thing," he continued earnestly. "While my original opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment may have been based upon a championship of states' rights, and while I still hold to that belief, I would be less than honest if I did not admit that I am now against the amendment because it has proved the most tragic failure in the history of our country. It has destroyed respect for law, promoted crime, demoralized our courts, debauched police departments, made cowards and hypocrites of men in high places and immeasurably lowered national morale.

"Only in Maryland, where we stood fast against the blunder of state enforcement, has there been escape from the general disaster. We have no organized vice rings, no bootleggers' wars, no graft scandals and no racketeering, all for the very good reason that our police departments are free to go about



Underwood & Underwood

Governor Ritchie—who does not sidestep issues, straddle or take refuge behind sonorous platitudes

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International News

Governor Ritchie, with his mother, leaving the State House at Annapolis just after he had been sworn in for his second term

Six governors at the Indianapolis speedway races last May. Left to right, standing: Gov. Dern of Utah, Gov. White of Ohio, Gov. Blackwood of South Carolina, Gov. Ritchie of Maryland. Seated, Gov. Hardman of Georgia and Gov. Leslie of Indiana

Acme

Governor Ritchie at Houston, Texas, seconding the nomination of "Al" Smith in the last Democratic National Convention

Associated Press

their proper business and that our courts, unclogged by liquor cases, are able to administer speedy and impartial justice.

"My remedy?" He did not hesitate for so much as a split second. "*Repeal!* Return liquor control to the states where it belongs and from which it should never have been taken. The law is what the people *back up*. No legislation is effective unless it has public opinion behind it. In the days of local option—home rule, if you please—two thirds of the states were bone-dry, and temperance was a living, vital force in the life of the nation.

"Of course," and here Governor Ritchie smiled a trifle wryly, "all this is pretty bad politics, for there's a rather general feeling that the Democrats ought to pussyfoot on prohibition in 1932, relying entirely on public reaction against the Hoover administration. But issues cannot be chosen at will," he asserted vigorously. "They rise of their own accord. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be soft-pedaled; it must be faced, for the longer we put it off, the worse it gets."

"And how about states' rights?" I asked. "Do you think that a vital issue, too?"

"I most certainly do. It is true, to be sure, that changing times and new conditions have compelled a larger centralization of power in the Federal government, but the practice has grown into an actual mania. The citizens of Maryland, for instance, pay Washington several times the amount of taxes that they pay the state, and this abnormal disproportion is largely due to the continual creation of Federal departments, bureaus and commissions for the doing of things that ought to be done by the states and which could be better done by the states.

"Every time a commonwealth abdicates one of its functions in response to the demand of what is usually a militant minority, a new Federal bureau is born, and a new regiment is added to the army of Washington tax-eaters. Today the government is spending millions telling us how to wash our babies, feed our children, cook our food, brush our teeth, dress our wives and preserve our fruit. Much of this is unnecessary and a large proportion of it is absolutely duplicatory.

"Nothing has been more supine than the way we have stood by and watched the manufacture of a colossal Federal bureaucracy with its red tape and incompetence, its waste and extravagance, and its impudent encroachments on ordered liberty. The expense of government has increased by billions in the last ten years, and a tremendous percentage of this increase represents the high cost of overcentralization.

"Vague and Futile Gestures"

"There is more to it, however, than mere money-squandering, dawdling and inefficiency. You cannot concentrate power in Washington, taking rights and responsibilities away from the states, without making government detached and remote, thus deadening public interest and lessening the obligations of citizenship. On every hand there are signs that this policy of overcentralization has sapped the courage and self-reliance of states, communities and individuals.

"For two years we have sat buried under a weight of economic disaster, doing nothing for ourselves but feebly trusting that prosperity could be restored by the wave of some governmental wand. Government itself, due to the confusions and complications of overcentralization, has had nothing to offer but vague and futile gestures. Commission after commission, all costly and few of value; millions poured into government agencies for competition with private capital; other millions devoted to the purchase of wheat that dare not be sold; an endless string of contradictory and misleading statements, assuring the people that there was no depression, or that if there was a depression it was all over, or that if it wasn't all over it was entirely psychological and that prosperity was just around the corner if the country would only take the trouble to look for the corner. One might think that this was a country that had been spoon-fed from infancy instead of people whose only birthright was courage and initiative!"

"Very true," I interrupted, "but, after all, that's just hindsight. How about a few constructive suggestions? What, for instance, would *you* do?"

Some Needed Improvements

"A fair question and one that ought to be asked of every critic." Governor Ritchie nodded his head and leaned forward to tap off his points on the desk. "First and foremost, a drastic decentralization that will lop off useless and duplicative boards, commissions and bureaus. After that an intelligent foreign policy, the consideration of amendments to the existing laws with respect to restraint of trade so as to remedy their defects without permitting the evils they sought to cure, a vigorous development of trade with Latin-American countries and tariff reduction.

"Never was there a more criminal blunder than the Smoot-Hawley bill. As if business had not suffered enough by the stock-market collapse, eighteen full months were devoted to a general revision of the tariff, thus helping to paralyze business still more completely. And against the protest of the leading economists of the country, and nearly every great industrialist of normal intelligence, the highest tariff bill in history was passed and signed.

"The results have been exactly as prophesied: inflated production, the destruction of our export trade, thus forcing our surplus back on the domestic market, the ill-will and reprisal of

(*Continued on page 37*)

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN MASON, the banker of the Wolf Bench region, and Zack Sanders, a cook, have been murdered near the home of Campo Ragland, owner of the Bar Hook ranch. Who killed them? Determined to answer the question, Kentucky Jones, a young live-stock dealer, gets a job as a cowboy at the ranch, where a series of strange events follows. . . . While unguarded, the ranch-house is ransacked twice, the intruders taking a picture which had hung on the wall, a rifle, and an old revolver. Joe St. Marie, a quarter-blood Indian, claims to have seen the "ghost" of Mason. Jean, Ragland's pretty daughter (who, Kentucky suspects, knows more about the tragedy than she cares to admit), has a secret meeting with her father's bitter enemy, Bob Elliot. Elliot sends his cattle into the Bake Pan region (which Ragland regards as his range) and Ragland, a courageous man, refuses to fight!

Completely mystified, Kentucky turns to Jean for enlightenment. The girl declines to discuss the murders. Instead, she calmly suggests that Kentucky buy her interest in the Bar Hook, so that he can fight Elliot—and Kentucky accepts the offer. Mistrusting the girl, he has gradually come to love her; he knows, now, that Jean loves him. . . . Hostilities start. Four of Elliot's men and a small Bar Hook force have a skirmish. Jim Humphreys, of the Bar Hook, mistaken for Lee Bishop, Campo's foreman, is killed. Still, for some mysterious reason, Ragland will not retaliate; and Kentucky resolves to take matters into his own hands.

That night, at the Bake Pan camp, Jean takes Kentucky to her room, leads him to a window. "Look," she whispers. Someone, a heavy object on his shoulders, is stealing away through the shadows. The telephone rings. Jean answers it. Kentucky sits down on her bed. Something hard is hidden in her mattress—a rifle! . . . Jean returns. "That phone call," she gasps, "was from Mark Ferris, the gunsmith. He's just learned that the gun that killed Sanders belonged to Joe St. Marie!" Kentucky goes to St. Marie's quarters. He has disappeared! Kentucky saddles a horse; then, wheeling on the girl, who has come out: "You could help me, if you only would. But you let me work blind!" And deaf to her frantic protestations, he prepares to ride away.

VII

BUT—but—" Jean Ragland's eyes looked enormous in her white face. The loose mass of her hair, lifted sideways by the frozen wind off the Maricopas, seemed to quiver as it yielded to the stir of the air. She shivered; the untrampled snow beyond the corral poles was no whiter than her blue-veined ankles, or her knuckles as she held the robe close at her throat. And though she was a tall girl, Kentucky Jones loomed above her like a tree, so that even then in his anger he saw that she was a pitiful and desolate figure. Yet he was seeing Jim Humphreys' face as he had seen it last, staring with unseeing eyes at the first stars; and, believing that Jim Humphrey's death could have been prevented, had Kentucky known what this girl must know, he could not forgive her. His low, uncompromising voice cut hers down.

"I've been taken for a fool and used as a fool," he said. "But I tell you this: I'm going to ride this thing out. I'm going to ride this thing clear through to the end, regardless of what the end is. And when that's done I'm through."

Jean Ragland's face contorted tragically, exactly as if he had cut her with his quirt. One of her hands faltered to her mouth, and her teeth closed on a knuckle. She managed to say, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try to cut off St. Marie at Hightman's Gap. If I don't get him there, I may or may not go on. I haven't decided yet."

"You think—you think he—"

"The man who put the gun into Zack's hand is the man responsible for his death, just as surely as if he shot Zack himself—and that gun was St. Marie's. I'm going to have me that man. When I've got him, I'm going to turn and get me the man that killed Mason. And I don't care who it is, or how close to home, or if it splits the rimrock wide open when he's caught."

It had been on his tongue to tell her that she might shield whom she wanted to, lie to whom she wanted to, conceal what evidence she wanted to, but he would see the killer of Mason hanged in the end; but he bit this back. Still jerky and explosive with his anger, he vaulted into the saddle.

The pony was cold and stiff, and should have been warmed up gradually; but Kentucky Jones was not thinking about the care of ponies. He poured in quirt and spur with savage disregard, and at the corral gate jumped the pony over the two lower bars, which he had not stopped to throw down.

He did not look back; but as he slammed out of the Bar Hook layout, he somehow knew that she was still standing there in the snow, stopping her mouth with her knuckles as she watched him as far as he could be seen. And he wondered if it were impossible for this girl to go to pieces, like other women, and lose herself in tears.

AS THE buildings of the Bar Hook dropped behind him, presently becoming no more than a dark irregularity on the vast sweep of the Bench, the anger went out of him; and with the anger the heart seemed to go out of him also, leaving him weak and entirely reckless of what might happen next. His horse was already blowing hard from the cold start he had given it. He pulled it down to a shuffling trot and pointed up-country across long, broken reaches of snow.

For four miles he held steadily northward, then turned and swung a broad circle, seeking to cut a trail which would verify the supposed direction of St. Marie. Four times he crossed promising trails, but each, when he dismounted to examine it, proved to be old. He was far to the eastward when he at last cut a straight-drawn track made within the hour. He judged that the bronc rider was pushing northeast at a cat-trot, trying for Hightman's Gap.

He knew that St. Marie, once aware that he was being followed, would never permit himself to be overtaken from behind. Kentucky was only half familiar with the Wolf Bench terrain, but he concluded that he would have to try to come upon Hightman's Gap by a different way, even at the risk of not coming upon it at all. He turned north, leaving St. Marie's trail, and pressed up-country at a hammering trot.

The trail he was making looped across Wolf Bench at a long slant, first over long reaches of the faintly rising and falling open country of the Bench, then more deeply into a country of boulders and thin-scattered timber. Sometimes the deep, impassable gashes that laced the Bench outguessed him so that he had to go a long way around; and when this happened he had to push his horse harder than he had allowed for, to make up for the distance and time he had lost. But the steel-dust pony was a good mountain animal, a horse bred to the rimrock; it adjusted itself to the treachery of the unseen footing under the snow with almost the surety of the dainty-footed, cat-climbing mules of the Maricopa pack trails.

THE hours passed and the pony tired, and it seemed to Kentucky Jones that that ride was perhaps the longest and loneliest he had ever made in his life. He could not keep Jean Ragland out of his mind. Over and over she returned

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"Take your saddle on your back and walk," said Kentucky. "And your bed-roll, too. Borrow you a horse . . . and never let me set eyes on you again"

Illustrated by Matt Clark

to him with a reality more sharp and inescapable than if she had been riding at his side.

He remembered the strong, sharp pressure of her fingers, and the touch of her cheek, and the pliant, yielded curve of her body in his arms; he could see the stir and drift of her loose hair as they had stood in the corral, and the impelling, unnamed emotion in her eyes as she had stood staring at him with her knuckle between her teeth; and he could smell the clean touch of frost upon brushed wool. This girl had become the center of all living, as a water hole is the center of a range, or a fire the center of a camp. He had never been called upon to admit this to himself, until suddenly circumstances had asked him to accept also the certainty that she had betrayed them all.

For he could not avoid recognizing that Jean's concealment of the rifle had a different meaning than had that extraordinary feat of hers at the inquest, when she had lifted the bullet that killed Mason from under the very nose of the sheriff. Her concern with the bullet had told him that she was shielding someone—if not the killer, then at least someone who might otherwise have been open to an unfair suspicion. Although, in the case of the bullet, she had availed herself of his help, he had been able to understand that he remained an outsider here, who could not expect to be told in what sort of thing he had assisted her. But in spite of Old Man Coffee he had assumed that she was at least coöperating with the interests of her father and her father's brand.

But the discovery of the hidden rifle told him at once that she was coöperating with no one; that, incredibly, she was playing an utterly lone hand—at least, he reflected bitterly, as far as the Bar Hook was concerned. For certainly no man had had anything to do with hiding a rifle in a bed. A man, and particularly a cowman, who sought to hide something would hide it by means of distance and inaccessibility; the bottom of a water hole in some far *ciénaga* would have been the ultimate resting place of the undesirable rifle. In this vast broken country only a woman would select a cache so close under the light.

SHE was acting, then, without coöperation from her father or any other of the Bar Hook personnel. The association of this fact with the circumstances of Jean's rendezvous with her father's enemy was unavoidable.

To this unhappy situation the revelation of St. Marie's connection added a sharp immediacy. He believed now that the materials for solution had been under their hands; and were now perhaps lost to them because Jean had concealed the very signs that would have shown the trail. Because of her concealment of evidence, the Bar Hook had moved uncertainly, helpless in the dark; and the result was that a good, tall boy was dead, and others would perhaps join him before it was through.

In his present state of disillusionment and the dregs of anger, he was supported by no particle of faith. He could not put her out of his mind. But she seemed to him to be like a mirage, which lures all the sanity out of a thirsty man, yet contains nothing of honesty, nor sincerity, nor faithfulness, when finally it is reached.

He pushed on steadily, counting upon the toughness of his pony. By the stars he knew that his general direction was true; but he had made so many detours that he no longer had any idea of how far he had come, or whether he could reach the trail into Hightman's Gap that night or not. His hope that he would be able to make it before St. Marie was very like a prayer. Until now the smash of six-guns had never been associated in his mind with anything more desirable than the raw, sickly smell of blood. But now, for once in his life, he had a stubborn, ugly urge to throw bullets into something alive and blow it off the face of the earth. He hoped fervently not only that he would head Joe St. Marie, but that St. Marie would fight.

Then, unexpectedly, he found that he was in country that he knew; and in three hundred yards more he recognized the trail into Hightman's Gap. A faint, persistent whisper of wind in the scrub oak and juniper concealed from him the sound of any movement upon the trail. He approached with caution, stopped his horse and swung deep out of the saddle, not daring to set foot to the ground. There had been riders through that gap since the snow, perhaps half a dozen in either direction; carefully, with ungloved hand, he explored a section of the trail inch by inch, until he was satisfied that no man had passed this way before him in the last twenty-four hours.

He crossed the trail and guided his horse in an aimless parallel for a little way, to simulate the trail of a loose horse wandering the range. Then he proceeded into the gap, ice crackling underfoot where the snow had been crushed by passing hoofs. Twice he stopped to listen, but heard no approach; and so came at last to a place which he thought would serve his purpose. He turned his horse up a slope so precipitous that his pony came down on one knee in the second stride; and a little way above the trail, in a twisted bunch of junipers, found cover sufficient for a man and a horse. By daylight it would not have served, but in the deep shadow of the gap, with only the thin light of the stars to moderate the dark, it was enough.

THE steel-dust pony found a level place to put its feet, and stood with hoofs bunched and head down, well worn out. Its long, slow breaths drifted down wind slowly on the still air, faintly visible for a moment before they vanished. Kentucky Jones brushed the snow off a bit of rock, rolled himself a cigarette, and listened to the quiet.

He had time for a second cigarette and a third, leisurely smoked, with long waits between. He presently began to think that he had misread Joe St. Marie's purpose, and that the man had taken some other way. But there was nothing to do but wait, his brain tired out with its own running, like the horse. Somewhere afar off a pair of coyotes called and answered. He heard the distant hoot of a great owl, like the grunt of something enormous and uncanny, such as never existed on mountain or plain. And once, far off, he heard a rush of slipping snow where something stealthy for a moment moved carelessly or in fear.

When at last he heard an approaching horse it startled him, it had come so close before he heard it at all. For a little while he could make out no creak of leather, so that he feared the animal was not ridden; but presently the hurried tempo of the running walk at which the animal came on assured him that it was a ridden horse. He rose cautiously, freed his gun in its leather and put his left arm around the pony's head to hold down its nose, preventing its whinny to the stranger.

AROUND a shoulder of rock seventy-five yards away the rider appeared; and he recognized the broad-banded black and white mackinaw that Joe St. Marie wore.

Kentucky Jones could see now why he had been so late in hearing St. Marie's approach. St. Marie was riding not in the center of the trail but in the rougher going at the side, avoiding the ice formed by the hoof-crushed snow in the trail itself. Even then, Kentucky had a moment of admiration for the horsemanship of this man. Under Joe St. Marie's saddle the sleepiest old plug always looked alertly awake, and spoiled horses, with mouths tougher to the bit than the grip of a man's hand, took on

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The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

"You know who I am?" "Yes," Winship said. "You're the big tramp who

The Story Thus Far:

EDWIN BLEECKER JEWETT III has a tutor wished on him. He decides to retaliate by convincing the tutor—Dr. Beekman Winship, a large scholar with pink whiskers—that the police are on his trail; that the pink whiskers, a mark for the law's minions, must come off.

At Narrow Harbor, where pupil and tutor are guests of Eddie's Aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe), Eddie continues his nefarious operations. Result: Dr. Winship finds himself being trained by one Dan McGurk, maker of pugilists, to become world's heavyweight champion! . . . Beechy Gwynn, of whom Eddie is enamored, is visiting her aunt, Miss Wilhelmina Borden, at Narrow Harbor. Miss Borden has an ardent admirer: to wit, Dr. Winship. Dr. Winship has a number of ardent admirers: Eddie's Aunt Julie, Miss Nevada Sullivan (a night-club charmer), and the fair Nellie Vitty, Aunt Julie's maid. Miss Borden does not approve of the doctor.

An adventure with some bootleggers finds our hero in possession of a supply of liquor, which he stores in the Bedloe home. Nellie the maid observes the procedure . . . . Trooper Dill, of the New York State Police, is courting Nellie. He believes Winship to be a racketeer in disguise. A test bout at McGurk's—with an audience including Miss Nevada Sullivan—is staged: Split-Tooth Ganley vs. The Big Pink. Winship wins. Miss Sullivan kisses him on both cheeks. . . . Following the victory, our hero visits Miss Wilhelmina Borden. The lady takes one hasty look—and freezes him. "Look in the glass," says Miss Borden. Clearly imprinted on his cheeks are two purple marks—left by the lovely cupid's-bow lips of Miss Nevada Sullivan!

XI

BY THE time Winship reached the veranda Wilhelmina Borden was out of sight. He called to Eddie, smoking a negligent cigarette in the car.

"Which way did Miss Borden go?"

"I didn't notice, Doc. Why?"

"I must overtake her! She thinks—" Winship paused. Eddie nodded with a suggestion of weariness.

"They're always thinking something, Doc. You can't do anything about it."

"But—" Impulse decided Winship to confide in his young friend. For all his youthful unsophistication Eddie had a way of offering remarkably sound counsel in such emergencies as this. "You see, she has misinterpreted these—these marks on my face."

"They can misinterpret pretty near anything," Eddie said. "How does she figure you got lipstick all over your face unless it was kissed on you?"

"She has been under the absurd impression that I—that I have been paying my addresses to Beechy. She told me so yesterday, in just so many words, and nothing that I could say would convince her of the error. Now—"

"Well, she's convinced now, all right. She knows that whoever left those kiss-prints on your face it wasn't Beechy. Beechy uses a tangerine lipstick. So you can stop fretting about that."

"But in that case—"

"She'll think you've got another sweetie, that's all. Hop in, Doc, and let's get going."

He spoke with so much authority that Winship, his mind still preoccupied with the major issue, complied without debate. The car had covered some little distance before he remembered that Beechy was expecting them to wait for her. He mentioned this. Eddie shook his head.

"She didn't want us to wait for her, Doc. She's nearer the bathing beach right now than she'd be if she came along to Aunt Julie's."

"Then why did she insist—?"

"Because she wanted her aunt to see you with those lip-prints on your face."

"Nonsense!" Winship was generously indignant. "Why should you accuse a warm-hearted girl like Beechy of deliberately planning to—"

"She wasn't so warm-hearted about jabbing me with her elbow every time I tried to tip you off about that lipstick on your face," Eddie said dourly.

Winship remembered those frustrated endeavors, on Eddie's part, at speech. Conviction was thrust upon him.

"But why? Why should she—?"

"OH, BE your age, Doc!" Eddie stopped the car in the Bedloe drive. "Beechy's dumb, but she's a good kid. She knows you're soppy about her aunt, and so, of course, she's bound to grab a chance like this to show her aunt that some other woman is sort of soppy about you."

He slid expertly from behind the wheel. Winship sat in stricken immobility.

Soppy!

His holy, precious, guarded secret, then, was no secret whatever to this blithe young barbarian! His sacred, revering adoration for Wilhelmina Borden, that emotion for which he had himself found no fitting, worthy word, lightly, profanely described as—soppiness!

"Snap out of it, Doc. We've hardly got time, now, for a good swim before lunch."

Winship shook his head.

"I think I shall not go to the beach this morning."

She would be there. It was unthinkable that he should face her.

Once more Eddie seemed to read his thoughts. He nodded sagely.

"Just as well, maybe, to keep out of her way for a while and give her a chance to do a whole lot of thinking about that lipstick."

He started toward the house, stopped, turned, frowning.

"You better rub it off, though, before Aunt Julie sees you."

His frown erased itself as Winship hastily acted upon this suggestion. Whistling with callous gayety, he went into the house.

Following him a little later, however, Winship found reason to regret that warning. Mrs. Bedloe's voice, lifted in imperative sweetness, summoned him to the terrace. The soft, approving radiance of her gaze made him almost sorry that he had scrubbed away the purple stains. Julie Bedloe would not be looking at him in this fashion, he felt, if Nevada's lipstick still adorned his cheeks.

"I've something that I must tell you," Julie whispered. "It's so perfectly silly that I'm almost ashamed to say it, but I must, because—" she paused. Color flowed into her face.

"Ronald's jealous!"

Winship, goggling, found no words.

"I'm afraid it's partly your fault that he's guessed. You *have* been rather obvious about it, you know—giving up your trip to Europe at a moment's notice just because I asked you to and cutting off your beard and buying so many clothes and everything. He could hardly help guessing that you were doing it because you—"

SHE paused, but Winship, thus given opportunity to answer, produced no sound.

"I had to tell you, because Ronald will fuss so if he—if I'm the least bit nice to you. I'm dreadfully sorry. I thought he'd outgrown his perfectly ridiculous idea that—that I'm encouraging people whenever I'm decently nice to them. He used to be frightfully difficult about it, but lately he's been so reasonable that I thought—" she paused, brightened, clapped her hands.

"Why, of course! It just means that he's getting better! He is, you know! Dr. Frisbee says he's never seen anybody improve so fast as Ronald's been doing since we've been here. Yesterday, when Ronald was really rude to him about the lawn-mower treatment, the doctor was simply delighted. He says that the way Ronald absolutely refused to mow the lawn is a perfectly splendid indication that he's almost himself again!"

Once more, ecstatically, she clapped her hands.

"Of course! That's it! He's just himself again, and that means he's perfectly sure every man in the world is madly in love with me, and that if I even *speak* to anybody I'm leading them on!"

HER hand fell supplicatingly on Winship's sleeve.

"You'll understand, won't you? If I—if I'm not so nice to you, you won't think it's because I've stopped being grateful for all you're doing? You'll forgive me if I seem to treat you as—as a mere acquaintance?"

Winship breathed deeply. "Yes," he said. "Yes. Yes, of course."

She beamed gratefully upon him. Ronald Bedloe, however, appearing at the doorway, conspicuously refrained from beaming. Under his owlish glower Winship's new-born relief abated slightly.

"Oh, *there* you are, darling!"

Julie sounded, to Winship's ear, rather too glad.

"Yes," Bedloe said. "I'm here." He paused. "And you're there. And there's Winship."

The ominous speech brought Winship to his feet.

"Doesn't he look better, Doctor?"

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Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

is just about to let go of that boy's neck before your own gets broken"

Once more Julie sounded rather unconvincingly glad. "Doesn't he look like himself again?"

"Always look like myself," Bedloe stated. "Don't have to ask people if I do. Can't look any other way, can I?"

His fixed, judicial gaze continued to consider Winship. As his wife's soft, creamy laugh greeted his latest speech, however, his eyes were drawn to her. Instantly, Winship saw, they changed. They became eyes that did not question or reproach, eyes that were meekly worshipful, even, Winship thought, afraid.

"Garglerine," Bedloe said. "'S all. Brush y' teeth with Garglerine and you'll feel like a new man, Winship."

The spiced aroma of the dental laboratory faintly perfumed the air. Winship snatched joyfully at the opportunity for escape.

"I'll try it," he said, departing. In the refuge of his bathroom he actually made the experiment, dimly hopeful that Garglerine might achieve another miracle of regeneration. It did not, however. It left a warm taste of surgery in his mouth but fell so far short of making a new man of him that, at the sound of knuckles tapping sharply at his door, his heart, cravenly attempting to skip rope, seemed to trip and fall.

Unwillingly he opened the door. Nellie stood before him. Her aspect faintly reassured him. She did not wear the look of an accomplice; she surveyed and addressed him in a manner wholly professional. Operative C-76 had, upon occasion, played the rôle of housemaid to the confusion and downfall of the evildoer.

"Long distance calling you, sir."

Winship's heart abandoned acrobatics. He nodded and descended almost calmly to the telephone.

"Is that you, Fuzzy?"

Fuzzy! The loathed nickname that only Dean Smalley dared to use for direct address! Winship stopped breathing. Found out! The end!

"I happened to see your name in the Narrow Harbor news in this morning's paper. What are you doing down there?"

"I am—ah—acting as tutor to Mrs. Ronald Bedloe's nephew, Edwin Jewett."

"Oh." The dean sounded reassured. "Is that all? I was afraid that you might have taken it into your head to go after Breck Maybury yourself."

"I DO not know anyone of that name except Arthur Maybury."

"Breck's his father. Class of Oughty-one."

"Ah. An—alumnus."

The word, as Winship used it, was heavy-laden with the sardonic disesteem he held to be the only proper feeling of a scholar toward all persons describable as alumni.

"Yes." The dean spoke dryly. "The particular alumnus who almost gave us that half-million for mathematical research. He has a summer place near Narrow Harbor and when I read that you were down there I was afraid you might have some wild idea of tackling him yourself. Don't do it, Fuzzy. Keep away from him, do you hear? We've still got an outside chance of getting that money out of him, but if you go butting in you'll wreck it, sure."

"You may rest assured," Winship said with dignity, "that I shall not—ah—" he paused to freeze a thin coating of ice about the quoted words "'—butt in'!"

"Good. See that you don't. I'll be coming down there one of these days to have another shot at him. May see you while I'm there."

"I—I hope so."

The black falsehood uttered itself. Panic engulfed Winship at the thought of that unthinkable encounter. If the dean saw him as he was. . . .

He realized, as he fled back to the poor refuge of his room, that, sooner or later, the dean would see him, would know the truth about him. What did a few days matter? What, indeed, did anything matter?

Despair descended upon him and remained. Only when Eddie, refreshed by his swim, came in to accompany him down to luncheon, did his spirits rise. They rose, however, so quickly and so far that he was puzzled. It was utterly absurd that the mere presence of this artless, unschooled youth should be able, always, to give him this unreasonable feeling of safety.

In Eddie's society he was not afraid of Ronald Bedloe's jealousy; he was not afraid of Julie, nor of Nellie, nor of the police who dogged his tracks, nor of the prospect of involuntary servitude, under Dan McGurk, in the prize ring. He was not afraid of meeting the dean!

He was even able to hope that Wilhelmina was not lost to him forever.

EDDIE JEWETT drove with jubilant velocity through a bland, starry night.

"Tomorrow," he said happily, "you're going to wake up and find yourself famous, Doc."

Winship did not answer. Having faced for three days and nights the growing certainty that Wilhelmina Borden was lost to him forever, he had come to feel toward all lesser sufferings the merciful apathy of despair.

"How do you suppose Nevada's going to work it?"

Beechy seemed to share Eddie's enthusiasm. Her hostility toward Nevada had given way, since their encounter at the training quarters, to a warm regard.

"I don't know. She just said to bring the Doc over there tonight if we wanted him on the front pages tomorrow. That's good enough for me."

He referred again to the career of the late Mr. Slivovitch and the eighteen-thousand-berry casket. He adduced, as even more to the point, the biography of Killer Cain.

"Nobody ever heard of that tramp before Nevada took hold of him. And there was pretty nearly a whole column in this morning's paper about matching him with Schmeling for the title, this fall."

Beechy sighed.

"Just think!" She squeezed Winship's arm ecstatically. "Perhaps tomorrow the papers will be printing wonderful things like that about you, Beekie."

Abruptly, at the thought of Wilhelmina's reading such wonderful things about him, Winship emerged from his despairing stupor.

"Stop the car!"

He spoke so commandingly that Eddie obeyed him without debate. Brakes squealed; tires rasped on concrete; the car wobbled giddily to a halt. Winship sprang out.

"Drive on," he said.

"DRIVE on?" Eddie sounded dazed.

"Yes. I'm through with this—this masquerade. I'm going no farther with it. Leave me here. I shall try to escape, but if I am caught and sent to prison it will be better than this, better than freedom at the price I have to pay for it."

"What price?" Beechy, too, sounded bewildered.

"The price of being a—a prize fighter." Winship choked a little on the word. "The price of—"

"But you don't pay for being a prize fighter, Doc," Eddie protested. "You *get* paid for it. You get paid big money."

"No amount of money would pay me,"

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In the refuge of his bathroom he actually made the experiment

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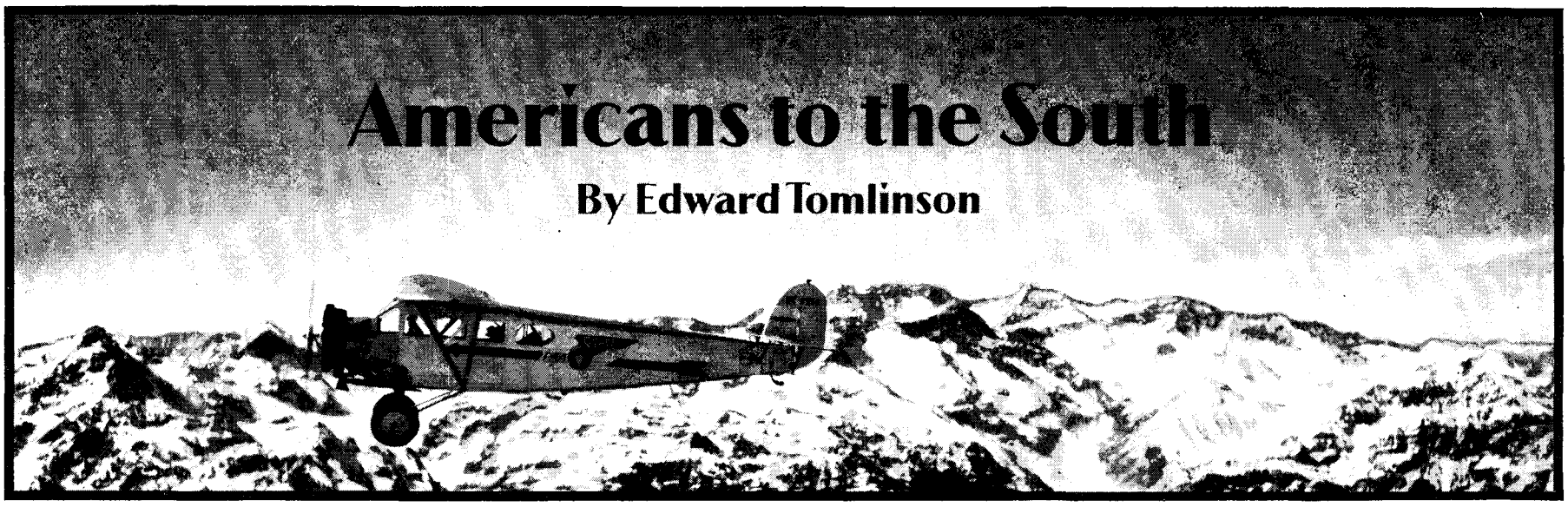
Americans to the South

By Edward Tomlinson



The Grace Log

A Chile-bound plane over the Uspallata Pass in the Andes, where San Martín led his army of liberation

"Dollar Imperialists" they call us in South America—that is, in their disgruntled moments. But, despite all mistakes and misunderstandings, firm friendship has been the basis of trade between the two Americas. Here are the inspiring story of its development and the forecast of its brilliant future

IT WAS the hour just before high noon when the upper crust gathers to sip its first round of good cheer. And if you can imagine Leif Ericson reeling off Spanish with an Irish twang and spinning Yiddish yarns to Chilean bankers and generals, merchants and senators, you have a fair impression of the gentleman who held the floor at the moment we entered the great hall of the brass rail in Santiago's historic Union Club.

"Yanqui," said my Chilean host. "He is a most popular member. In Santiago these fifteen years, now. From Buffalo he comes and is the manager of a famous New York business house here."

A few hours later I sat in the genial "Yanqui's" office, the nerve center of an institution that resembled a sort of mercantile and industrial Noah's Ark. You could buy anything from a thimble to a threshing machine. And the firm was prepared to offer any service from the repairing of typewriters to financing *haciendas*. Chileans came and went, some on business and others to palaver. A Señor Ibañez received unusually cordial attention.

The señor was an important customer, owner of the largest fruit farm and canning factory in the Santiago valley of orchards and vineyards. He came to ask a modest cash loan in five figures. Promptly the pesos came forth, and at a reasonable rate of interest at that. This item attended to, he placed an order for his annual supply of sugar and tin. At the same time, an agreement was made by which the North American Company would buy his entire output of products for export or to be sold within the country through its own stores scattered from the desert wastes of Arica to the Antarctic tip of Tierra del Fuego.

Here are revealed important essentials not to be overlooked by those who seek good grazing in the virgin fields of foreign trade and investment. As the Buffalonian Yanqui put it, "Supplying the needs of native initiative so that it may run its own household.

"This philosophy may seem like a tender plant to thrive in the frigid climate of international commerce," he went on, observing me out of the corner of his eye. "But you'll find it does. And not merely for sentimental reasons either. It's just sensible business."

Yankees and Yanquis

All of which appropriately serves up a subject that just now haunts the inner circles of Uncle Sam's ménage—the status of United States financial and commercial endeavor in that vast, confusing world known as Latin America.

Hardly a week passes that somebody doesn't flay our dear old uncle for the antics of his bad boys in this locality. Many of our own intellectuals blame him for the drooping countenance of the exchange, the anemic condition of the bonds—the major portion of the tummy-aches, of the Southern republics. For, you see, nowadays it's the "economic imperialists" more than the hell-raising marines that cause the loudest complaints. "Dollar exploitation"—"financial enslavement" run the charges.

Having listened to these periodical blasts against the deviltry being wreaked upon the helpless Latin Americans by United States business men, we might take a moment to look into the activities of a few outstanding perpetrators; even invite some of them to tell what they have learned about the people they are accused of ruthlessly exploiting. In other words, go exploring for specimens of this "sensible business" philosophy.

If you nose around the lower end of Manhattan in the neighborhood of historic old India House, where is preserved in the heart of frenzied, financial modern America the great tradition of our earliest sallies into world trade—in round-the-Horn, Cape-of-Good-Hope clipper-ship days—you'll notice on the lower side of Hanover Square an unpretentious gray building bearing the name of W. R. Grace and Company.

Here is a grizzled pioneer for you. The Grace Company has operated for more than three quarters of a century in the western countries of South America. From a one-gallused concern with a few straggling ships that skimmed the Atlantic and squeezed through the Straits to Chile and Peru in eighty to a hundred days in the Seventies, it has grown to be one of the most ramified business organizations in the world. Today a half dozen of the newest and most modern steam and motor liners keep fast schedules between United States harbors and ports of the Caribbean, Central and western South America. Dozens of cargo vessels vigilantly eye the out-of-the-way places. Airplanes which it operates, and jointly owns, whisk the mails twice a week through half a dozen countries between Cristobal and gay Montevideo. Its banks supply capital and credit in the various cities. Importing and exporting houses, factories, general stores, plantations and even chain groceries fly the Grace flag all up and down middle America and the Andean country. The tack-studded chart of its branches and offices looks like a map of the Latin half of the hemisphere spattered with bird shot.

To build a giant, successful business system in the Southern countries is one thing, but to keep it free from the taint of suspicion of alien exploitation is another. To understand both is not so difficult after you make the acquaintance of some of the gentlemen who occupy the corner rooms of that modest house in Hanover Square.

Removing Trade Barriers

They not only know the countries and peoples, but usually speak, "trippingly on the tongue," the vernacular of whatever locality you wish to inquire into. And when they say "we" and "our" they do not necessarily mean inhabitants of the home office, "God's country," the United States. They also mean Salvadorians, Ecuadorians, Peruvians, Chileans. Maybe this is why the native clerk in one of the Peruvian stores proudly told me, "We are not a foreign business, Señor. We are a native concern."

Strangely enough, tradition bears him out, for the business was not even born on North American soil. Its founder,

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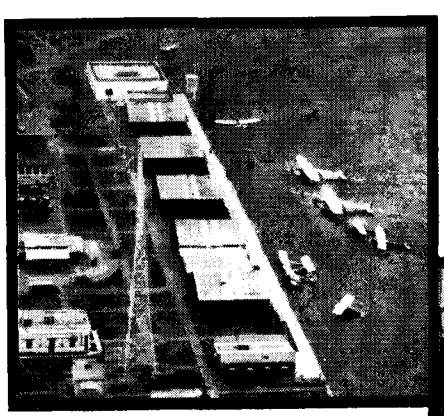
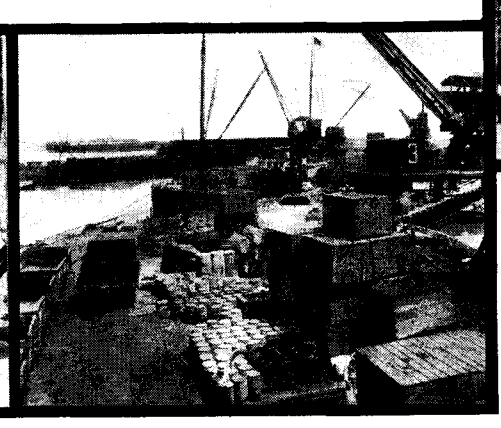
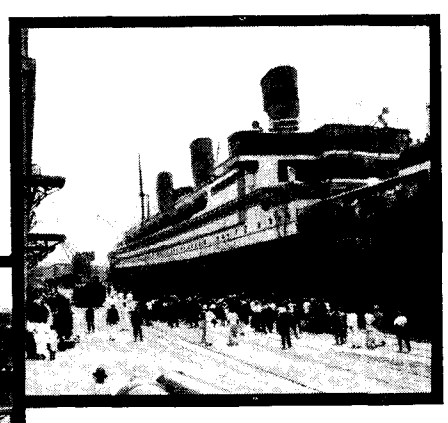


Las Palmas Field, Lima, Peru, one of South America's many modern airports

One of the numerous interesting open-air markets of Rio de Janeiro



North American goods piled on the docks at Callao, chief seaport of Peru



Publishers' Photo Service

A liner berthed at a dock at Santos, one of Brazil's great coffee ports

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The Man She Trusted

Devotion and heroism are latent in most men, but few of us have been given the privilege of testing fortitude to the limit

By Henry Meade Williams

HE HAD stopped counting the strokes of the paddle long before he reached Eastern Point. And before that he had given up the picture of himself, Harry Plummer, grimly forcing the canoe through black water; coming stroke by stroke nearer his goal. There was no picture now; he had forgotten how to count. Only one thought, blurred with repetition, remained in his mind. He had to get there. He had to get there.

For the first ten miles down the lake the wind had been against him, a cold, blasting wind from the north, flinging hard snowflakes against his face. He had bent over and paddled. He had repeated to himself again and again, "I've got to get there. I've got to get there!"

The gray waves, becoming darker as the day faded into night, had pounded him, had slashed the bow, drenching him with the lake's cold water, which froze on him, making his oilskin trousers stiff, coating the canoe with thin ridges of ice.

Now as he skirted Long Point the wind had shifted, and every stroke had to count, for his course brought him quartering into it. That meant more digging. It meant more work. If he stopped for a moment, if his stroke wasn't his hardest, the wind would veer off the bow. The bow would slide off so easily, so quickly. He had to keep up, up into the wind. Not a stroke to miss. Not a second to rest. He had to go on. He had to get there.

He had to get there because he had to get the doctor. He had to get the doctor for Vera. Vera was going to have a baby and the doctor had to be there.

Eastern Point was black—he could see its shadow dimly against the faint traces of light in the sky. Beyond the Point he knew was the current of Moose River, which would help him across the bay now but which would be against him coming back with the doctor. He had to come back over fifteen miles of black lake water with the doctor. He had to get back to Vera.

It was strange how Vera had looked at him, so scared and brave, her dark, tired eyes staring up at him from the pillow. He could see them now, as they were when he left her, brown and sunken, clinging to him, seeking strength in him—in him, Harry Plummer, her husband—wanted for murder. She still believed in him, in the future they might have in another country.

THE night before, Shorty Hay had deserted them.

Dead or alive; that was what the posters stated, "Harry Plummer—wanted for murder." Shorty had seen the posters in Green Falls when he was in town buying food and getting news of the Canadian police—ugly posters, with Harry's picture and a notice of reward. Harry Plummer—dead or alive.

Shorty had said nothing. He had not come square. At the holdup he had lost his head and his nerve and had shot from under Harry's cover. What difference did it make that it was Shorty's finger on the trigger, as long as it was Harry's face on the poster? Shorty knew that—and so last night had sneaked out, had quit, showing yellow.

And so now Harry had to take this chance. He had to face the doctor.

In his pocket Harry had a gun, the same gun that had killed the bank clerk in Quebec. If the doctor were nasty, he would show him the gun. That was his plan—the only plan he had. He had to take the chance for Vera.

He dug his paddle in fiercely and felt the strength of his body tremble through the length of the canoe. He felt he had the strength of a giant.

The sky was almost black now, the wind was not so strong. But it grew colder. Minute by minute he felt his face grow hard, and his feet grow numb, as the muscles bulged in his sleeves with each stroke. With each stroke he heard his heart say: "Gotta get there. Gotta get there."

And he did.

Across the water he saw the first light of Green Falls. He swung his bow onto it, and held it there with the wind still fighting to push him off.

THEN a thought came to him. The very wind he had been fighting, cursing, the wind that had brought tears of rage and whipping pain to his eyes, was his friend. For if the wind died the lake would freeze. Already he had seen in dark sheltered coves thin fingers of ice reaching out from the shore; ice that would soon be too firm to break through

(Continued on page 41)

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

Minute by minute he felt his face grow hard and his feet numb as the muscles bulged in his sleeves with each stroke

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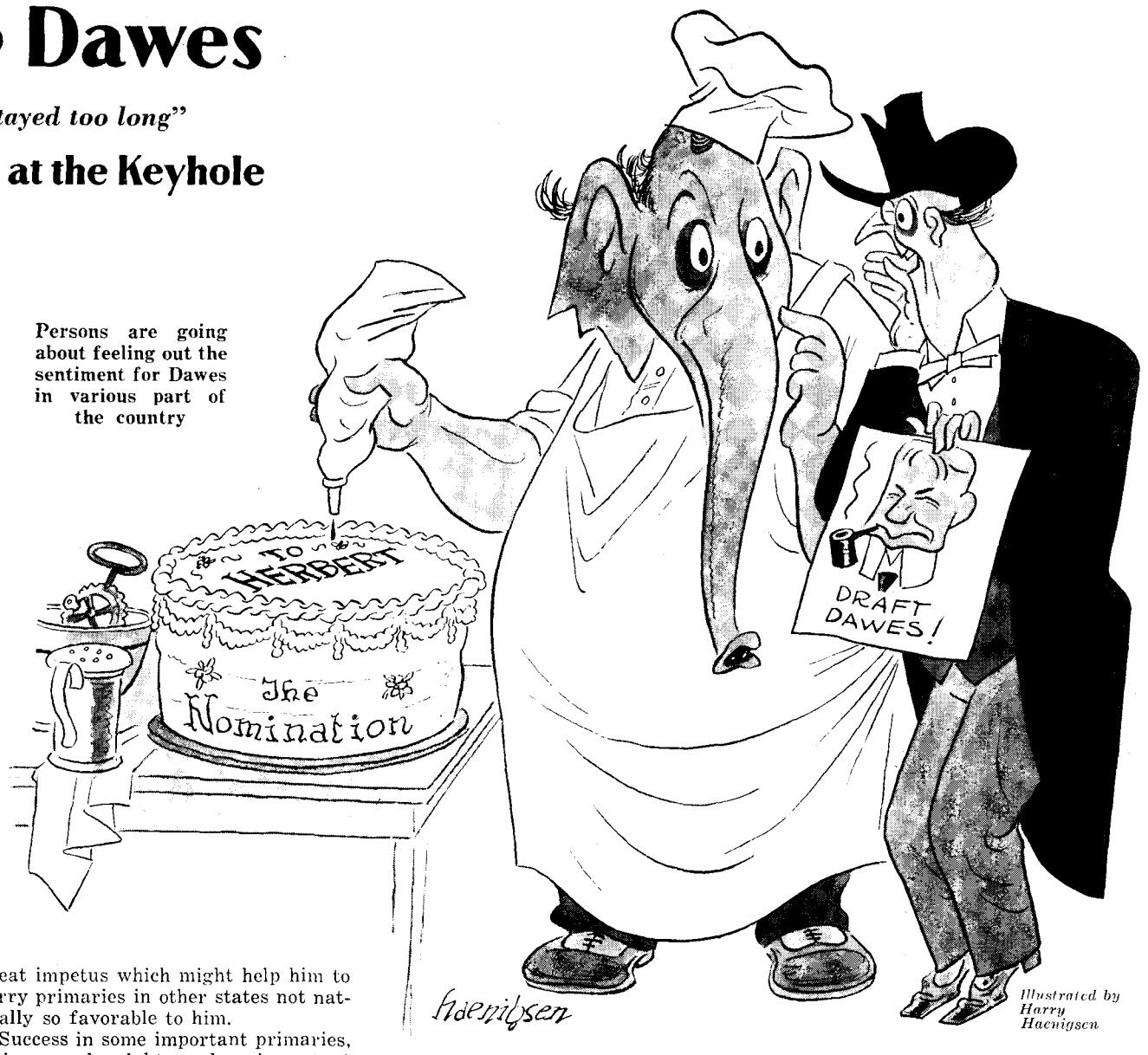
Swinging Dawes

and "the man who stayed too long"

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole



Persons are going about feeling out the sentiment for Dawes in various part of the country

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

WASHINGTON is wondering what is the meaning of the quiet movement to give Ambassador Dawes the Republican nomination for President. Mr. Dawes has not denied—directly—his candidacy and persons are going about feeling out the sentiment for him in various parts of the country as a possible opponent of Mr. Hoover for 1932. Of this there is no doubt. And the fact that they have received encouragement, particularly in the direct-primary states—the fact that there is a Dawes movement—has been published in the press.

There are always politicians who gamble on the possibility of successfully promoting a candidacy. Without authority they will nose about the country seeing what chances they may have of collecting delegates in the name of some possible candidate. Frank Hitchcock did this in 1916, using the name of Hughes before the justice was willing to admit that he would accept the Republican nomination in that year.

If these scouts are successful and the man for whom they have worked under cover is nominated and elected they are king-makers. They have influence with the new administration. Their fame is secure as "wise guys."

And conditions are just now favorable to just such scouting. A good many Republicans of prominence and influence would like to have someone other than Mr. Hoover nominated. They *think he is an unpopular candidate.* They think that as things stand now he will be defeated.

A little while ago they wanted to draft ex-President Coolidge and run him for President in 1932. With Mr. Coolidge out of it the best substitute for him is Ambassador Dawes. In the "draft Coolidge" movement there were a number of men with money. So it would probably be quite easy to finance a movement to draft Dawes. And, indeed, the scouting that is going on at the present time is reputed to be well financed.

The theory of an attempt to nominate Dawes is undoubtedly this: Most of the earliest direct primaries in the Republican contest occur in the Western states, where Mr. Hoover was weak in 1928 and where low prices for crops have not improved his prospects. Some of these states were Lowden states in 1928. They would incline to Dawes because of his support of the Haugen-McNary farm-relief bill while he was Vice President.

So Mr. Dawes, if his name could be used, would probably start off with some striking successes. Illinois is one of the early direct-primary states. It is a corn-belt state, and it is also the home state of Dawes. He might win in the Illinois primary, and so his candidacy might gain a great impetus which might help him to carry primaries in other states not naturally so favorable to him.

Success in some important primaries, it is argued, might produce important results. The Old Guard leaders in the party are none too enthusiastic over *nominating President Hoover. Some of* them in states which do not choose delegates in direct primaries might, on a showing of strength by Dawes, select Dawes delegates, or what would be equally significant, send uninstructed delegates to the Republican national convention. And so a movement for Dawes from initial successes in direct primaries might gain impetus enough to control the nomination.

Again, many Republican politicians think that President Hoover, if economic conditions do not greatly improve in the next few months, may become discouraged over the 1932 outlook and decide not to be a candidate. I do not see much likelihood of this. But still it is one of the chances on which the drafters are figuring.

All this is highly speculative. The movement is a gamble pure and simple. Mr. Dawes seems likely to eliminate himself just as Calvin Coolidge did, leaving the drafters once more without a candidate. He holds office under President Hoover. Generally a man does not become a candidate against a President who appointed him to office. Blaine did against Harrison in 1888, but that is one of the few instances.

Then, too, Mr. Dawes may not think highly of the chances of being elected in 1932. He cut his eyetecth in politics nearly forty years ago. But the *temptation to try conclusions with Mr.* Hoover in the direct-primary states is so great that if Mr. Dawes doesn't someone else is almost certain to do it.

Mr. Mellon's Regrets

The new Mellon plan for increased taxes has not improved President Hoover's chances of reëlection. The raising of $1,000,000,000 more in taxes filled the country with dismay. As many votes were probably alienated by it as were gained in 1924 for Mr. Coolidge by the earlier Mellon plan for reducing taxes. The determined attempt to balance the budget was an act of courage and statesmanship on the part of the President, the temptation being when up for reëlection to borrow rather than to tax. But few voters will probably admire its moral qualities enough to forget their anger at having to pay higher taxes.

Mr. Mellon, when he sent this bill up on the hill with his name on it, must have regretted his ambition to serve longer as Secretary of the Treasury than any of his predecessors had. He is decidedly "the man who stayed too long."

His last achievement was to have the 1924 tax law amended downward. On the issue of amending that law in accordance with the Mellon plan, Mr. Coolidge was elected by 7,000,000 majority. Now President Hoover advises Congress to reënact in substance the 1924 law. And now Mr. Mellon is forced to recommend to Congress a law which is even stiffer.

The forty-per-cent surtax on large incomes which Mr. Mellon said was not productive of income he now recommends as part of the means of raising a billion dollars of extra income. What becomes of the "greatest Secretary of *the Treasury since Alexander Hamil*ton" when he reverses himself so completely on the principles of taxation?

The Secretary clings tenaciously in his new plan to moderate taxation of the estates of decedents. His career in the Treasury Department has been one long fight to put an end to this form of taxation. The maximum rate on estates was twenty-five per cent when he took office. It was raised in spite of him to forty per cent by the 1924 law. After the sweeping victory in the 1924 election it was cut to twenty per cent. And Mr. Mellon now advises raising it to twenty-five per cent.

The "greatest Secretary's" influence in Congress is now nil. The gentlemen on the hill, with some conservative Republicans concurring, will probably raise the estate tax at its maximum to forty per cent.

It is a bad tax as at present devised, for it results in confiscation when the value of an estate shrinks between the death of its owner and the time when the tax is collected. And it takes into consideration only the size of the estate and not the size of the bequests made from it. It is to be hoped that Congress in raising the tax will make it more reasonable in its application.

Congress will also adopt the gift tax, to prevent the division of an estate before death to defeat the purposes of the inheritance tax. This is another aversion of Mr. Mellon's. The opinion of the Democrats is that the Secretary framed his whole tax plan to avoid greatly increasing the estate tax. If he did, his last effort will be in vain. The whole Mellon theory of encouraging enterprise by low taxation totters, partly by his own work and partly by the work of a Congress that no longer follows him.

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Illustrated by Donald Teague

"I'd like to know whether you'll leave town without any more fuss"

Sure to Lose

Sometimes these "hopeless" men surprise us. This is the story of one of them—who met a girl

By Lucian Cary

SOME men seem fated to go wrong—they do it so persistently and so inexcusably. And if they are ministers' sons they are fated to hear a great deal about it from an aggrieved world.

Murray Randolph was not one of those scapegrace ministers' sons who are, in fact, so rare. But he might as well have been a minister's son. He was the scapegrace son of a famous old professor in a famous old New England college. And he had been hearing about it ever since he was a small boy.

On a winter morning in his junior year in college he got up early and went downstairs as quietly as he could. He had two suitcases. He looked back over his shoulder at the square red brick house where he had always lived. He loved it and he hated it. And he would have been less unhappy if he could have found a reason for hating it.

He checked his suitcases in the railway station and walked back to the campus. There was no use offering the dean a fairy story this time. The dean knew. It was all over.

He walked into the dean's office, grimly determined not to say an unnecessary word. The dean looked up. The dean was a thin, dry, grizzled man who liked to appear fierce and to be kind. He took great pride in his ability to judge character. This morning he was neither fierce nor kind. He merely made no attempt to conceal his distaste.

"When you get to be as old as I am," the dean said, "you know that your sort doesn't reform. You're a good talker and they tell me you have a gift for writing. You come from one of the finest homes in New England. And you're a wrong one. I am going to play a dirty trick on the college—the kind of dirty trick that you would appreciate. I am going to let you stay here. But don't imagine that I am giving you another chance. I'm not that kind of a fool. I'm going to let you stay here because it's the only way to prevent your father from knowing what sort of low hound you are."

MURRAY RANDOLPH waited. The dean took up a letter that had been lying on his desk.

"Is that all, sir?" Murray asked.

"That's all," the dean said.

"Thank you so much," Murray said.

"Some day," the dean said grimly, "some day something will happen to you that will get under your skin—probably in a speakeasy."

Murray walked across the campus toward Middle Hall. It wouldn't have been so painful if his feelings hadn't been so mixed. He was wild to get even with the dean and at the same time he was so relieved he could have cried. He didn't want his father to know.

By the time he started up the stairs to Jim Riggs' rooms he was beginning to feel elated. He went to Jim Riggs' rooms because everybody went there; above all, because Walter Patridge was usually there. Walter Patridge was beginning to be known, even then, as a poet. His verses had appeared in several of the literary magazines. He had written about half of that first slim volume which made him famous two or three years later. Murray envied him more than any other man he had ever met.

He walked rapidly down the hall toward Jim Riggs' door. There was a sudden hush as he entered the room so that Murray knew they had been talking about him.

Murray smiled in anticipation of their surprise and pleasure at the news he had for them.

Jim Riggs stood up. He was a big, earnest man who managed to play football and hockey and hold the intercollegiate championship in the discus throw and to lead the class in scholarship. He always made Murray feel trivial.

"RANDOLPH," Jim Riggs said, "somebody remarked just before you came in that you would certainly be fired this time, and I said I hoped so."

"You might see what you can do with the dean," Murray said. "But I'm afraid he's made up his mind."

They all stared at him—Jim Riggs and Walter Patridge and Bill Hallowell.

"You mean," Jim Riggs said, "that you've seen the dean and that you're not fired?"

Murray shrugged his shoulders. "Apparently not," he said.

Bill Hallowell leaned forward. He was the solemn son of an enormously rich father who, over a period of two years, had made his way into this inner circle.

(Continued on page 15)

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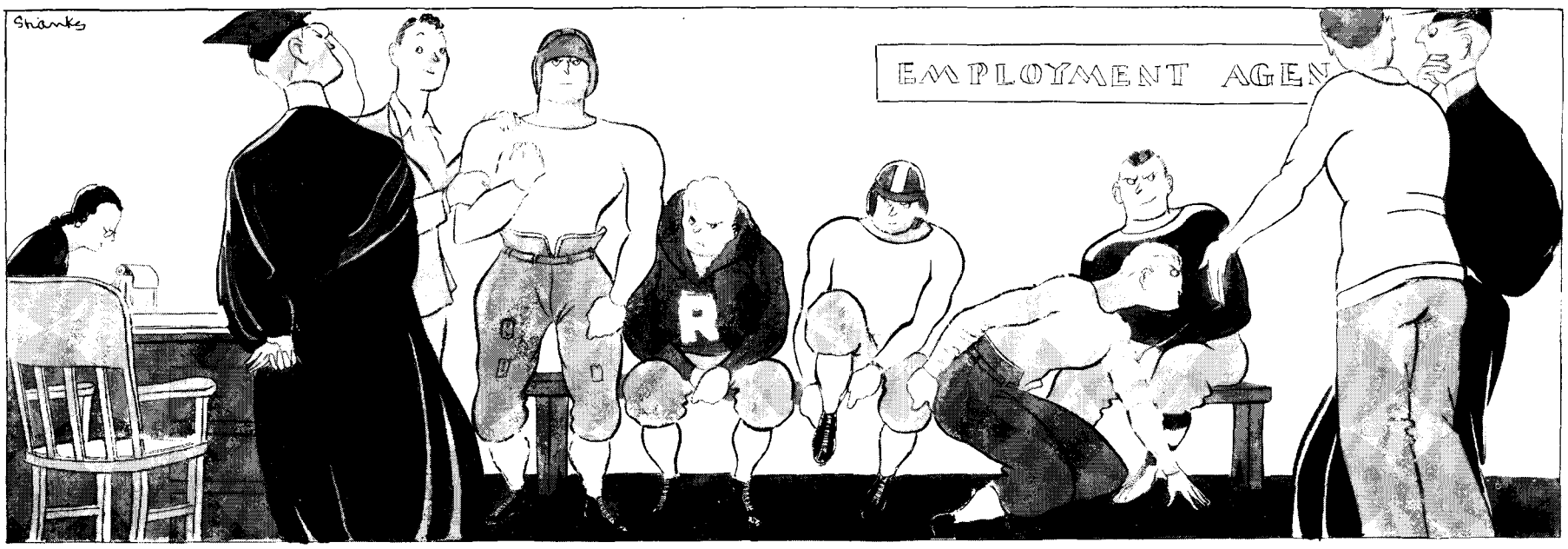

The "hired" man has become an important figure in intercollegiate football

The Football Bug

To buy, or not to buy—that question has confronted many a football-minded college. And some over-enthusiastic alumni have subsidized players to such an extent that even student bodies are protesting. The result: Football may yet return to its ancient amateur status

By Grantland Rice

THERE seems always to be an insect of some variety in football's ointment. Dr. Howard J. Savage of the Carnegie Foundation says that proselyting and the subsidizing of college athletes, especially football players, have caused more suspicion and ill feeling in the university world than any other single trouble. And certainly this problem has made football's winter post-mortems louder and longer than ever. What is still more important, more action has been taken recently to correct the evil than the public at large knows about.

There are now four groups involved in this ancient football debate over proselyting and subsidizing, and they might be arranged in this order:

1. An extremely large group that has only a vague idea of what the two words mean and what the debate is all about.

2. Another large group that knows a considerable amount of subsidizing is taking place and asks—"What of it?"

3. A third set that says it is all pretty bad, but it can't be stopped, so why bother about it?

4. A growing force of faculty officers, undergraduates and younger alumni who are determined to eliminate as much of the trouble as they can, without any particular hope of attaining perfection.

What does it all mean? Well, Jack Smith and Dave Zanowski are two well-known prep-school football stars. They may want a college education, or they may want merely to keep on playing football for a few years longer, which seems a much softer prospect than looking for a job.

The proselyting starts when Smith and Zanowski are approached by eager and enthusiastic alumni with suggestions that they consider transferring their fifty-yard runs and their forty-yard passes to Such-and-Such University. The subsidizing starts when they are finally offered free scholarships, board and some sort of nominal job that will take care of their general expenses.

How much of this is going on? When the Carnegie Foundation issued its famous Bulletin Number 23, it estimated after careful study that approximately one college athlete out of every seven, and an even higher proportion of football players, were on the subsidized list. With about 10,000 varsity football players on college teams, this meant that at least 1,800 had been subsidized. It is now estimated that this list has been cut down to 1,400 or 1,500.

"Suppose this is true," you may ask. "What is the harm? Doesn't it merely mean that 1,400 or 1,500 boys who otherwise would miss the opportunity, are being given the chance to get a college education?"

For one thing, if there were no restrictions there soon would be hired football teams playing most of the college games. That would end amateur football. For another thing, as it is now, certain universities have six, eight, ten or maybe fourteen subsidized players on a squad where others will have none at all, or possibly only one or two who have been slipped in. Here then is no equality of contest, no even basis of play.

In the third place, it has not yet been proved that a college education is a good thing for every boy, especially when he is placed in a false position thereby. He is feeling this more and more in many universities where most of the student body look upon him as a hired player, brought in to win games regardless of ethics. And this feeling has been spreading in the last year or two.

The Alumni Viewpoint

Many an alumnus who would never think of parking an ace up his sleeve in a card game or moving a golf ball to a better lie and not counting the penalty is guilty of sending a good football player through college just because he is a football player.

His excuse is that others are doing the same thing for other universities, so why not match fire with fire? But what about the increasing number who are getting away from the subsidized player and are sending only real students to the field? And what about all the ill feeling and suspicion that have been developed, year after year, even among ancient rivals, over this one matter?

Frequently the subsidized player is given a few easy courses that present no intellectual hazards, so the mere fact that a good football player is sent through college doesn't mean necessarily that he is being educated.

The question of scholarships also has brought about both wholesale and retail comment. No one would even argue that a scholarship should be withheld from a student simply because he happens to be a star football player. No fair-minded person could ask that any discrimination should be made. But this rule can work both ways. It should also be borne in mind that no scholarship award should be made in favor of a star football player just because he is a football player.

There have been at various colleges and universities either direct athletic scholarships or what Dr. Savage terms "pseudo-Rhodes scholarships," awards made to numbers varying from one to forty. When there are twenty, thirty and even forty athletic scholarships for one institution it would seem to be just a trifle out of line.

How is this situation to be met? Leading educational institutions are now handling the whole scholarship problem through a faculty committee, usually with the president sitting on the board. There can be no harm in scholarships that are given out under honest faculty supervision, provided the basis of award is right to begin with.

Another interesting angle of subsidizing has developed among a certain number of prep- or high-school players. An athletic director at Blank College will get an inquiry of this type: "I would like to know just what you can do for me at Blank College in the way of an offer. I have had pretty good offers from Harvard, Yale, Michigan, Stanford and Illinois, but would rather go to Blank College if it can be arranged."

No such offers ever came from any of the universities mentioned. Some of these letters have been investigated and proof finally established that the prep-school star was merely using this method to break into the pay or the athletic scholarship class. But it is easy to see how much suspicion can be aroused, especially when the word is passed out that such universities as those mentioned are recruiting prep-school stars.

It is surprising, with all the evils that still exist, how much improvement has been made. I was talking recently with the graduate manager of a well-known university. "I'll tell you," he said, "why we have eliminated all recruiting, subsidizing and athletic scholarships. We found that our real students were no longer taking any interest in our football team. They were looking on the squad as a bunch of hired players, brought in just to win football games. Most of these players were not considered a real part of the student body. As this feeling was gathering strength each year we decided to change our old method. We have had a bad year as far as winning games may go, but others have also seen the light and now we have a group that can be trusted and a schedule where we have at least an even chance with only real students on our squads. And this list will continue to increase and will play together, leaving the subsidized groups more or less to themselves."

A Self-Solving Problem

There are two answers to this problem of recruiting and athletic scholarships. One is stricter faculty supervision and the arrangement of schedules among institutions that have approximately the same entrance requirements and the same standards of college work to face. The other is a growing interest in many places in varied intellectual college activities, apart from sport.

The Carnegie Foundation has discovered a big increase in the direction of these intellectual and student activities, which to a certain extent have removed the frenzy and the froth from football and other athletic competitions. So in many college centers you will find that the undergraduates and the younger alumni are taking the lead in correcting one of football's leading faults.

It may be impossible to prevent a certain number of alumni from offering secret aid to prep-school stars who wil be strong additions to their teams. The Carnegie Foundation does not admit this, and points to a number of institutions that have put a quietus on subsidizing by alumni. The recent economic slump has killed off a big part of this trade and the gradual growth of better sentiment will also help.

Few things reach perfection in this world and the matter of recruiting and subsidizing will never be entirely cured. But most of the leading institutions are working their way toward higher ground and cleaner air, and the movement is gathering more and more impetus.

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Bad Weather Friends

Prohibition has thrown an unhappy pall over the oldest American marine arm. Most of us think of the Coast Guard as a killjoy, and tell funny stories about its private stock of fine liquors. But you'd forget all that quickly enough if you were caught off our coast on a sinking ship in a winter night gale. Then you'd be more apt to remember the other side of the story — the romantic, glorious record of valor which we herewith present, with a touch of our caps to the Coast Guard!

By Frank D. Morris

SEAGOING sentries they are, with ten thousand miles of coast line for boats. From Key West to the northern tip of Alaska; through tropical hurricanes and Arctic ice packs; patrolling desolate beaches and rock-bound shores, day and night, winter and summer; battling storms and smugglers; chaperoning icebergs and seals; scouting and sinking derelicts; quelling mutinies, and a hundred and one odd jobs to boot.

Alexander Hamilton didn't have all this in mind when in 1790 he asked Washington and the first Congress to buy ten one-thousand-dollar cutters to chase pirates and collect customs. We didn't even have a navy then. The Continental Navy had been disbanded after the Revolution and stayed that way until several years after the Coast Guard, then called the Revenue Marine Service, was born.

Hamilton got his ships and the Treasury, with their aid, collected its revenue. Extras began to pile up on the tiny fleet of anti-smuggling sailors. There was that difficulty we had with France in 1798, and of course the young Revenue Marine was asked to help the still younger Navy. That job had been cleaned up and the cutters were back at their peacetime duties when another hurry call summoned them to the War of 1812. The same story was repeated in 1848 and again in 1861.

It was while pinch-hitting for a man-of-war in 1812 that the revenue cutter Eagle waged a freak battle which still makes historians gasp.

When the British brig Dispatch and a supporting sloop surprised the lone Eagle off the coast of Long Island, there was nothing for the outnumbered cutter to do but run for it —and run it did, straight for the beach.

But as the British vessels closed in, expecting to make an easy capture, they were greeted with a salvo from ashore. Before abandoning ship her crew had lugged ashore all the cutter's broadside guns which they emplaced on a near-by bluff. And for nine hours the Britishers, fuming and firing, were held at bay by this synthetic fortress. The besieged cutter men's supply of heavy shot eventually was exhausted, but not their resourcefulness. Scurrying down the slope of the bluff, they dug out the British cannon balls embedded therein and these were returned forthwith to His Majesty's ships with the accuracy and compliments of the American gunners.

Between wars the cutter men kept in trim by shooting away the pirates who infested our southern waters more than a century ago. Jean Lafitte, the bad boy of the lower Mississippi, was one of their first victims.

The eventual decline and end of piracy produced no slump in the Coast Guard business, which was now expanding like a department store. Officially its rescue work dates back to an Act of Congress in 1837. Then followed an accumulation of miscellaneous assignments no other government bureau could, or would, tackle—derelict removing, enforcement of quarantine and neutrality laws, flood relief, ice patrol, supervision of yacht races and of sponge fishing, protection of Alaskan seals and fisheries, applying harbor regulations, suppression of mutinies—until now the code of the service covers thirteen points.

Keystone

The Coast Guard crew launching a lifeboat at Yack's Inlet Station, Long Island

To make this ambitious program workable the Coast Guard has a double organization combining a powerful cruising fleet and a long chain of life-saving stations which act as a home guard. These two forces are manned by twelve thousand well-trained sailors. An academy at New London, Connecticut, the Annapolis of the Coast Guard, supplies its five hundred commissioned officers.

In the cruising fleet, thirty-five cutters are ready to put to sea at short notice. Sleek, sturdy ships, resembling pleasure yachts in their white coats. Supplementing these first ships of the line are eighteen destroyers inherited from the Navy after the World War and some four hundred harbor cutters and launches, tugs, patrol and picket boats.

Ashore, our sprawling coast line is dotted with 276 stations of the life-saving service. On the Great Lakes alone there are fifty-seven stations, each with its crew of about eight surfmen under the command of a boatswain or a chief petty officer. Each crew constantly patrols miles of coast line, the boats of adjoining stations interlocking whereever possible. Keeping a sharp eye seaward, the lonely night patrolman is always prepared to touch off a Coston signal, the rocket-like flare he carries, at the instant he sights a ship in distress.

One of these flares brightened the hearts and hopes of two dozen foreign seamen marooned on a leaking, storm-ridden vessel off the North Carolina coast one terrible night three winters ago. The crew of the Greek tanker Paraguay had been manning the pumps for hours, hoping to bring her safely into port at Lynnhaven Roads, near Cape Henry, when the storm, a fierce December gale, descended. Superwaves broke over the tanker's bow, tons of water poured into her hold, dousing the fires and paralyzing the engines. The radio antenna was carried away before an SOS could be broadcast, and the generator which operated the lights went dead.

Drifting, sinking, jousting hopelessly with an angry sea, the tanker finally struck bottom about three hundred yards offshore and broke in two, her bow high out of water. Four of her crew were swept overboard, but the other twenty-four clambered upon the bow and huddled there in the darkness. And there they perched and prayed until the blazing signal on the beach told them one of the coast guards had been alert.

The alarm at Kill Devil Hills station was sounded and her crew went into action. Two miles down the beach they ran, dragging their heavy apparatus. A true shot from the lifeline-throwing gun flew over the heads of the castaways and its long tail fell into eager hands. Hauling in the shot-line brought the Paraguay men a heavier hawser, which they made fast to the bow rigging. This served as a trolley line for the breeches buoy in which, one by one, they rode ashore.

Gratitude unlimited poured out that night in excited Hellenic and broken English. One sailor had double thanks to give. He was the one the surfmen had lifted from the breeches buoy half-drowned but still clutching a bedraggled rooster, the Paraguay's mascot.

(Continued on page 30)

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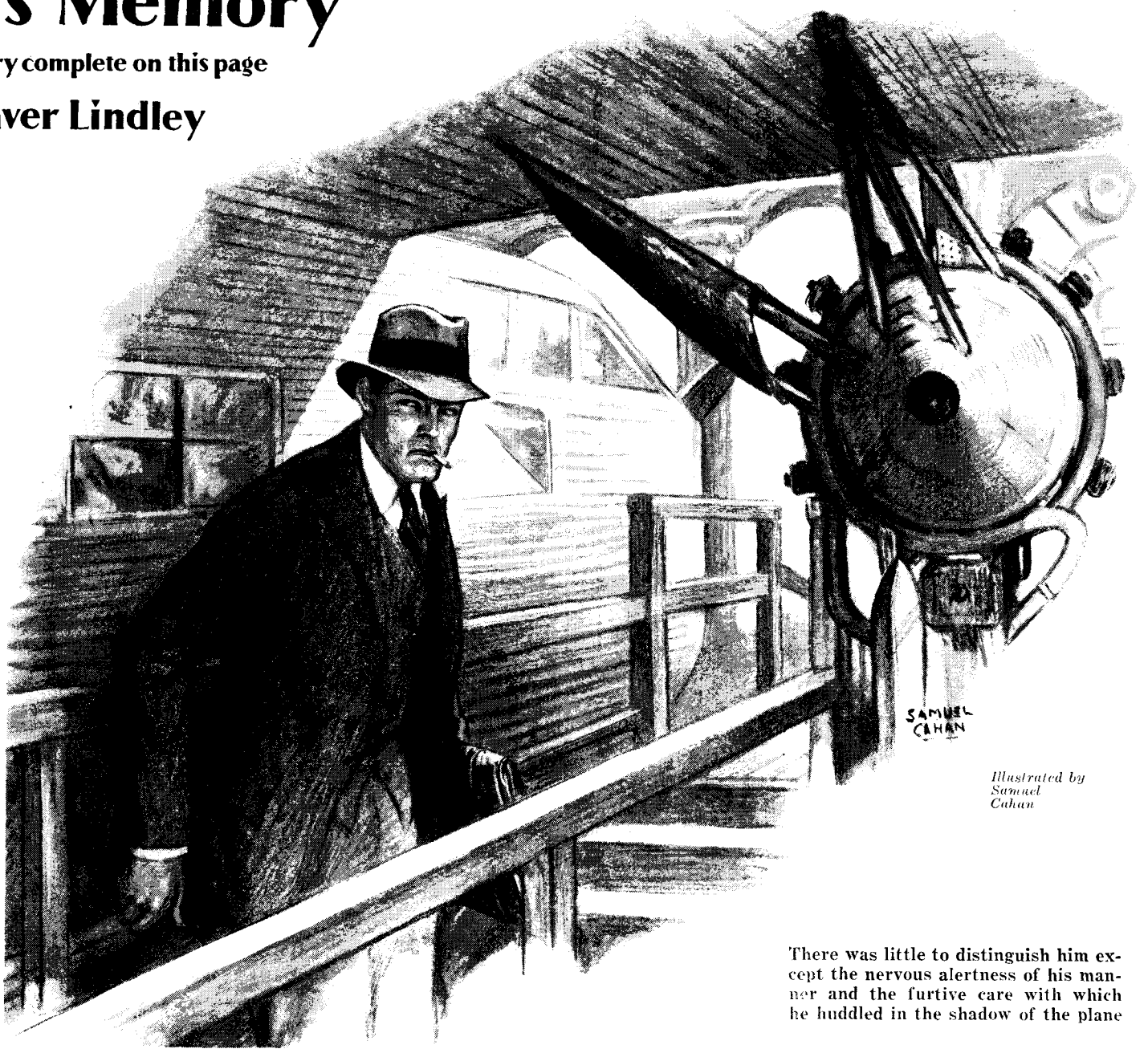
Trouper's Memory

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Denver Lindley



Illustrated by Samuel Cahan

There was little to distinguish him except the nervous alertness of his manner and the furtive care with which he huddled in the shadow of the plane

SUNLIGHT, falling in bars through the tall windows of the Pennsylvania Station, laid a checkered pattern on the floor. Over this, like frantic chessmen on an overcrowded board, hurried the late-afternoon travelers. To one side, the all-metal transport airplane looked on indifferently. And its indifference was matched, for the most part, by the people hurrying under its wings and past its nose. Few paused to look at it, and only one man had taken advantage of the raised runway which led past the windows in its sides.

For ten minutes this man had been standing in the shadow of the wing, staring at the instruments in the control-room. Every thirty seconds or so he would glance eagerly at the crowd milling around the information desk, then anxiously at the clock and, finally, clutching his black briefcase more firmly under his arm, he would return to his inspection of the plane.

There was little to distinguish him from the commuters thronging past except the nervous alertness of his manner and the furtive care with which he huddled in the shadow of the plane.

At twenty-five minutes to six he left the station and made his way west to Eighth Avenue and then northward. He entered a shabby doorway in the forties, climbed two flights of stairs and paused to listen in front of a closed door. After a moment he threw the door open. This action was greeted by a woman's scream.

"Steady, steady," said the man, advancing into the room and closing the door behind him. "Think I was a bull?"

The woman stared at him wide-eyed. She wore a suit of violet-colored cloth. A small hat of the same color and material lay on the table. Her violently blond hair was in disorder. She looked like a veteran actress registering terror. Her eyes were on his right hand as though she expected him to draw a gun.

"Jake," she said, backing away, "you wouldn't hurt me, would you? Honest to God, I always played square with you."

Jake's face clouded with surprise. "What's got into you, Madge?" he asked, taking her by the arm and shaking her. "First you get a fit of nerves and don't meet me at the Pennsy. Then when I show up here you think I'm a bull. An' now you think I'm going to hurt you. *I* ain't goin' to hurt you. Be yourself. Everything's oke. Only we missed our train."

Madge continued to watch him apprehensively, but now she attempted to laugh. "That's right," she said hastily, as though realizing that her laugh hadn't been a success. "I'm jumpy. I had a hunch something wasn't going to break right. That's why I wasn't at the station. When you've been a trouper like me you get to believing in hunches. This one was awful strong. I was gettin' ready to pull out." She motioned toward a half-packed suitcase on the sofa.

Jake laughed. "It was a bum hunch this time," he said. "Everything went per schedule the way I told you. The safe was the sort of sardine box that had oughta be in a museum. There was just one thing that wasn't what I expected. There was ten G's more in it than I'd counted on. An' I got 'em all, right here." He tapped the briefcase. "Get a move on. We'll catch the next train for Atlantic City."

Madge moved toward the bag and began to pack mechanically, without taking her eyes from Jake. She seemed close to panic.

Jake watched her for a few moments and his eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Say," he said, "there's something phony about this. You don't show up at the station. You ain't packed when I get here, an' you look like you expected me to bite. If you been two-timin' me—"

MADGE hurried up to him and cut him short by putting her arms around his neck.

"Listen, baby," she said, "you got me wrong. I wouldn't two-time you. I got the jitters, that's all. I had a hunch it wouldn't bring you luck if you went out into the sticks. But, gosh, I guess I got it wrong. Ten G's more than you expected. That's swell. I never knew they had that much money in them tank towns."

Jake was mollified, but he still looked anxious.

"It seems mighty funny to me," he said. "An' the last job I took a rap for looked funny, too. How'd McClurdy find out about that?"

"Listen," Madge said, "don't waste time thinking about that. Didn't I explain all that to you once? It was just an accident that McClurdy was there when you blew in. You're out now, aren't you? An' everything's great. An' we're goin' on a trip. Cheer up, baby. I think you're swell. Tell me—when'd you get back?"

"I got an express outta Utica ten minutes after I'd finished the job and got here an hour ago."

Madge took her arms from around his neck and stared at him for a moment. "Utica—?" she said.

"Sure, I told you this pete was in Utica. That's where I been. You better wake up and get a hold of yourself."

"Sure," Madge said. "I just forgot for a minute." The look of panic returned to her eyes. "Listen, baby," she said, "you got a lotta coin. Be a sport. Take me on a regular trip. How about Tia Juana? I always wanted to get outta this country once."

Jake looked bewildered. Then he brightened. "Sure," he said, "that's a swell idea. Let's get goin'. Gee," he said, "you look swell, kid, in that new outfit." He closed the bag for her and together they left the room.

The harsh glare of the station-house light fell on McClurdy's stubbly, outthrust jaw as he glanced up from the report in front of him. His eyes were in shadow, but the detective who faced him could see rage in them. It made the detective unhappy.

"What's this?" McClurdy roared. "Your idea of a practical joke? We put fifteen men in Syracuse to catch Jake Scholz and somebody puts Jake's fingerprints on a safe in Utica and walks off with eighteen thousand dollars. Who got his signals mixed? Did you?"

THE detective pushed his hat back and scratched his head.

"I can't dope it out," he said; "we ain't got a better stool than Madge Flandreau. She ain't soft on Jake either, because she's ratted on him before. An' she swore he was goin' to Syracuse."

McClurdy slammed the report down on the desk. "So Flandreau was your stool pigeon, eh?" he said. "And Flandreau is an old trouper. She said Jake would be in Syracuse. And Jake pulls a job in Utica. You're bright, ain't you?" McClurdy paused to stare at his subordinate. "You're a credit to the department, ain't you? Why, don't you know that an old trouper like Madge Flandreau couldn't tell which one of them tank towns was which?"

"But," said the detective, "Madge has cleared out. Why would she do that?"

"She's a smart girl," McClurdy said. "She knew that that's the sort of mistake you can't explain."

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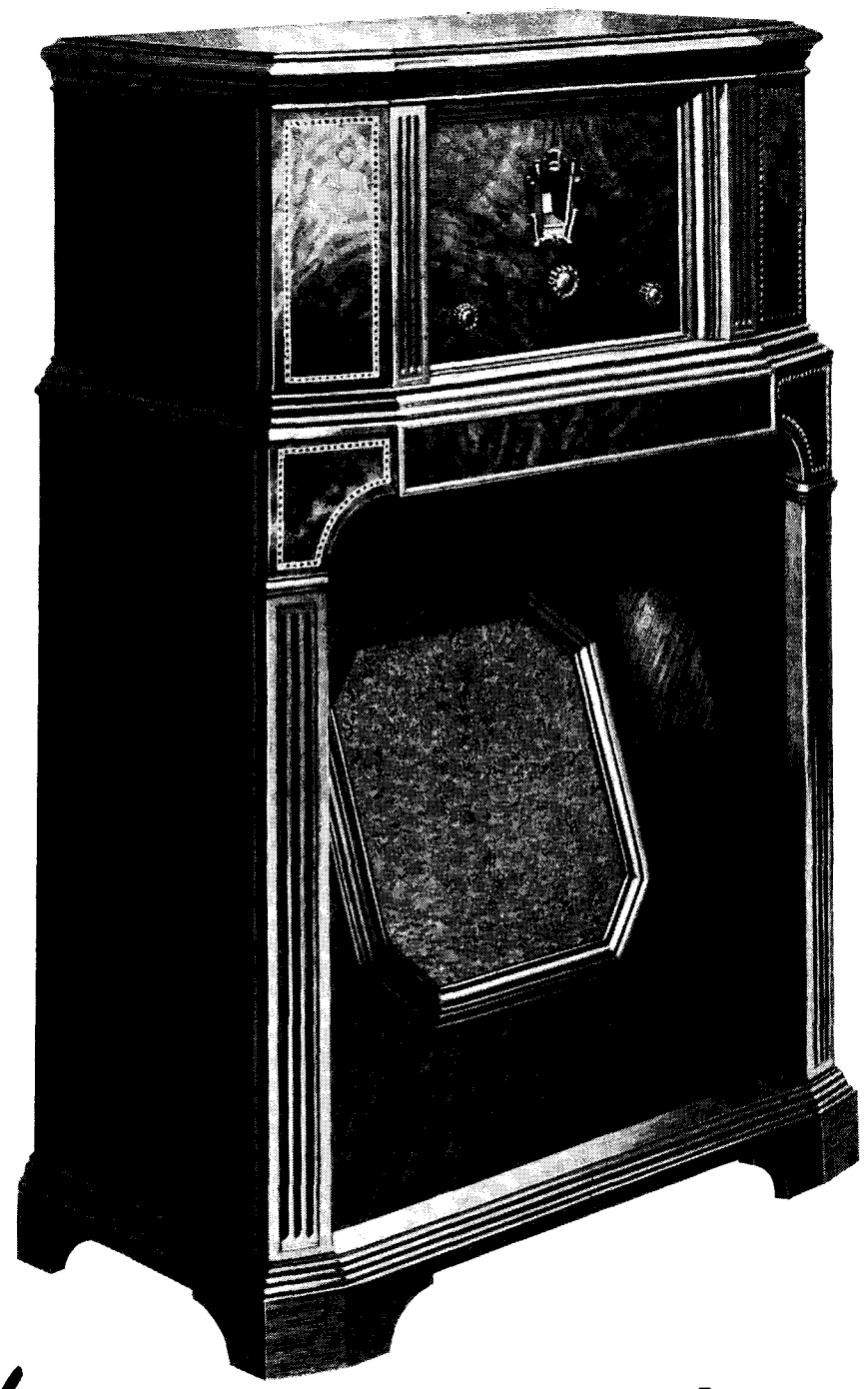

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SAFETY

in all windshields

STUDEBAKER, pioneer of Free Wheeling and many other epochal motoring advancements, now offers the greatest advance in safety—full-sealed, super-strength, 1932 type, clear vision Safety Plate Glass in *all* windshields and *all* windows of *all* models at no extra charge!

Although everybody knows the need of Safety Glass, these Triumphant New Studebakers are the first complete line of cars in their price field to give you this maximum protection as *standard equipment in all models.*

Flying pieces of glass have turned many a minor motor car accident into a grim catastrophe. And therefore the world's oldest vehicle manufacturer, pioneer and pacemaker among motor car builders, has determined to make these Triumphant New Studebakers the safest as well as the finest cars ever offered for the money.

The cost of this insurance against injuries, disfigurement—or worse—is borne by Studebaker. You pay nothing extra for the protection it provides. And Studebaker offers you not only Safety Glass, but the strongest, clearest Safety Plate Glass made—a superior, new and advanced type of sealed Safety Plate Glass—a scientifically perfected product that highway commissioners, safety officials, insurance companies and motor clubs approve.

No motorist can foretell the day or the hour when it might be worth any amount of money to have Safety Plate Glass. No motorist willingly wants to run the risk of being cruelly cut or maimed. No motorist wants to subject those who ride with him to the ever-present, now avoidable, danger of broken, flying glass.

The clear vision Safety Plate Glass in the Triumphant New Studebakers is composed of two lights of plate glass bonded into one unit by a layer of transparent plastic. It can crack under impact but jagged splinters of glass do not fly into the car. Broken pieces adhere to the plastic instead of shooting like arrows at those whose safety is in your hands.

Other cars will follow Studebaker to this new and final factor of safety as they followed Studebaker to Free Wheeling—but why wait?

Safety Glass in the windshield alone is not protection enough. All danger from breaking glass must go. All cars must eventually come to Safety Glass all around. The Triumphant New Studebakers give you Safety Plate Glass in its finest form—in all windows and all windshields of all models—and at no extra charge—right now.

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GLASS AT NO EXTRA CHARGE!

in all windows, in all models

Why wait for other cars to follow Studebaker?

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NEW PRICES EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 10, 1931		OLD PRICES	REDUCTION
PRESIDENT EIGHT			
135 inch wheelbase—122 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—automatic ride control—ball bearing spring shackles.			
Coupe, for four*	$1690	$1850	$160
St. Regis Brougham, for five*†	1690	New	
Sedan, for five*	1690	1850	160
Convertible Roadster, for four	1690	1800	110
Convertible Sedan, for five†..	1820	New	
Sedan, for seven*	1790	2150	360
Limousine, for seven*	1890	2150	560
DICTATOR EIGHT			
117 inch wheelbase—85 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—full cushioned power.			
Coupe, for two*	$ 980	$1095	$115
Coupe, for four*	1030	1150	120
St. Regis Brougham, for five*†	1030	New	
Sedan, for five*	1030	1150	120
Convertible Roadster, for four	1030	New	
Convertible Sedan, for five...	1095	New	

NEW PRICES EFFECTIVE DECEMBER 10, 1931		OLD PRICES	REDUCTION
COMMANDER EIGHT			
125 inch wheelbase—101 horsepower—1932 Free Wheeling—Safety glass all around—automatic ride control—ball bearing spring shackles.			
Coupe, for four*	$1350	$1585	$235
St. Regis Brougham, for five*†	1350	New	
Sedan, for five*	1350	1585	235
Convertible Roadster, for four	1350	New	
Convertible Sedan, for five†..	1465	New	
STUDEBAKER SIX			
117 inch wheelbase instead of former 114 inch, 80 horsepower instead of former 70 horsepower, 60½ inch rear tread instead of former 59½ inch, 1932 Free Wheeling, automatic starting, full cushioned power, safety glass all around.			
Coupe, for two*	$ 840	$845	$5
Coupe, for four*	890	895	5
St. Regis Brougham, for five*†	890	New	
Sedan, for five*	890	895	5
Convertible Roadster, for four	890	New	
Convertible Sedan, for five...	955	New	

Safety glass, automatic starting and metal spring covers standard equipment on all models at no extra cost.
*Wired for radio. †Trunk standard equipment. *All prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra*

TRIUMPHANT NEW STUDEBAKERS

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One of Lake Placid's devotees of winter sports in conservative skiing costume

The Sporting Thing

Fashion doesn't always dictate. When it comes to sports clothes, the game, the place and the weather lay down the rules. And here they are, for sports north and south

By Marie Beynon Ray

I WISH to heaven there were a lady who was golf-tennis-riding-skiing-skating champion of the world, for I'd like to ask this composite lady a question or two, and it would be much more convenient to have her all in one place at one time instead of partly in California playing tennis, partly in Virginia hunting, partly in Pinehurst playing golf and partly at Lake Placid skiing.

But, then, the costumes of smart sportswomen can speak very well for them. They give us the answers to these pressing questions—such questions as: "What are some of the general rules for being a well-dressed sportswoman? What is an ideal costume for golf? If you could have only one riding habit, what would it be? What is the newest thing in bathing suits—in beach pajamas?"—things like that.

To begin with, let's look to the north and winter sports.

Considerable leeway is permitted to skiing and skating costumes — picturesqueness, color, but just so much the more is restraint difficult—and laudable.

You'll find the young things at Lake Placid, Quebec, St. Moritz, and wherever else winter sports flash by, in the most oh-be-joyful of costumes—scarfs flying, skirts blowing, tassels bobbing, mittens waving, socks scampering; and certainly they add vastly to the gayety of nations. We wouldn't subtract a single giddy fringe or light-headed sash from the whole exciting scene, but we look with a more approving eye on the sophisticated woman who dresses for the game rather than for the panorama. In skiing, as in every other sport, the expert can be instantly spotted by her costume.

The conventional Norwegian suit is quite the smartest thing one can wear. Other costumes are chic, comfortable and practical, but nothing else combines these three essential virtues in the same degree.

This suit consists of trousers and jacket of dark blue or black waterproof gabardine worn with contrasting sweater, socks, scarf and mittens. The accessories match, preferably all in white, for nothing is smarter than a complete blue-and-white or black-and-white costume.

Contrasting Accessories

For very cold weather a turtle-neck sweater is good but on less severe days a V-neck sweater with a shirt, open at the throat, is better. With a black suit picked out like a silhouette with these sharply contrasting accessories, you have a costume which no amount of color can improve upon.

A thoroughgoing skiier seldom wears a hat except for long trips and then it is a visor cap with ear flaps, such as the Norwegian skiier wears.

Scarfs are very picturesque blowing out against a winter sky, but mighty disconcerting blowing in the eye. If a scarf is worn it should be a man's short, cashmere affair, or a short knitted one, knotted like an Ascot, and tucked inside the jacket. If you must have something sailing dramatically out behind, tie a scarf around your waist.

The best-dressed sportswoman, we find, thinks of her costume much as the farmer thinks of his overalls. But for those who prefer a little more drama in their skiing, we might just mention an item or two.

Contrasts are good this season—bright green trousers (a little wider this year—about two feet around) with brown jacket, golden yellow jacket with brown trousers, rose beige jacket with bright green trousers and, best of all, black trousers with a red top (jacket, sweater or shirt) or dark blue trousers with a red top. And of course the good old red, white and blue is always a big dramatic moment. Caps make gay little periods and exclamation points to finish a costume—the yard-long, knitted stocking cap with ball or tassel, the béret, the skull cap, etc. One debonair model is a round-as-a-ball knitted cap in red and blue with a thickish band of the braided worsteds as a border—and scarf to match. These tiny caps perch precariously on the northeast corner of the cranium.

Sweaters are a lot of fun. The things that can be done with half a dozen craftily selected sweaters! How the young things love to peel them off, one after the other, as they warm up on the snowy slopes back of the club or when they come in at tea-time and start right in to dance in their ski-boots or, as the greatest possible concession to formality, in moccasins. Off they come—two, three, sometimes four sweaters, cashmere, hand-knit (often so slimsy they'd slip through a ring) and in one startling color after the other—three ice-cream-soda shades, three Russian ballet colors, three woodsy pine-bough and autumn-leaf colors. What an idea that was of Schiaparelli's to make three sweaters of contrasting colors — the outermost with a short sleeve, the next with a slightly longer sleeve, the last with a long sleeve!

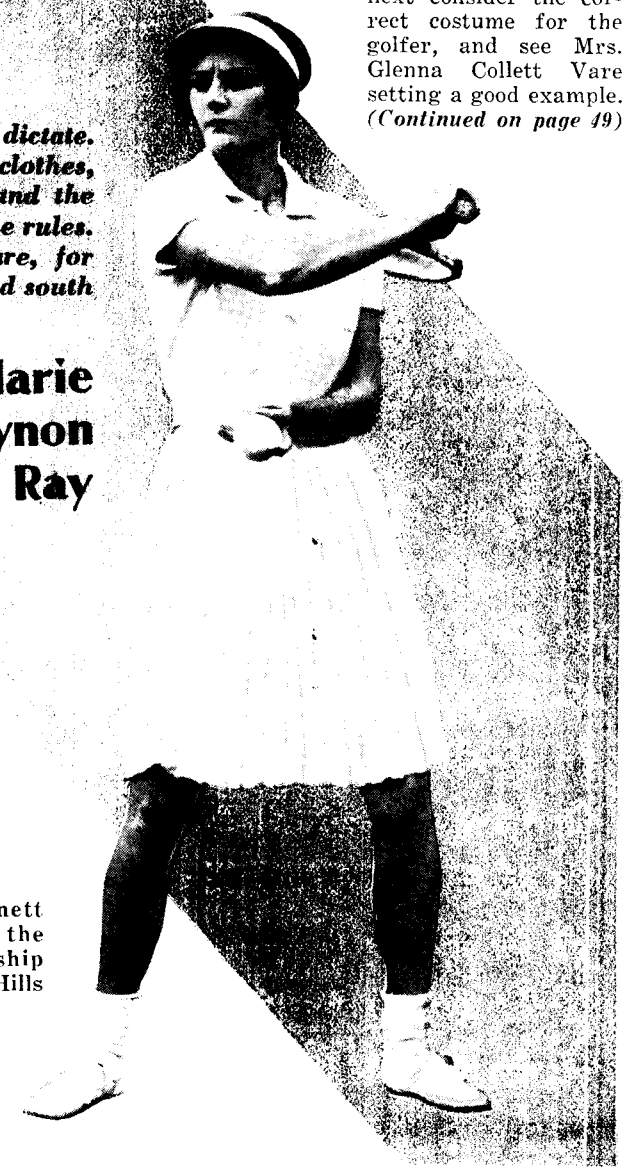
From Snowfields to Sunny Shores

And mittens! So alluring that even the conservative wearers of the dark blue Norwegian suit who resist the blandishments of gay colored sweaters, scarfs and caps, yield to mittens knitted in brilliant colors and humorous designs. But pity the poor novice who falls a victim to the enchanting softness and colors of brushed wool mittens, or anything else in this insidious fabric, for it has a propensity for making ice-balls over every inch of its woolly surface.

Skating demands a completely different outfit. For just everyday skating a short, full, woollen skirt, a sweater (preferably turtle-neck) or a natural chamois jacket, and a béret. But for more important occasions one may slip into the classical black or dark blue velvet skirt, very full, with slip-over sweater and cardigan.

Taking the seasons in our stride, and moving in seven-league boots from snowfields to sunny shores, we next consider the correct costume for the golfer, and see Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare setting a good example.

(Continued on page 49)



Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall at the tennis championship matches at Forest Hills

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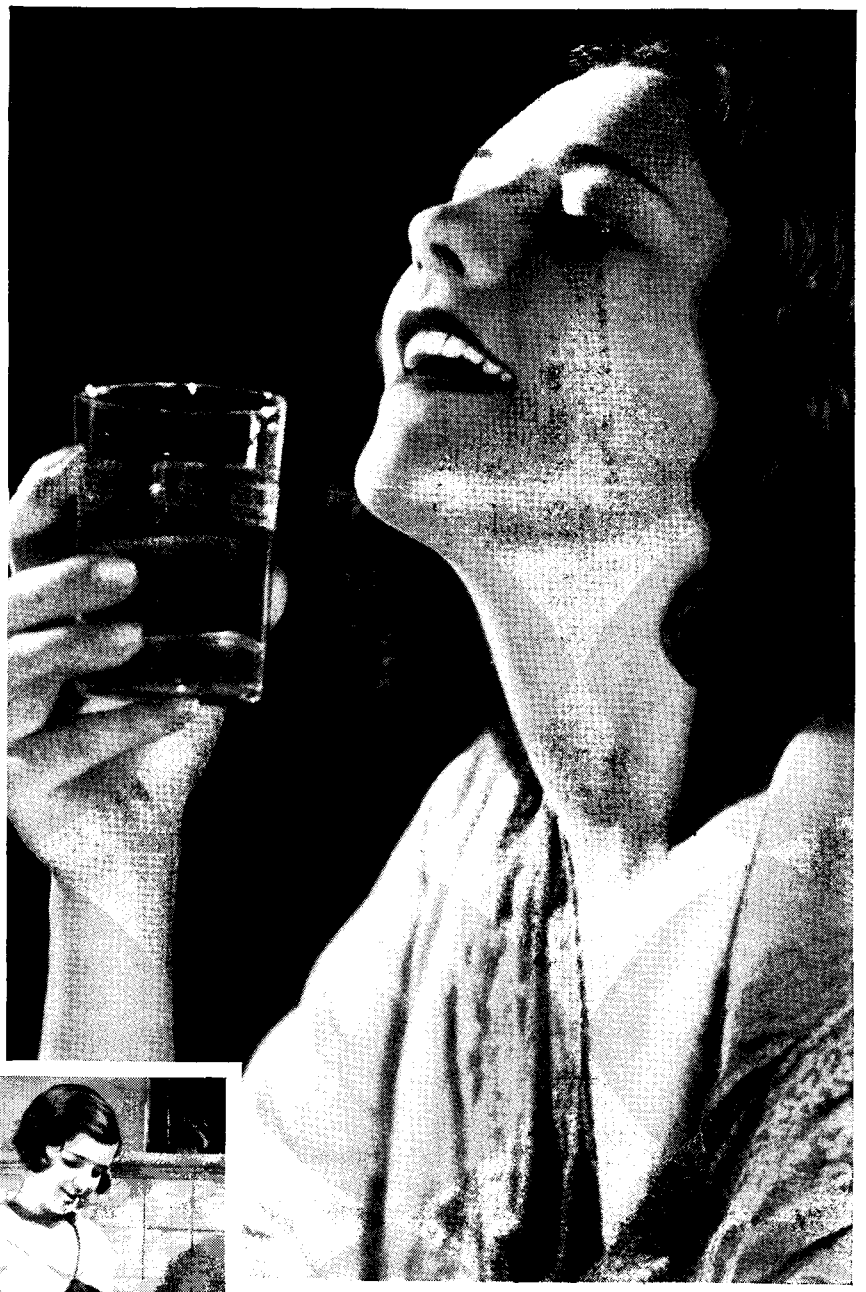
Use a Gargle with Purging Action

IF YOU WOULD STOP A COLD AT ONCE

Physicians Now Urge This Special Type Of Treatment To Get Rid of Germs EMBEDDED In The Mucus . . . A Really Scientific Way To Check Fresh Colds Quickly . . . . . .



MODERN science practically agrees that there is one best way to stop a fresh cold. Killing loose surface germs won't do it. For it's the germs embedded *in the mucus* that attack your mouth and throat. And 90 per cent of the time ordinary gargles, no matter how strong, don't touch them. Because they don't get under the mucus.

That's why the advice of doctors is—At the first indication of a cold, use a PURGING TREATMENT. Cleanse the membranes of the mouth and throat. Get rid of every vestige of germ-breeding mucus. And give tissues a chance to exercise their disease-resisting functions.

That is why Lavoris is being so widely specified by physicians as the first step in treating colds.

How It Acts

The action of Lavoris in the mouth and throat will be a revelation to you.

First: It loosens, "cuts" and removes dangerous, germ-laden mucus. Turns it into a "curd" so you can expel it easily and quickly.

You see the shreds with your own eyes. Thus you know that bacteria are washed out because the mucus that they lodge in is flushed out.

No longer can mucus hold germs in contact with the tissues where they breed and multiply. It leaves the tissues clean and sweet.

In all this, its effect is soothing. It cannot harm the most delicate membranes or disturb the important gastric juices or digestive process.

Second: After the tissues are purged, cleansed and soothed, Lavoris stimulates circulation and fortifies against other germs.

Accept Trial Offer

At the first sign of a cold—do as physicians now advise. Use this purging type of treatment. *Mix Lavoris with hot water, half-and-half.* Gargle frequently until you get relief.

Get Lavoris at any drug store. Or accept the trial offer at the right. And receive a generous bottle for the cost of packing and mailing.

See how swiftly it gets the sticky mucus out. Note the quick relief. See how speedily cold is checked.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY

Minneapolis, Minnesota

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Bad Weather Friends

Continued from page 23

Just a few nights later, and not many miles away, a rescue even more dramatic and more perilous was staged by coast guards at Cape Hatteras, "graveyard of the Atlantic." Again two dozen men faced despair, listening to the dirge of the storm as their ship, the steamer Cibao, straddled the shoals two miles offshore.

It was too far out to fire a line and an ordinary surfboat could never span the gap in such weather. No man could row against that sea. A power surfboat might attempt it, but even this was dangerous since the pausing of the motor for a few seconds could have easily allowed the wind and waves to heave the rescue boat on the same shoals which had wrecked the Cibao.

But the Coast Guard risked it. A picked crew of six led the rescue. Taking a small lifeboat in tow, the motor surfboat crept out to the fringe of the shoals and from there a life line was heaved across the intervening water to the steamer. Then each of the twenty-four refugees slid down this line to the rescue boats which had to make three trips ashore before their work was finished. A neat job. Thirty lives at stake and not one wasted.

Even when the crew of a disabled ship, seeing no immediate danger to themselves, decline a rescue, the Coast Guard's interest does not cease. If repairs can't be made at sea, the cutter offers a free tow to port.

Occasionally a merchant skipper, more shrewd or more lazy than scrupulous, tries to impose upon this generosity. It may be in perfect weather, not a storm cloud in sight and a sea like glass. A distress signal flutters at the masthead of a small schooner just as a Coast Guard cutter heaves in sight. Shouts across the sea as the cutter stands by: "We've lost both anchors," or "Our auxiliary needs gas." Either seeks an invitation for a tow to port, possibly a long haul and off the cutter's course.

But an experienced cutter commander is a wise judge of such cases. If there is a false note in the other skipper's plea, or if he seems to be facing no worse hardship than a few hours' delay, the cutter politely but firmly withdraws. She has more important duties.

Millions in Salvage

This salvaging of property, other men's property, is important to the Coast Guard. In 1930 they assisted in saving forty-nine million dollars' worth of ships and cargoes. And if these figures seem unromantic, the testimonial letters from grateful ship owners, many of whom had their entire fortunes at stake, tell a more colorful story.

One such letter, forwarded by the British ambassador at Washington from England, described a fire at sea and the ten-day battle by men of the United States Coast Guard to save a foreign ship and what they could of her half-million-dollar cargo. The crew of the 6,200-ton Templemore had abandoned the burning steamer when she was sighted far out in the Atlantic by the cutter Androscoggin, commanded by the present head of the Coast Guard, Rear Admiral Frederick C. Billard. Braving the still smoldering fire, the cutter men went aboard, placed towing lines and made the long, tedious haul to Boston Harbor, encountering and conquering two days of extra-heavy weather which reduced their speed to less than one knot an hour.

Boarding a deserted ship like the Templemore might well give any of us an eerie feeling, like that upon entering a mining village abandoned after the ore vein had petered out. And even the hardened cutter men sometimes get a surprise on one of these unannounced visits. Here is one the crew of the Modoc experienced and which convinced them that an old sea adage concerning sinking ships is not infallible.

The Modoc had been ordered to hunt a water-logged derelict reported four hundred miles off the South Carolina coast in the direct path of coastal shipping. She was the Melbourne P. Smith, a lumber ship which had been dismasted in a storm and left to her fate when the crew despaired of nursing her into port.

When the cutter crew sighted the derelict she was riding high and seemed a fair prospect for towing. An inspection revealed that her steering gear was damaged, but with careful handling of the helm ship and cargo probably could be salvaged. So four of the Modoc's crew were placed aboard to steer her. The hectic cruise these men had en route to Charleston is summarized in the cutter commander's official report:

Keeping Tab on Icebergs

"For four days and nights they fought the kicking, bucking, crazy helm of a water-logged derelict running before a high sea. These men stood watch and watch, two at the wheel all the time, and in their off-hours they had to fight off rats to protect their rations."

Nature provides her annual share of derelicts too, a more dangerous and untractable type than the man-made. These are the huge icebergs which break Arctic home ties in the spring to travel south and make more work for the Coast Guard. In addition to warning transatlantic shipping of the presence of bergs, one of the ice patrol cutters makes an annual scientific survey of the ice field from which these strays emanate and is able to detail the past, present and probable future of the whole berg family, from their glacier birth at the Greenland shelf to their Gulf Stream funeral.

Olav Mosby, a former professor at the Geophysical Institute of Norway, led the 1931 scientific expedition which set out for the Grand Banks last March on the cutter General Greene. Professor Mosby was picked for the job after the Coast Guard authorities had searched high and low over our own United States for a man with sufficient oceanographic knowledge and experience to handle this important assignment. It seems that we Americans are not that ocean-minded.

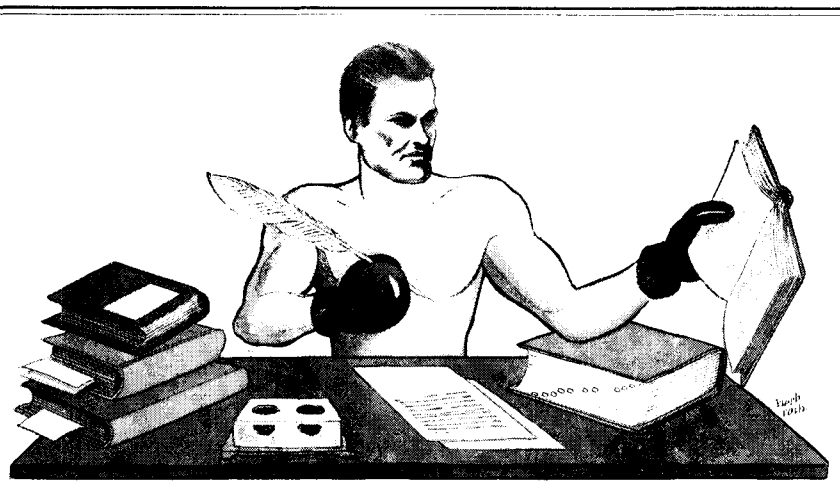
An iceberg, unlike a derelict, cannot be destroyed. Coast guards have tried shooting at bergs, but when they found that a four-inch shell fired at close range had no more effect than a popgun attack on a snowman they soon abandoned that idea. Then they tried mining the bergs as they had successfully mined and destroyed derelicts. But an iceberg, extending one hundred feet or more above water and about seven or eight hundred feet below, is not so easily shattered. For even the heaviest practical charge of an explosive like TNT will do no more than make a crevice in the berg which may or may not split it eventually—and if it does, you then have two bergs where only one drifted before.

Scouting and shadowing these white elephants is a cold, dreary business and any break in its monotony is welcomed, particularly by the men on lookout watch. It was just that boresome to a man in the crow's nest one day on last year's patrol until he caught sight of a glistening white mass rising from the sea. His shrill "Ice dead ahead, sir," brought the entire crew on deck. And as they watched the distant visitor, they saw it perform as no iceberg ever has, before or since. First it shot a geyser into the air, then it cavorted through a series of alternate leaps and dives which left the audience amazed. The final plunge was taken just as the cutter approached closely enough to identify the freak—a white whale.

An All-Around Job

While the ice patrol is combing the North Atlantic, a second cutter force is cruising around the icy waters north of the Pacific on another mission. This is the Bering Sea patrol sent out every spring when the break-up of ice permits navigation of the bleak waterways around Alaska. Sparse coast settlements in Alaska, seldom visited by white men, are on the cutters' calling list and the services rendered by the coast guards include everything from free medical and dental treatment to making arrests, holding court and even performing native marriages.

All the activities outlined above are carried on consistently by the Coast Guard. During our participation in the World War, however, some of the duties were curtailed while the Coast Guard again stepped in as a part of the Navy and to post another record for bravery and efficiency. Incidentally the Coast Guard lost a greater percentage of its men in action during the war than any other branch of the United States armed forces afloat. The cutter Tampa,



A Man Must Fight

Independence is the goal of all ambition. Fortunate men occasionally find the way to independence without much search. Wise men select the medium for which they are best equipped by nature and training.

In my case, though the ladder was short the climb was sheer. If I were again twenty-one and confronted with the problem, my choice of career would be the same.

In making the observations on boxing contained in this series of articles it has not been with any intention to discredit professional boxing. Such a purpose could only be ingratitude. I have attempted to write the accurate story of my career. If I step on the toes of the great or of the small it is with no vindictive intention. I have only told circumstances as I remember them and as I reacted to them at the time.

But, although I am still an ardent devotee of the sport, it could only be with my tongue in my cheek that I could express affection for all the elements that make up the profession.

Gene Tunney

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

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after bringing eighteen convoys through without the loss of a ship, was torpedoed in Bristol Channel two months before the Armistice and her entire crew of 117 officers and men were lost.

Each of the other five cutters on convoy duty averaged thirty round trips, escorting to safety about six hundred cargo ships. And true to their service tradition, in war or peace, the coast guards didn't neglect their life-saving. The dramatic action crowded into a few months of 1918 by the Seneca and her executive officer, Lieutenant Fletcher Webster Brown, is typical.

When, on a thick April night in 1918, the British sloop Cowslip was torpedoed and sunk, Captain William J. Wheeler, commanding the Seneca, had a choice of following official convoy orders which forbade an escort to imperil itself by assisting a doomed ship or of going to the rescue of the Cowslip's crew, he obeyed a coast guard's instinct. Turning away from the convoy, which he believed to be amply protected by the other escort ships, he headed for the sinking vessel, dropping depth charges on the way.

Lieutenant Brown, clad only in his pajamas and with a service automatic strapped to his waist, took charge of the Seneca's lifeboat and took off the sixty-five survivors, hauling the last one aboard just as the Cowslip made her final plunge.

Matching Wits with Submarines

Four days later, on another convoy trip, Brown saved the Seneca from the same fate the Cowslip had suffered. A torpedo was headed directly for the port side of the cutter when Brown spotted it from the bridge and ordered the helm hard astarboard. The cutter swung sharply from the path of the torpedo, avoiding it by not too many feet. A second torpedo fired by the submarine just before it submerged skimmed past the Seneca's stern. The quick-thinking Lieutenant Brown had outwitted German marksmanship.

The third thrilling performance was staged by the Seneca in June, 1918, when the British steamship Queen, leading a convoy of twenty-four large vessels, was struck by a torpedo and sank in four minutes. Rushing to the scene, the Seneca picked up twenty-seven of the Queen's crew from the ship itself and from its wreckage. Called from his bunk, Brown again took charge of the Seneca's boat and again in his peculiar lifeboat uniform—pajamas and automatic.

The concluding chapter of the Seneca's dramatic convoy career saw eleven of her crew lost beneath the waves in an attempt to salvage another U-boat victim. The British collier Wellington, laid up for repairs after being torpedoed, had just left the drydock and taken on a cargo of coal. A torpedo struck her high in the bow as she neared the Bay of Biscay. Picking up her crew, who had taken to the boats, the Seneca first scared away the submarine with a barrage of shells and depth charges and then approached the collier, which was still afloat. Lieutenant Brown told Captain Wheeler that he believed the collier could be worked into port and requested permission to try it. Wheeler consented and with a crew of eighteen volunteers and eight of the Wellington's men Lieutenant Brown boarded the deserted collier as the Seneca returned to its convoy.

The ensuing four-day struggle of this gallant crew to save another ship and her cargo of coal for the Allies is a naval epic of the late war. Assigning the volunteers to their ship stations, Lieutenant Brown had steam up in half an hour and from a drifting derelict the torpedoed collier soon was transformed into a ship making seven knots across the Bay of Biscay, headed for Brest. The Coast Guard crew worked in relays in the stokehold, stood engine-room watches, posted lookouts and stood by the deck guns for further submarine attacks.

All went well until the third night when a violent gale halted the crippled ship after filling her forward holds so that she was down by the head and refused to answer her helm. A lifeboat was launched and seven of the eight men in the collier's regular crew eventually were safely transferred in it to the destroyer Warrington, which had answered the distress calls.

As the Wellington settled, Lieutenant Brown and his mates hastily constructed three life rafts from planks found on the deck. These rafts were launched over the port quarter and lines were let down to insure the men reaching them in the inky darkness. Then, as the Wellington listed rapidly, Brown ordered his crew to abandon ship. Just as the doomed collier settled by the head, turning over as she sank, the intrepid officer with a hand flashlight signaled the approaching destroyer: "My men are in the water." Then he leaped into the sea.

For hours the rafts and their human freight were tossed around in the tempestuous waters while the destroyer crew, unable to launch lifeboats, searched for the scattered refugees. At dawn Brown and eight of his volunteer crew were taken aboard the naval vessel but the others perished.

Today the Coast Guard is very much on the job, doing an even greater volume of its long-established life- and property-saving business and constantly seeking new methods to improve it. In 1930 they saved 6,004 lives—a new annual record. But they are not resting on their oars. They are now experimenting with the airplane further to amplify and speed up rescue work.

At present the Coast Guard has a small fleet of planes, and five flying boats, designed by Anthony G. Fokker for its highly specialized work, are now being constructed. Of the monoplane type, with a sturdy, all-metal boat, the 900-horsepower, twin-motor planes will have a cruising radius of one thousand miles, which will enable them to conduct extensive off-shore cruising and speedy rescue work at sea. Each will carry a crew of four men, one of whom, a radio operator, will keep in touch by telephone with all classes of naval and commercial radio systems.

Admiral Billard predicts an active future for aircraft in Coast Guard work.

When Ships Sprout Wings

"Even now," said the admiral, "planes are indispensable. Locating vessels in distress and derelicts will be a matter of hours instead of days, and we have already proved by test that a plane can carry a shore line to a stranded vessel too far out for the line gun to reach from shore.

"The progress already made in trans-oceanic flying indicates that in another decade or two the sea air above the Atlantic and Pacific will be buzzing with swarms of passenger liners and cargo carriers. Our present surface ships will sprout wings just as readily as they discarded them in the change from sail to steam. No, I am not becoming fantastic when I picture one hundred Coast Guard planes distributed along both coasts standing by for SOS calls from airships in distress, prepared to take off and save valuable property and invaluable human lives."

Which may be taken as a literal translation of the motto adorning the Coast Guard flag, *Semper Paratus*—Always Ready.

DR. A. P. MAZERAN, the noted intestinal specialist, examining patient in his famous sanatorium at Chatel-Guyon-les-Bains, France.

"'Dosing' with Laxatives" had made the condition worse

explains the Head of this Famous Clinic

A SERIOUS CASE of constipation. A resulting disagreeable breaking out of the skin!

Here's how the celebrated French physician, Dr. Mazeran, describes his experience in treating this extremely typical case.

"In an effort to correct those troubles," *he states*, "the patient had resorted to laxative pills, various cathartics and enemas. Instead of clearing up the condition . . . the skin eruptions grew steadily worse.

"I advised fresh yeast . . . In a little over a week the intestinal and digestive condition was tremendously improved. Soon, the skin trouble cleared up completely."

And he adds, *"The ability of fresh yeast to correct . . . intestinal inactivity is extraordinary."*

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast attacks and softens the waste masses that clog your system when intestines grow sluggish and weak. At the same time it actually "tones" and strengthens the muscles that clear these residues away.

Thus regular daily eliminations are induced. Internal secretions revive. And as your system is purified, appetite revives. Your digestion improves. "Pep" returns. A natural reserve of health is yours!

Try Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Decide now to try Fleischmann's Yeast—in place of weakening laxatives. Eat it regularly, consistently, 3 cakes every day—and the reward will be yours!

And insist on *Fleischmann's* Yeast—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

"What doctors say proved true"

"I seemed eternally tired," writes Mary Coleman, of St. Louis. "My system felt sluggish, I didn't have any appetite, and my skin was rough and sallow.

"Fleischmann's Yeast had helped so many others, I decided to try it. The sluggishness disappeared and my complexion got back its fresh, natural look . . . It certainly brought back my old energy, too."

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). Try eating it today!

Important **Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—*the kind famous doctors recommend!* At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.**

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an unexpectedly decent sensitivity. It was as if something about St. Marie put into horses the fear of God.

KENTUCKY'S horse stirred and blew out its breath, anxious to signal the other horse. St. Marie was now within the twenty-five yards; he was leaning a little sideways in the saddle, peering into the junipers so directly that Kentucky thought the bronc rider was looking him straight in the face. Yet St. Marie came on. Kentucky drew his gun and waited until St. Marie was almost below him.

His voice was low as he spoke but, coming unexpectedly out of the quiet from within ten yards, it lifted St. Marie like a fired gun. "Just a minute, Joe!"

The result was as if Kentucky had snapped a strip of hide from St. Marie's horse with a bull whip. The animal snorted and went forward in a great bound as St. Marie's spurs struck. Joe St. Marie himself, in the same instant, flung himself half out of the saddle and behind his horse. He had hooked his spur on the side nearest Kentucky into the cantle of his saddle and was riding low on the far stirrup, but the effect from where Kentucky stood was as if he had disappeared.

Kentucky's horse, startled by the other's stampede, half freed itself with a great stamping of feet, throwing Kentucky off balance as he fired; but the shot caught St. Marie's horse in its third jump. As the gun spoke the horse went down on its knees, nose into the snow, as if it had hit the end of a rope. Its hind quarters whipped upward and for a moment it seemed to hesitate, pivoting on the curve of its neck; then it slammed down upon its side.

Kentucky was already down into the trail. Behind him his horse went down in a great thrashing of hoofs and tearing of juniper, thrown by the tied reins as it tried to stampede. Kentucky, gun in hand, sprang across St. Marie's downed horse to where the rider lay.

St. Marie lay on his back, his hands above his head, one of them still holding his gun, cocked but unfired. Kentucky took the gun with his left hand. He would have eased the hammer down, but St. Marie's horse, shot through the shoulders, was trying to get up, straining its neck toward its withers. Using St. Marie's gun, Kentucky put a bullet through its head.

The bronc rider was breathing heavily, but except that he had been knocked out by the throw, Kentucky could not find anything wrong with him. When he had satisfied himself that St. Marie had no other weapon of any account, he unfastened St. Marie's bed-roll from the fallen horse, kicked it out flat, and dragged St. Marie onto it. Then he sat down on the horse to await results.

HE STUDIED the knocked-out man with a curious impartiality. This bronc rider was a man of a peculiarly mixed type. In all things he was a figure distinct and complete in himself, with no ambition whatever to be anything that he was not; and he was a rider who could do more with a horse than any other man. But here an element of essential worthlessness stepped in. Fast and efficient though he might be while he worked, no boss could be sure St. Marie was at work at all, once he was out of sight.

St. Marie groaned and swore faintly in Spanish. But it was a quarter of an hour more before St. Marie at last propped himself up on an elbow and looked at Kentucky with comprehension. Kentucky saw the bronc rider stealthily ascertain that he was no longer armed.

"Go ahead," Kentucky said, reading his mind, "pick up a rock. But when you do I'm going to blow your arm right off at the wrist."

Winter Range

Continued from page 15

"Where's my mouth organ?"

"Never mind the mouth organ. I didn't come up here for a concert."

St. Marie sat up and rubbed his head with both hands. He looked around for his hat, recovered it, and tried to put it on; but flinched, and left it perched at a drunken angle on the side of his head. Once more he stared at Kentucky Jones.

KENTUCKY smoked, and idly twirled his gun by the trigger guard; but he did not open conversation. He wanted St. Marie to begin that.

"I suppose," said St. Marie at last, "you're waiting for the others to come up."

"There aren't any others."

"What are you waiting for then?"

"I'm waiting for you to talk."

"I got nothing to say."

"If you don't want to talk," said Kentucky, "I'm not a damn' bit interested in trying to make you. Just keep your mouth shut tight enough and long enough and you're through—and that suits me."

St. Marie studied him again. "Listen," he said at last. "listen. You guys got no call to rub me out. It'll only make it worse for you in the end—Campo ought to know that. Just as likely as not, gunning me will be the one thing that turns around and hangs all the rest of it on him, before he's through."

"You're mixed up," Kentucky grunted. "I've got no doubt you'll be rubbed out all right. But it won't be here or now, and it won't be by me. You're going up the chimney by due process of law, Joe."

St. Marie seemed mystified. "You think you're having a lot of fun with me, don't you?" he said at last. "But don't you think for a minute that I don't know what you're here for, and why you were sent, just as well as you do."

"I guess you're some affected by that knock on the head," Kentucky told him.

St. Marie leaned forward, hitching nearer Kentucky. "Listen—"

"Stay where you are," Kentucky warned him.

"All right. I'm not trying anything funny. Listen—who's with you?"

"How many of me do you think it takes to take you where you're going?"

The quarter-blood seemed to take a flying grip on hope. "Look here," he said. "Look here! Campo Ragland's got me wrong. I know you don't know me very good—but, *Nombre de Dios*, Kentuck—I swear before God I'm telling you the truth. I've shot square with Campo all along, and all the way. He's got no more reason to send you to get me, than as if he sent me to get you."

"You're trying to whip over the skyline on us, aren't you?"

"And what if I am? Wouldn't you? Listen, Kentucky—if I hadn't meant to shoot square with Campo Ragland, do you think I'd have stayed at the Bar Hook as long as I did? And I'd have stuck with him right on through it, too; I'd have backed his play any way he wanted. Yes, by God, I will yet! Campo Ragland had no call on earth to be afraid of me."

"Afraid of you?" Kentucky repeated.

"That's what's gone haywire with that God-forsaken outfit," St. Marie said. In the lack of light his face showed only as a dusky blur. But there was a fanatic intensity in the stare which he held upon Kentucky's face. "That man has gone to pieces," he insisted. "That man isn't right any more. I wouldn't have left the Bar Hook at all, only pretty soon I seen that Campo was getting scared, and scared of me. That man is crazy."

"You're spinning somewhat yourself," said Kentucky, "if you think that Campo Ragland is afraid of any bronc rider that walks."

"THAT man has gone to pieces," St. Marie reiterated. Kentucky perceived that the man believed himself to be talking for his life. "Nobody that knows anything about this is safe in the same county with him any more. Maybe you're not safe yourself, for all you know. But look, Kentucky, I swear to God, Ragland had no call to worry about me, even if I stayed in the rimrock; and he has a thousand times less reason to put me out of business, and head me off from what I'm trying to do now—or was trying to do, when you shot my horse out from under me."

"And just what is this you're trying to do?"

"All I want is to get out of this country. Where I made my mistake, I was saving the damn' horse. I should have pushed through this here gap two hours ago. All I want of this business is out."

"I expect you do," said Kentucky. "But you're too deep in this business, Joe."

"What difference does it make how deep I'm in, so long as I can keep my mouth shut and disappear out of here? I—"

"A lot of difference," Kentucky told him. "I damn' well mean to take you back."

St. Marie appeared to be dumfounded. "Take me back?" he repeated.

"What did you think I was going to do, murder you?"

St. Marie stared at him again. "Yeah," he said at last.

Kentucky rolled a cigarette and considered. "We don't seem to see eye to eye in this, St. Marie," he said. "In the first place, I wasn't sent after you by Campo Ragland. Campo doesn't even know you've left the Bar Hook—so far as I know."

There was a considerable pause. "Jones," St. Marie said at last, "who are you? Are you a government man?"

"No," said Kentucky. "I've come out here to take you back on my own hook."

"In God's name, what for?"

"I guess," said Kentucky, "I'll ask you a couple of questions for a change."

St. Marie shivered, but appeared to take heart. "And what if I give you the wrong answers?" he said, his tone altering subtly.

"Then," said Kentucky, "I suppose you'll go right ahead and hang. Don't let me stop you."

"Hang? For what?"

"For the killing of Zack Sanders."

FOR an instant St. Marie did not move. Then he drew a deep breath and let it go again. "I sure as hell don't know what you're talking about," he said. "Give me a cigarette."

Kentucky tossed him the makings. "I'm going to describe a gun to you," he said. "The gun I'm thinking of is a blue-barreled .45. It has a hard rubber grip on the left side, but the grip on the other side got broke and was replaced with a piece of cigar box whittled to fit. There's a little piece split off the wooden part of the grip. The serial number looks like it begins with a 3, but it's really an 8." Kentucky told him the rest of the number.

"That's my gun," said St. Marie. "Or anyway, it was my gun once."

"I know that," said Kentucky. "I found that out from the gunsmith in Waterman. Now I want to know exactly when and why you shoved that gun into the hand of Zack Sanders."

"I never did give it to Zack Sanders," said St. Marie.

Kentucky Jones lost patience. "Get yourself ready to walk," he said. "I got no time to listen to you lie!"

"Tell me just this one thing," St. Marie pleaded. "Where did you get track of this gun?"

"The gun we're talking about," Kentucky said, "was in Zack Sanders' hand as he lay dead near the Bar Hook pump house."

The bronc rider swore softly. "If you're trying to hook me into something by way of that," he said, "you're up the wrong coulee. I lost that gun in a crap game in Waterman four months back. I can name you every man that was in that crap game, and they'll swear to what I say; and Ted Baylor will tell you that gun is the one he won from me that night."

"Ted Baylor in a crap game with a bunch of saddle bums? That's a hot one!"

"He was drunk, and he just stopped for one pass as he went through," Joe

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St. Marie insisted. "The lucky stiff got my gun on that one pass."

"If that's so," Kentucky said, "that can be checked up later. For the time being I'm taking you back."

"If you aim to take me back, I can just as well kiss myself good-by right now. I ain't got a Chinaman's chance of living to see trial—and well you know it! I thought you swung with Campo Ragland. I even thought you were thick with Ragland's girl. You sure had me fooled."

"What makes you think I don't swing with Ragland?"

"If you swung with the Bar Hook, the last thing you'd want to do would be to drag me back into this case."

"Then, come clean and come quick—I'm cold, and I'm stiff, and I'm ready to ride!"

THE bronc rider was beginning to crack under the strain. "I don't know what your side is," he said hoarsely, "nor who you think you're working for, or why. But if you're fool enough to think you're helping out Campo Ragland, you're making one hell of a blunder."

"Answer me this," said Kentucky, "and if I figure you've answered me with a lie, we're going to start back right now without any more talk. What do you know about the killing of Sanders?"

"I swear I never knew Zack Sanders was dead until Lee found him," St. Marie said passionately.

"Then tell me this," said Kentucky again. "You saw the killing of Mason?"

"No," said St. Marie violently. "No! I wasn't anywhere near it."

"It's pretty well known," said Kentucky, "that you weren't where you were supposed to be that day."

"What if I wasn't? That Campo is a driving fool. I figured I'd done enough work for one week, and I took me a lay-off on my own hook."

"And where were you when you saw the shooting of Mason?"

"I never seen it, I tell you! I was riding in, but I was anyway half a mile off and beyond the ridge when I heard the shots. I didn't even suspicion anything then. I went up to the house for grub. All in God's world I ever seen, when I went by the kitchen window Campo Ragland was cleaning his gun, his deer rifle. I never even knew Mason was dead until Lee Bishop found him that night. And I never knew that deer rifle killed him until the sheriff come out to see about Zack Sanders' killing and told us Mason was killed by a small-caliber. I swear—"

"You recognized the caliber of the gun he was cleaning as you walked past the window?"

"I went on in the kitchen. He'd put it away from him by then. It was clear over on the other side of the room. But it was the only rifle in the room, and I knew that that was the one he'd had in his hands. I—"

"How come you to take such close notice of what was the caliber of the gun standing against the wall?"

"How can a feller help knowing the different guns around a place by sight? I've used that gun myself."

Kentucky said slowly, "Was there anybody else at the ranch-house then?"

"Campo's girl was there. She was in the kitchen talking to her father. They'd been having a fight about something. But they cut it off quick when I come in. The girl looked like she wasn't feeling so good."

Kentucky leaned forward, and his voice sounded as if it could saw chunks out of the frozen rock. "St. Marie, is that all you know?"

"All I know?" His voice rose in insolent revolt. "What the hell do you think—" He checked. Kentucky Jones had cocked his gun, and the small metallic click tamed the bronc rider more effectively than if Kentucky had downed him with a rock. "Kentuck," he cried, "I can't tell you anything more! *Sangre*. It's enough to get my head shot off as it is!"

"You're giving me this as the whole reason for stealing a horse and going over the hill tonight?"

"In God's name, why wouldn't I go over the hill? Here's Campo with a killing on his hands that's stirred up the rimrock like no killing ever stirred it up before. Here's me, maybe the only man that knows a thing that would hang Campo higher than a buzzard. Is that reason for going over the hill or not? But I tell you I'd have stayed through if I hadn't seen him going to pieces right in front of my eyes. When fear comes into a man nobody's safe."

"I'd give a thousand dollars," said Kentucky, "to know if you're telling the truth."

For a moment Joe St. Marie dropped his gesticulating hands and said nothing. Then suddenly—"Give me my saddle," he babbled, "and let me go! I can keep my mouth shut, I tell you! I can forget I ever worked for the Bar Hook! I can forget I ever set eyes on the rim! Let me get out of this God-forsaken country and you'll—"

"For God's sake shut up!" said Kentucky. He was feeling not less than two thousand years old, and very weary of the world. But he did not hesitate over his decision. "Have you got any money?" he said in a dead voice.

"No."

"Take your saddle on your back," he told St. Marie. "How far is it to the nearest place where a man can borrow a horse?"

"Nine—eleven mile."

"Take your saddle on your back and walk. And your bed-roll, too. Borrow you a horse. See that that horse dies running—and never let me set eyes on you again."

"But look—if they ever catch up with me they'll have me back here for horse stealing."

"Yes," said Kentucky. "I wouldn't trust you loose if I didn't know there'd be hell on your heels as you go." Kentucky pulled off his gloves and looked through his pockets. He found six silver dollars and tossed them onto St. Marie's blanket. "I've got just one more thing to say to you," he said. "If ever I see you in this country again—go for your iron, because I'm going to gun you down. And if ever Campo Ragland is tried for murder, no matter on whose say-so—even if you've kept your mouth shut—I'll hunt you down if it takes a lifetime. You hear me?"

"You'll have to come deep into Sonora," said St. Marie, "if you want to see me again."

"I don't. Help me get this horse off the trail. That bullet through his withers is going to make him draw unfavorable notice, if he's found."

KENTUCKY got the steel-dust pony; he put his lass-rope on the dead horse, and with the assistance of Joe St. Marie on foot dragged the carcass to a point from which it could be pitched over a drop, out of sight of the trail until the coyotes had time to do their work.

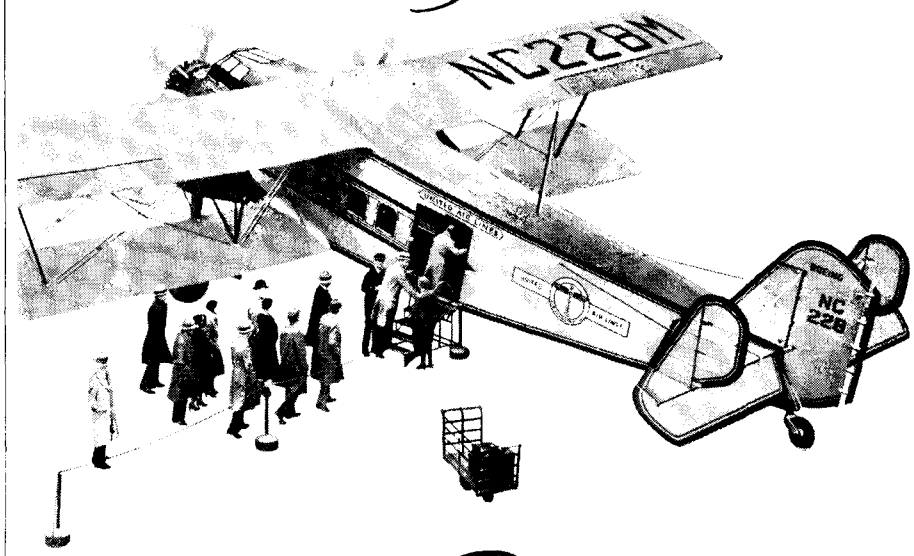
"Give me my gun," said St. Marie. "I'll have to tell them I broke my horse's leg and had to shoot him—and what will they think if I have no gun?"

"Tell them you had to take your rope and hang him!"

Kentucky wheeled his horse to the trail and began the long return plod to the Bar Hook; and the first faint grayness of another day was showing at the earth's edge as he came out of Hightman's Gap.

(To be continued next week)

Fly



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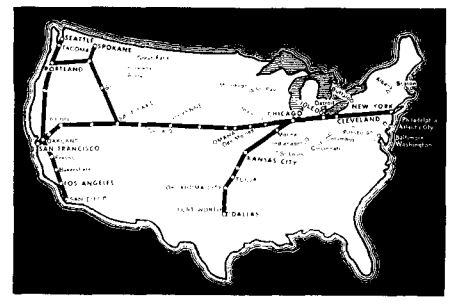

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Isle of Pines, Cuba, is experimenting today with a new kind of prison. It has no locks or guards. But it has a rule which takes their place. All escaped prisoners are to be brought back—dead.

There are approximately 49,000,000 individual freight rates in use in the United States today, all based on the kind of commodity, competition and general conditions. — *By Seymour Scheer, Brooklyn, New York.*

Up to the present time, 825,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 921 languages and dialects. In Braille, the entire Bible has been done in English and Japanese, and parts of it in about 40 other languages.

Chemists, in finding that saliva reacts to a chemical test as readily as blood, have been able to identify people by analyzing this dried secretion on cigarette ends.

The Metric System of Weights and Measures, the simplest method of measurement ever devised, is in use in nearly every country in the world today but the United States, Canada and Great Britain.—*By D. F. Mellenbruch, Pittsburg, Kansas.*

Seven out of every ten suits of men's clothing sold in this country today have two pairs of trousers. — *By Ira A. Travis, Jackson, Miss.*

Hinduism and Mohammedanism, the two religions which rule 90 per cent of India today, are so diametrically opposite in beliefs, observances and rituals that they have even made necessary two drinking wells in every railroad station —one "For Hindus" and one "For Mohammedans."

Alabama raises a species of goat which is undoubtedly the world's most timid animal. When suddenly frightened, the poor kids become paralyzed with fear and fall in a faint.

Trends in England: All foreign bands and orchestras now are banned; free flying lessons now go with the purchase of a plane; and the famous "divvers" — the ancient compulsory Bible examination at Oxford—has been abolished.

In Paris today, chic ladies are wearing two-toned lips, a different shade on each one; and the gentlemen are having barrels of fun with a new automatic cocktail bar which mixes their drinks when they turn a device like a telephone dial.

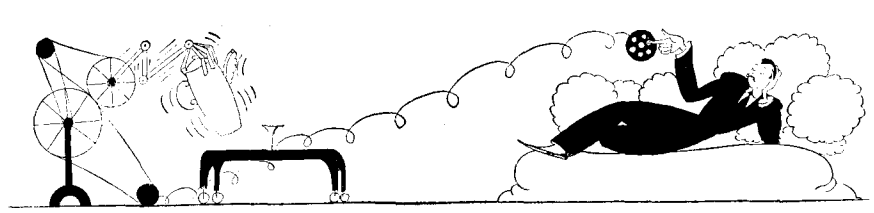
Japan, which averages three earth-tremors every two days, is making real progress in its study of earthquake phenomena. One important step is the perfection of a new clinometer, for measuring earth tilt, that can record changes in levels equivalent to one thirty-second of an inch in the distance of a mile.

Washington Merry-Go-Round: Within a few hours after the W. C. T. U. presented Mr. Hoover with 1,000,000 names of young people who promised never to drink, 81 bills demanding a change in the prohibition law were announced in the new Congress.

Scientific investigations indicate that about 10,000 persons with Negro blood "pass the color line" in the United States each year and become members of white society.—*By Annie Kaminer, Columbia, S. C.*

The world's largest stamp collection belongs to the family of Baron P. von Ferrary in Paris. It contains more than 500,000 specimens and has cost, since it was started in 1865, nearly $2,000,000.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



The Love Pirate

Continued from page 11

live with him—a brutal, merciless bully —in the big, white, tile-roofed house which was called the governor's palace. There was no help for her, no one to whom she could turn. There had ensued a period of black despair when her very soul seemed to have perished. But she was not and had never been a weakling; courage woke in her before it was too late, courage and the will to fight on.

Life had betrayed her, she felt; desperately, feverishly she struck back at life with the only weapon she had. In Seville she had discovered the power of her beauty. Now, in San Marina, her beauty blazed like a bright, dazzling flame; if men singed themselves at that flame, she blamed not herself but life. It was trying, like some malignant fate, to destroy her—to take from her her youth, her fascination, her charm. She knew that she must not let it do that. She must keep these things against the coming of one day—a day when she would need them.

SHE dreamed often of that day, wondering whether it would be always a dream. She was dreaming of it now as she stood before her tall mirror viewing through half-closed lashes the image of her dark, imperious loveliness.

Would he come—the man who had called himself Captain Africa? In her desperation, on the deck of the captured galleon, she had virtually thrown herself at his feet. He had seemed indifferent to her beauty, that beauty for which other men had proclaimed themselves ready to die; he had rebuffed her, scorned her. But she had seen something in his eyes as he bowed and turned away; and she believed that some day he would come to her.

Then, when he was there at her mercy, in the city of his enemies who would hang him like a dog if he were caught, she would decide how she would be revenged upon him.

She roused herself from these musings presently and clapped her hands. From an adjoining room her maid, Coquina, appeared.

It was essential, Coquina knew, that Doña Antonia be irresistible tonight. The reception in honor of Don Guzman de Velez, the king's envoy, would be a brilliant occasion. Don Guzman's arrival had long been awaited; it was because of this that Don Jeronimo had postponed day after day an expedition into the interior where a serious native outbreak had occurred. At last Don Jeronimo had found it necessary to depart; and in his absence the envoy had arrived.

He had not come in the manner expected. Instead of sailing into the harbor in some proud galleon with flags flying and trumpets blaring, he had staggered out of the forest into San Marina with one companion, a servant, both of them tattered and spent. The ship which had brought him from Madrid, he related, had been pursued by pirates and, in trying to escape, had run upon a reef with the loss of all on board except himself and one of his attendants. These two had contrived to swim ashore and, falling in with Christian Indians, had made their way fifty miles through the forest to San Marina.

Doña Antonia was visiting the sick in the convent of Santa Maria Rosa when Don Guzman and his man reached the palace. He had given orders that she should not be summoned, had presented his papers of identification to the officer in charge, and had then retired with his servant to the room which had long been ready for him.

There he had remained in seclusion, resting body and nerves after their terrible ordeal. Doña Antonia had sent a note to his room proposing a public reception in his honor, and he had agreed to the suggestion, begging her indulgence until then so that he could recover completely from his fatigue. Hence, although he had now been her guest for nearly forty-eight hours, Antonia had not yet laid eyes upon him. As she turned away from her mirror and held out her hands to Coquina for the perfume which the maid would apply to them, she wondered idly what manner of man Don Guzman was.

She questioned Coquina on the subject—she had told the maid to learn what she could from Don Guzman's servant. This man, Mateo by name, had recovered more quickly than the envoy. He was a dare-devil fellow, Coquina reported, and by no means timid in his advances, but he would tell her little about his master except that Don Guzman was the handsomest man in Spain.

Doña Antonia frowned. "He comes from the court at Madrid where there are many beautiful ladies. He will not be so easy a conquest as our artless gentlemen of San Marina."

"There is no man who can resist you," Coquina replied with conviction.

"Little liar," said Antonia, "I have told you that there was one; that pirate captain who captured our galleon—that Captain Africa about whom I have talked to you so often that you are sick of hearing his name."

Coquina smiled.

"You do not believe that yourself, my mistress. You have told me that some day Captain Africa will come to you."

Doña Antonia's black eyes flashed.

"And I have told you," she said, "of what I shall do to him when he comes. But he will never come, my little Coquina. Captain Africa has never thought of me again."

She turned and, followed by the maid, went down the stairs to the great hall on the ground floor to make sure that all was in readiness for the reception in honor of Don Guzman de Velez, the envoy of the King of Spain.

AN HOUR and a half later, with the reception in full swing, Don Guzman had not yet emerged from the seclusion of his room. The hall was thronged with the élite of San Marina.

Doña Antonia, surrounded by a group of her most ardent admirers, glanced anxiously from time to time toward the stairs descending from the second floor to the reception hall. It was well that Don Guzman should delay his appearance until all the guests had arrived—this would make his entry the more dramatic—but now the delay was getting on her nerves. Coquina had been stationed near the foot of the stairs whence she could see the upper landing. Suddenly Doña Antonia saw Coquina raise her hand.

It was the prearranged signal. Don Guzman was coming. Antonia moved swiftly through the throng toward the foot of the stairs.

A tall man was coming slowly down the stairs—a tall man elegantly dressed in crimson damask. His aquiline face was tanned by the sun until it was darker even than that of the average Spaniard; around his neck was looped a heavy silver chain; from his silver-buckled belt hung a long straight sword and a leather-sheathed dagger with carved ivory hilt.

He paused halfway down the stairs, surveying with a somewhat whimsical

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smile the brilliant scene below. A hush had fallen over the assemblage, for in a flash the rumor had spread that the king's envoy was coming. Every eye was fixed upon him as he stood on the stair; for a moment there was absolute stillness; then a rustle ran from end to end of the hall. It was a rustle of women's voices—women who whispered excitedly to one another that Don Guzman de Velez was the handsomest man San Marina had ever seen.

He stood motionless on the stair, his strong, broad-shouldered form erect, his left hand resting on his sword hilt, his gray eyes roving from face to face of those who stared up at him from the crowded hall. Suddenly his gaze became fixed, intent; Doña Antonia had come forward through the throng and stood alone at the foot of the stair to greet him when he descended.

IT WAS upon the face of Doña Antonia that the envoy's gaze had come to rest. She was standing, her head tilted back a little, looking up at him. He had been hidden from her until that moment by the arching fronds of tub palms placed beside the stairs; now, as her eyes met his, a swift pallor swept across her cheeks, her eyes widened with wonder, her lips moved in an involuntary exclamation. What that whispered exclamation was even those nearest her could not distinguish. The man on the stair, watching her lips, knew that she had spoken his name.

She stood rigid, seeming scarcely to breathe, her wide eyes fixed upon the swarthy face of the man who looked down upon her from the stair. She saw him coming slowly down the steps, his gaze never leaving her face. Her thoughts whirled in a mad kaleidoscopic dance as he bowed low before her, then took her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

"Señora," he said in a deep, resounding voice, "I had not dared hope that my hostess in San Marina would be fairer even than the fairest ladies of Madrid. I, Guzman de Velez, declare myself the happiest of men because I am your guest."

He leaned closer to her, smiling.

"Señora," he said in so low a tone that only she could hear, "you have not forgotten that day on the galleon's deck?"

Doña Antonia was breathing fast, but she was smiling now and her jet eyes were bright with triumph.

"No, Captain Africa," she whispered, "I have not forgotten."

Suddenly the impulse came to her to have her victory now, in this dramatic moment. He was at her mercy, in her power—this man who had once scorned her. She had only to speak his name aloud and a hundred swords would leap at his throat. But this would be too swift, too easy a revenge. And besides . . .

She turned and faced the throng.

"My friends," she said, "I present to you Don Guzman de Velez of Madrid, who comes to us with the blessing of our beloved and illustrious master, King Philip of Spain."

An hour passed before they could draw apart from the others who crowded close around the guest of honor—an hour during which Antonia's thoughts were busy. Then, in a palm-screened corner near the stairs, his gray eyes looked again into her black ones.

"Why have you come?" she asked.

"Because, waking and sleeping, I saw you," he answered quietly. "Because your face smiled at me in my dreams and your eyes repeated that message they gave me on the galleon's deck."

"And Don Guzman, the envoy—where is he?"

"He is a prisoner on board my ship. I captured his vessel off the coast. Next day, when I landed to fill my water casks, I learned from the Indians that Don Jeronimo was absent."

"So you took the envoy's papers and his name and came here in his stead," Doña Antonia said coldly. "It was a bold stratagem, Sir Pirate. My husband may return at any moment—he should have returned today. He will recognize you instantly."

"He shall not have the opportunity," Africa replied. "We leave San Marina tonight."

"We!" she echoed him in surprise.

"You and I. My ship is off the harbor mouth. My longboat is waiting in the cove by the old watchtower. Twenty of my men are posted on the hill above the town whence they can see this house. A lantern waved from a window will bring them here."

He paused, studying her face.

"We shall not need them," he continued. "You will go with me now to the longboat; there is a back door where we can leave unobserved."

"You are mad," Antonia's tone was like ice. "Why should I go with you?"

Captain Africa laughed.

"I have been for forty-eight hours under your roof, Señora," he said, "and I have learned much. My man, Mateo, whom I brought with me—he is half Spaniard, half Florentine—is intelligent. He has mixed with the people of the town; he has told me what they say about you there."

"Well?" Doña Antonia's voice was icier than ever.

Captain Africa smiled.

"They have a name for you, Señora," he said, "these women of San Marina whose lovers you have fascinated. They call you the Love Pirate. They say that you take men's love wherever you find it as ruthlessly as I take men's gold. It is a true comparison, Señora, and, because I, too, am a pirate, I understand you better than these people of San Marina. The world used me ill and therefore I make war against it. Life made you the captive of a hateful husband whom you loathe, and you charm men and then scorn them to be revenged upon life."

He threw back his head and laughed again, his strong teeth gleaming.

"You have charmed me also, Señora, but me you shall not scorn. My man, Mateo, has a way with women. He has talked with your maid and she has told him how you have longed for Captain Africa's coming so that you could be revenged upon him. Well, he is here, in your hands, in your power."

SUDDENLY he leaned toward her, his eyes ablaze.

"Love Pirate!" he whispered. "And yet you did not recognize love! You did not know the real reason why you wanted me to come to you."

Doña Antonia drew back a step. Her black eyes, too, were blazing; her dark cheeks were aflame. She controlled her voice with difficulty.

"I hate you," she said. "I shall punish your insolence. I shall tell them out there who you are. They will kill you before you can leave this room."

She tried to move past him out of the palm-screened corner, but his hand grasped her arm and held her motionless.

"Think well, Love Pirate," he said slowly. He drew her to him with irresistible strength; suddenly he bent his head and kissed her.

The color left her cheeks; her heart seemed to stop beating; her limbs became heavy—too heavy, it seemed, to move. A strange sense of impotence swept over her. His eyes, gazing down into hers, seemed to burn her as though they were flame.

A sudden rustle of the palm leaves

(Continued on page 36)

You Won't Sleep?

NONSENSE!

Don't blame black coffee, or something you've eaten, for a wakeful night that's due to some little nagging pain. Take Bayer Aspirin– and go to sleep. A single tablet is sufficient to quiet those restless nerves in the time it takes to go to bed! And genuine aspirin can't hurt you. *Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.*

Never be without some, night or day. You never know when you might need it. Home or traveling. At the office, or on the links. To stop a headache. To check a cold. To ease a sore throat. Lots of people carry Bayer Aspirin in their pocket, to nip any ache or pain in the bud. The proven directions cover headaches, colds, sore throat, toothache, sciatica, lumbago, neuritic, rheumatic, and other pains.

Get the genuine tablets with the Bayer cross. If you want to save money, buy them in bottles of a hundred. You don't want the imitations at any price.

BAYER ASPIRIN

BAYER

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Mrs. Suttle finds an appropriate place for that bridge prize

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 10-8-3-2
H. 9-7-6-5-3-2
D. 2
C. A-K

West
S. A-K-J-9-7-6
H. A-Q-J-10
D. 9-8-3
C. None

East
S. Q-5-4
H. K
D. 7-5-4
C. Q-7-6-4-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. None
H. 8-4
D. A-K-Q-J-10-6
C. J-10-9-8-5

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, shows an unusual play that succeeded and one that failed.

Both sides were vulnerable and the size of South's original Diamond bid in a Duplicate Contract game ranged all the way from one to four. When South bid one, two or three, some Wests bid four Spades and some doubled; in the latter case East's Club response was joyfully passed by South. West then called Spades, and if he did not make a game-bid in that suit East did.

Being vulnerable, South did not dare to bid five Diamonds; and North very much preferred the adverse four Spades to a raise of his partner's Diamonds. At every table West became the Declarer with a four-Spade contract, in some cases doubled by North.

The first opportunity for unusual play was afforded by North's original lead. At most tables the natural lead of the singleton Deuce of Diamonds was made in response to South's Diamond bid. A few Norths, however, reasoned that as South probably held the top honors in Diamonds and West very few, if any, Diamonds, there would be no need for North to trump that suit. They decided therefore to lead the Ace and King of Clubs, indicating no more of that suit; intending then to put South in to run Diamonds until Declarer or dummy was exhausted and lead Clubs for North to ruff.

But this was a case where a "best-laid plan" went far "a-gley"! West trumped the Ace of Clubs and led a trump; and when South discarded, the trump situation was plainly marked. Declarer then led four rounds of Hearts, discarding dummy's three Diamonds. A Diamond was ruffed in dummy, and a second round of Clubs, ruffed in closed hand, dropped North's King. Dummy ruffed a second diamond, and then led the Queen of Clubs which gave closed hand a discard for his third Diamond. North ruffed the Queen of Clubs, but West's King-Jack of trumps took North's two remaining trumps, giving Declarer a total of twelve tricks.

When North led the Diamond, most Wests fulfilled their doubled contract but did not get any overtricks. South won three Diamond tricks with the Ten, Jack and Queen, while North discarded the Deuce and Trey of Hearts. To trick 4 South logically led a Club. West ruffed, drew trumps and had a showdown for the remaining tricks.

At just one table, however, North seized the chance for a brilliant play. When South won the first trick with the Ten of Diamonds, West vainly false-carded with the Nine. If South had held the Eight, he would have led it to trick 2; so when South led the Jack, North knew that the Eight was with West. And when West played the Trey on Trick 2, North knew that West's original holding included three Diamonds. Since West held enough Hearts to make an informative double and enough Spades to bid three without assistance from his partner, and surely three Diamonds, North realized as early as trick 2 that West could hold very few Clubs. North realized, too, that if West could ruff the first Club, there was little chance of setting the contract. North decided to make sure that his clubs would not be ruffed. How? By discarding them at tricks 2 and 3 on South's Jack and Queen of Diamonds! North's brilliant play made it impossible for West to go game, or for South to go wrong. South led a Club to trick four. West ruffed with a high honor and led trumps. Then nothing could prevent the winning of one round of trumps by North which, with three Diamonds, set the contract one trick.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7-6-5-4-2
H. 10-9-7
D. K-8-5
C. 9-7

East
S. 3
H. 8-6-5-4-3-2
D. 7-2
C. 8-6-5-3

West
S. Q-10-9-8
H. A-K-J
D. A-3
C. J-10-4-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-K-J
H. Q
D. Q-J-10-9-6-4
C. A-K-Q

(Continued from page 35)

startled her. She turned her head quickly and saw Don Jeronimo.

Jeronimo stood staring like a man bereft of his senses. Evidently, returning from his expedition, he had learned of the reception in progress at the palace and had hurried to greet the king's envoy. His boots and breeches were spattered with mud; dust dimmed the steel of his corselet; his stern, sinister face was burned red by the jungle sun. Now slowly, as he gazed at the man before him, his face turned a deeper, darker red; slowly comprehension dawned in his crafty eyes.

"Captain Africa!" he exclaimed.

Africa wasted no words. His sword was out before Jeronimo had drawn his blade. With a sweep of his arm he pushed Doña Antonia behind him; with a thrust of his boot he kicked over a tub palm that stood in his way. Jeronimo leaped backward, brandishing his weapon.

"It is Africa, the pirate!" he shouted. "The envoy is an impostor! Close the doors!"

THERE was a moment of silence, the silence of stupefaction. Then a woman screamed shrilly. Instantly the hall was in an uproar, women screaming, men rushing forward drawing their swords. The stairs leading to the upper floor were not ten feet from the corner where Africa and Antonia stood. She felt his hand grip her arm, felt herself being dragged forward. Next moment he reached the foot of the stairs, turned, thrust her behind him and braced himself for the attack.

Standing there on the steps above and behind him, she saw him meet the first rush. He stood on the fourth step, his tall, crimson-clad form bent a little forward, his sword thrust out in front of him and pointing downward. Over the heads of the gayly dressed crowd surging toward the foot of the stairs she saw steel-corseleted men rushing into the hall through the open door beyond —soldiers of Don Jeronimo's escort.

All this she saw in the winking of an eyelash. Next moment the oncoming mob reached the foot of the steps.

The stairway was wide enough for three men to fight abreast; the three who led the rush were Jeronimo's lieutenant, the captain of the palace guard, and a young dandy in yellow satin. The blades met and clashed. Africa's crouching form was rigid, there was little movement of his outstretched arm, yet his sword-point seemed to be everywhere at once.

For a minute, two minutes, he held them in play—one against fifty. Then his left hand, groping behind him, pushed Doña Antonia up the steps. He followed her slowly, retreating step by step, thrusting, parrying, feinting.

Suddenly he lunged. The captain of the guard leaped backward with an oath, clutching his arm where a crimson spot widened. Instantly Africa lunged again, and Jeronimo's lieutenant, a short, bearded man in buff jacket and blue steel corselet, screamed hoarsely and fell, blood jetting from his throat.

The dandy in yellow satin sprang clear. For a moment there was a pause. Don Jeronimo, with a cry of fury, darted up the steps, but two men in the crowd below pulled him back. Africa spoke quickly over his shoulder to Doña Antonia.

"The lantern," he said. "It is beside the window in my room."

He had no time to say more. Led by three of Jeronimo's soldiers, the mob was surging up the stairs. Her mind a whirling chaos, Antonia groped for the meaning of Africa's words. Suddenly she remembered: he had told her that a lantern waved from a window would bring his men to the palace.

She stood clutching the banister of the stairs. Africa was fighting desperately. With a gasp of horror Antonia saw that there was blood upon his arm and that his right hand was red with blood.

She could not think; it seemed to her that she was in the throes of some fantastic nightmare. Why should she wave the lantern? Why should she try to save this man whom she had hated? She did not know; she knew only that she could not see him die. Then suddenly she knew that she had never hated him. She turned and raced up the stairs.

The door of the room which he had occupied stood open. On a small table near the window she saw the lantern already lighted.

A sound near at hand startled her. She turned and saw Coquina in the dimness in the far corner of the room. Coquina ran to her, flung her arms around Antonia's neck.

"I gave the signal," she panted, "and it was answered from the hill. They are coming—they should be nearly here."

"How did you know?" Antonia gasped.

"Mateo questioned me about you and I said that I thought you loved a pirate, Captain Africa, whom you believed you hated—that you talked about him even in your sleep. Mateo thought about this a little; then he told me that the envoy was Captain Africa and told me what to do in case of need. When I saw Don Jeronimo and his men ride up to the palace, I ran up here and waved the lantern."

Outside on the stairs the clash of steel resounded. Suddenly a man screamed shrilly; they heard a heavy body crash down the steps. The awful sound of the swords grew louder; plainly the fight had reached the upper landing. Coquina sank to her knees.

"Holy Mother!" she prayed, "let them come in time."

IT WAS Mateo who led the pirate rush. Captain Africa had sent him, just before the reception, with instructions to his comrades posted on the hill; when the buccaneers saw the signal flashed from the palace window, Mateo was given command because he knew the grounds. Just as they entered the palace garden, they saw the lantern waved again.

They were only twenty, but they burst into the reception hall with a yell that froze the marrow of women and of men. Through the terrified throng they drove, overturning all in their way. Up the stairs they dashed, a torrent of half-naked, tattooed, fire-eyed sea devils, earrings flashing, head-scarves glowing, cutlasses flailing the air.

Captain Africa—at bay on the upper landing, fighting what seemed to be his last fight, his crimson coat ripped and tattered, his face blood-smeared from a gash on the cheek—answered their ear-splitting yells with a hoarse, jubilant shout.

For a space bedlam reigned on the crowded stairs. Jeronimo's soldiers, taken in the rear, leaped over the banister or flung down their arms, crying for quarter. Suddenly it was over; and suddenly Captain Africa realized that Doña Antonia was standing with her hand upon his shoulder, wiping the blood from his cheek.

An hour later, as they sat in the stern-sheets of the longboat cutting swiftly through the waves, he bade her look back at the lights of San Marina glittering behind them.

"How happily they twinkle!" he said with a smile. "Perhaps it is because they are bidding good-by to their Love Pirate."

Slowly he bent toward her and kissed her.

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States' Rights Ritchie

Continued from page 13

other nations, a tragic maldistribution of gold and the flight of American factories to other countries. And despite the fact that the one principal purpose of the tariff law was to protect the American worker, every day has seen an increase in the army of unemployed.

"We should have a foreign policy based upon facts, not fears. How futile to talk about isolation when we are already in world affairs, economically at least, up to the roots of our hair! Even while we quoted fragments from George Washington's Farewell Address, we were lending millions to Europe, flinging our money across the Atlantic like drunken sailors. It is the command of common sense for the United States to sit in on every international conference, both financial and economic, and perhaps even to take a lead in summoning some of these conferences.

Our Need for a Debt Policy

"The moratorium was a wise action, but it should have been accompanied by instant inquiry leading to permanent conclusions. I favor the extension of the moratorium for another year at least, and at the same time such authoritative consideration of the whole question of our foreign debts as will permit the announcement of a policy with respect to them. The question is one that must be settled. As long as it is permitted to remain up in the air, blown here and there by every gust of political passion, sound and enduring reconstruction is an impossibility.

"A Europe at peace and at work is, of course, a fundamental to our prosperity. What we should be bearing in mind, however, is that the European countries are not so much our customers as our competitors. All of them are rapidly approaching our own stage of industrial development. Instead of keeping our eyes turned only across the Atlantic, therefore, more attention must be paid to our Latin-American neighbors. Half of the money and thought that we have given to Europe will develop a market in South America, Central America, Cuba and Mexico that will not only take care of our present surplus but even permit greater industrial expansion.

"It would be a very good thing if foreign loans could be conditioned in such manner as to insure that the money will be spent on productive and remunerative enterprises, and perhaps further safeguarded by the insistence that railroads, industrial plants and highways should be built under the supervision of American technicians.

"Reciprocal tariff concessions constitute another step to closer and more profitable relations.

"Now," he continued, "let's consider purely domestic questions. First come the pressing problems of overproduction and unemployment. A first step, it seems to me, is to consider whether there can be some amendment to our laws in restraint of trade which, on the one hand, will permit helpful combination for the purpose of intelligent planning, and, on the other hand, will not either necessitate or result in unwise or unsound governmental control. A coördination of production and consumption which would make possible the regularization of employment would be eminently desirable.

"We need not be too much afraid of mere size. Artificial competition, especially when unbridled, can easily prove more costly to the consumer than combination.

"Any amendment to these laws would have to be more carefully drawn so as to guard against the evils of monopoly. In this modern world of economic interdependence, one great problem is how to have business big enough at home to compete with the nationalized industries of other countries, and yet not so big as to be monopolistic and oppressive for our own people.

"Another thing which would be desirable is some sort of regulation or supervision which would remedy or at least mitigate the troubles which come from overcapitalization and unwarranted stock split-ups. This sort of thing contributed to the present depression, in that many industries, already at the peak of production, increased their outputs still further in a desperate attempt to pay dividends on issues which were all out of proportion to actual investment. There must be some sound way of protecting the investing public against pyramiding, overfinancing and overmerging, putting an end to the deluge of securities that have no base in real value.

"Unless some plan is worked out whereby industry is permitted to plan production so that it will have some relation to consumption, thus regularizing employment to a large degree, I fear we will be hurled head first into the quicksands of compulsory unemployment insurance. That's what we've simply *got* to avoid. The experience of other lands proves conclusively that the system is wide open to the dangers of graft, waste, favoritism and exploitation. Under political pressure, compulsory unemployment insurance inevitably degenerates into the dole, and the end is huge deficits that burden the public treasury to the breaking-point.

"England, in the last ten years, spent $2,500,000,000 caring for 12,000,000 workers, virtually the entire working population of the country outside domestic service and agriculture. The German system, established in 1927, found its funds exhausted after two years, and borrowed $80,000,000 from the national treasury. In 1930 this loan was canceled by the Reichstag, and another subsidy of $48,000,000 voted. As it has been with them, so would it be with us.

Industry's Own Problem

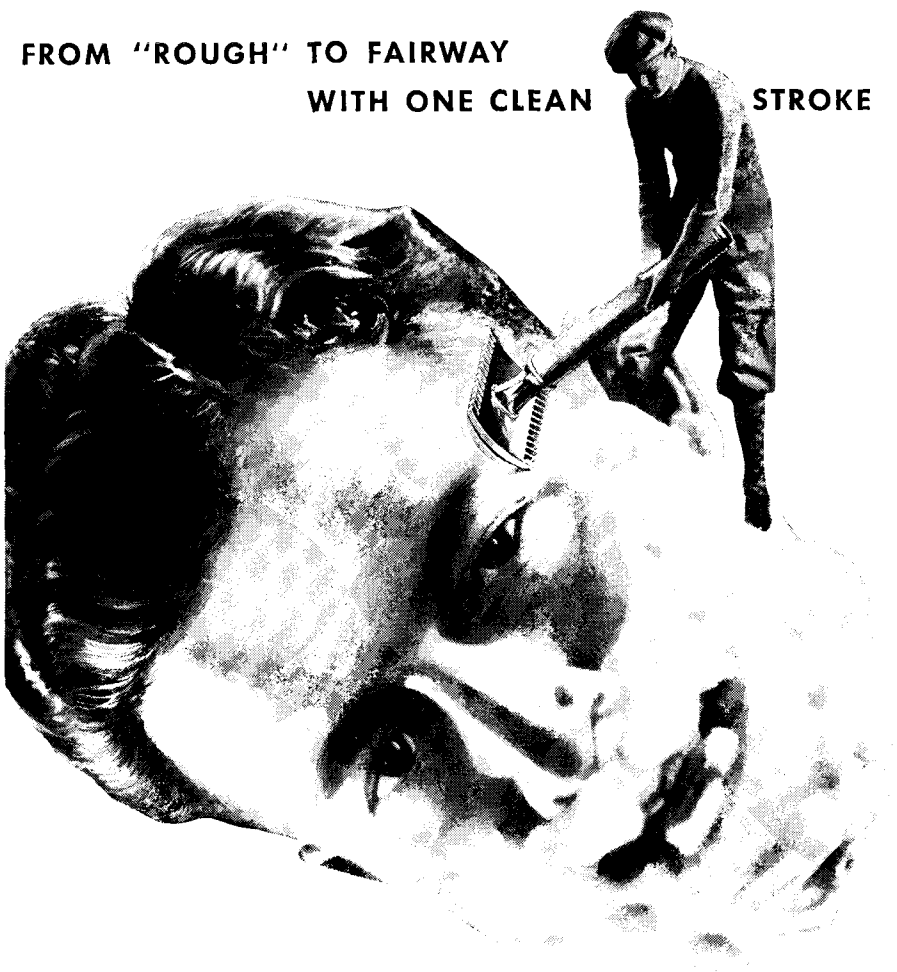
"Unemployment is peculiarly industry's problem, and industry should make every effort to solve it. Never were facts so plain. Industry builds up depreciation and obsolescence funds in connection with its plants; it maintains sinking funds so that bonds may pay interest and be redeemed; it sets aside a surplus from which dividends may be paid in lean years. If the principle is sound for machines and money, why is it not sound for labor?

"If dividends can be paid from reserves when capital is idle, why not reserves for labor when labor is idle? If industry benefits from workers in times of prosperity, is it not an obligation to make adequate provision for labor in times of adversity? What must be realized is that industry has duties and responsibilities not only to the red and black of its balance sheets but also to its workers, to the people at large and to the whole social order.

"Some far-seeing industrialists have already begun the discharge of this obligation. In the garment trades there are joint agreements that provide unemployment benefits for about 65,000

(Continued on page 38)

FROM "ROUGH" TO FAIRWAY WITH ONE CLEAN STROKE



Sink those whiskers in this extra-moist lather

—treat yourself to the smoothest shave ever

EVEN a long straight drive right down the fairway can't give you as big a thrill as shaving with this new, rich, extra-moist lather. It soothes and protects the skin—gives the smoothest, zippiest, best-feeling shave in the world.

52% more moisture in this lather

You can't expect to get a good, clean, easy shave with a light, quick-drying lather. But laboratory tests show that Lifebuoy lather will hold 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. And it holds the moisture 'till the last whisker is off. That's what wilts the toughest beards in a hurry—softens them up so the razor whisks through them just as a well-swung niblick cuts through the long grass. And what a clean, close shave you get—with no pull, no slice, no painful razor-digs!

Tough whiskers? Don't let that faze you. Just try this new lather for your next shave. See what a perfect job it does. Notice how smoothly and evenly the razor strokes through the toughest stubble—how quickly and comfortably you can shave—how cooling, soothing and refreshing Lifebuoy is to your skin.

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Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or mail the coupon below for a 12-day trial tube.

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Please send me a 12-day "Show-Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

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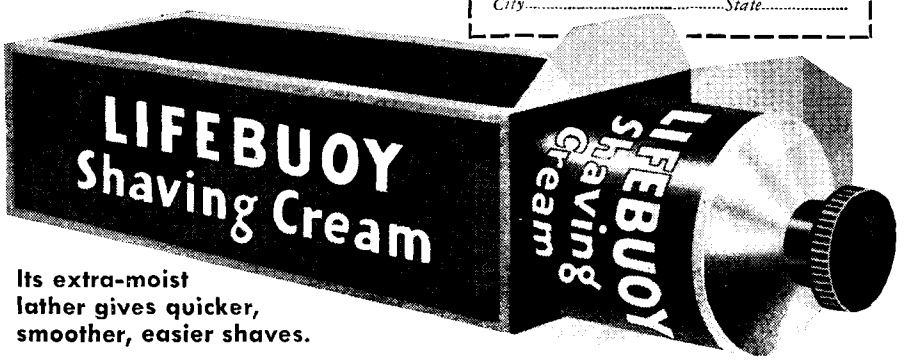

Its extra-moist lather gives quicker, smoother, easier shaves.

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(*Continued from page 37*)

workers, and some fifteen large industries, including the General Electric Company and Procter & Gamble, have set up unemployment reserves. I myself, in my official capacity, am now working with some twenty Baltimore industries in an endeavor to bring about group action along these lines.

"These efforts are in the right direction. They promise not only relief in periods of unemployment but also a permanent and devoted group of employees. Such a system is free from the dangers of political influence, and places the burden where it belongs—on the industry that reaps the benefits of labor, and not on the public treasury. Old-age pensions should also be provided by industry. Reserves against the depletion of man power are just as feasible as reserves against the depletion of machinery.

"If, however, industry does not accept and discharge these responsibilities, then be sure that we will have compulsory unemployment insurance. What else is left? If people are starving they must be fed; if people are shelterless, they must be housed. And unless industry throws up bulwarks against unemployment, its terrors and its despairs, then government must and will step in."

"Now, how about the power question?" I asked. "That's on its way to being quite an issue."

"Unfortunately, it is." Governor Ritchie sighed audibly. "You see, I don't feel that the power question is a legitimate political issue in any partisan sense. It's a subject calling for the best thought of our best brains, for who knows what tomorrow will bring forth? I'd like to see the whole business treated from an economic standpoint rather than the political, but, worse luck, it's not being done and I am afraid it isn't going to be done.

The Private-Power Bogey

"I have the very highest regard for the sincerity of Senator Norris and Governor Pinchot and those other gentlemen who seem convinced that the safety of the nation depends on public ownership and operation of the country's power resources, but I can't trail with them. Quite frankly, I've never been able to convince myself that public ownership can give as good results as state regulation. I don't consider it either economical or efficient, and I'm willing to bet that if every government-operated project was forced to stand on its own feet, to pay taxes and to keep profit-and-loss ledgers as private companies keep theirs, nearly all would show staggering deficits.

"There are certain cases, such as Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam and the St. Lawrence development, that may call for special and exceptional treatment, but as a general rule I hold that the best results are obtained by private development and operation, subject to rigid supervision by the state with respect to service and rates. Here in Maryland it's a system that has worked very well. Our commission has full power over the issuance of the stocks and bonds of every utility company, and over service and rates. Any time we find the law weak in certain respects, we strengthen it at once. I expect to ask the next legislature for changes that will give us a larger measure of control over non-resident holding companies, and also for an amendment that will put the full burden of proof on the companies when they make an application."

Quite a person, this Albert Cabell Ritchie! Far more of a person, in fact, than people have been permitted to gather, for the newspaper habit of characterizing him as "wet," as though that were his beginning and end, has robbed him of credit both for his courageous, far-seeing statesmanship and for his administrative achievements as the governor of Maryland.

A Brilliant Career

The whole adult life of the man, as a matter of fact, has been marked by a very real and very effective passion for public service. Of old and distinguished Southern stock—his great-grandfather, William H. Cabell, was governor of Virginia from 1805 to 1808—and a brilliant graduate of Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland law school, life might have been a thing of easy ways for the handsome, popular "Bert" Ritchie. Just when the outlook was brightest, however, and fees the fattest, he turned away from private practice and associated himself with the Public Service Commission as People's Counsel, taking full charge of Baltimore's battle for cheaper gas and electricity.

A long fight and hard, but Ritchie won; won so ably and conclusively that the people voted him into the office of attorney-general, where he began to show a marked talent for orderly and efficient administration. Up to his advent, for instance, virtually every state department had its own counsel, and there was also the pleasant habit of employing so-called special counsel.

"Not so good," murmured Mr. Ritchie. "What's an attorney-general for, anyway?" Whereupon he took over all the legal work of the state, not only saving a large amount of money, but doing the chore better than it had ever been chored before. Along came the war, and the War Industries Board drafted the Marylander as its general counsel. There he stayed until the end of 1918, and then, just as he was back in private practice, gathering up the loose ends, his party nominated him for governor.

There didn't seem to be a Chinaman's chance for a Democrat, for the country was in the grip of post-war reaction, but "Bert" Ritchie, incurably thorough by habit, made a vigorous campaign, and lo, when the votes were counted, he had won by the narrow margin of 165. That, however, was only the start. In 1923 he was reëlected by a majority of 40,000; in 1926 by a majority of 60,000, and in 1930 by more than 66,000.

There was a reason for these increasing majorities, gained in a state that had not given a governor a second term since popular election began in 1838. The reason is to be found in the Ritchie record. A check-up of results shows that he rebuilt the whole state plant along efficient, economical lines, introduced improvements and reforms, raised new and higher standards of living, and generally gave Maryland the best government that it had ever known.

Some eighty-odd departments and institutions, for instance, were reduced to sixteen major departments and three minor ones; he installed a central purchasing bureau that made graft and favoritism impossible, saving the state some $200,000 a year; he made civil service a real thing, so that today eighty-five per cent of all positions in the state government are safe from the spoils system; he put through a fewer-elections amendment that checked an annual expenditure of $500,000 and his budget system is recognized as one of the soundest and most effective now in operation.

Back in 1920, Maryland's schools were among the worst in the country; today Maryland is credited by educators with having "the most unified, the most efficient state school system in America." An "equalization plan" makes it possible for the less wealthy counties to meet the high requirements of a minimum program; school busses and consolidations have done away with the one-teacher school; a minimum-salary schedule attracts the highest-grade teachers, and still further attraction is added by a teachers' retirement law that grants pensions and annuities.

"We all get impulses to chuck the mail down sewers at the start, Bill—but you'll get over that" *Fred Neher*

Taxes Are Less

Maryland also possesses a State Health Department that is a model for the nation. There are a health office and visiting nurses in every county, dental clinics in the rural districts as well as in the cities, a bureau of child hygiene, mothers' pensions, vocational training and rehabilitation.

The whole great program of reform and improvement has been put through without the usual burdensome increase in taxes. On the contrary, the Maryland state tax rate is thirty per cent less today than when Ritchie first took office.

That's why he has been elected governor four times hand running by increased majorities, and that's why he can have the office as long as he chooses to keep it. Republicans like him almost as well as the Democrats, for never at any time has he put partisan advantage above Maryland's welfare.

Governor Ritchie refuses to quarrel and pick fights. In the first place, he has a passion for getting things done, and this calls for coöperation. Never once has he been at loggerheads with his legislature, always winning them to his point of view eventually by his sincere assumption that they are just as honest and public-spirited as himself.

For another thing, Albert Cabell Ritchie happens to be a gentleman in the very finest sense of that much-abused word. He would as soon think of betraying a friend or breaking his word as making political capital for himself unjustly or unfairly. For instance, there was a time back in 1922 when President Harding, waxing perturbed over a coal strike, called upon the governors of the coal-producing states to order out the militia. Of them all, only Ritchie refused the request, but instead of leaping at the chance to score with the "working class" at President Harding's expense, his refusal was marked by a temperateness that entirely robbed it of political effect.

Doing Things the "Ritchie Way"

"The traditions of this state," he pointed out in his reply, "are those of a people who have settled such matters without the aid of bayonets and rifles. It is nearly thirty years since our militia has been used for a purpose of this kind, and I do not feel, even in the face of Federal failure, that I should immediately agree with your assumption that the failure is complete. The presence of troops is often not the assurance of security but the provocation of serious trouble. While we of Maryland consider with due gravity what you propose, I venture to urge with the greatest respect that you renew your efforts to adjust in a proper and peaceful way both the railroad strike and the coal strike. The time may come, unfortunately, when I can see no way out except to give the assurance that your plan involves, and in that event I will not hesitate, but in the darkest hours of considerations like these there often comes the time when, with methods other than force, men can finally be persuaded to meet and agree for the common welfare."

As a result of the conferences urged by Governor Ritchie, a fair and equitable agreement was brought about between the men and the operators, and mining was resumed without violence or bloodshed. That, in Maryland, is what they call the "Ritchie way."

Taken all in all, a very impressive and most attractive public figure. Able rather than brilliant, and thorough rather than inspirational, his mind is as clear as it is open, and joined with his political courage and intellectual integrity are rare qualities of tolerance and sympathy. Nicest thing of all, however, is the gay, bubbling humor that keeps him clear of "stuffed shirtedness." As we were talking along, I said something to the effect that the attorney-generalship seemed to have been forced on him.

"Not at all," he answered, his face crinkling into a broad grin. "I ran for it, and when I say *ran*, that's just what I mean. I reckon it would be better to print me as a modest violet that the people had to hunt for, but I simply can't pose for the picture. Of course, I believe that the office should seek the man, but," and now the grin was a laugh, "I see no reason why the man shouldn't meet it halfway."

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Broadway Financier

Continued from page 9

lower East Side where many citizens wear long whiskers and do not speak much English, and where there always seems to be a smell of herring around and about, and she is greatly surprised and much disgusted by her surroundings as she approaches the corner where Israel Ib's jug stands.

Furthermore, she is much surprised to find a big crowd in front of the jug, and this crowd is made up of many whiskers and old dolls wearing shawls over their heads, and kids of all sizes and shapes, and everybody in the crowd seems much excited, and there is plenty of moaning and groaning from one and all, and especially from an old doll who is standing in the doorway of a little store a couple of doors from the jug.

In fact, this old doll is making more racket than all the rest of the crowd put together, and at times is raising her voice to a scream and crying out in a strange language words that sound quite hostile.

SILK'S taxi cannot get through the mob, and a copper steps up and tells the driver he better make a detour, so Silk asks the copper why these people are raising such a rumpus in the street, instead of being home keeping warm, for it is colder than a blonde's heart, and there is plenty of ice around about.

"Why," the copper says, "do you not hear? This jug busts this morning and the guy who runs it, Israel Ib, is over in the Tombs, and the people are nervous because many of them have their potatoes in the jug. In fact," the copper says, "some of them, including the old doll over there in front of the store who is doing all the screeching, have their lifetime savings in this jug, and it looks as if they are ruined. It is very sad," he says, "because they are very, very poor people."

And then tears come to his eyes, and he boffs an old guy with whiskers over the skull with his club because the old guy is moaning so loud the copper can scarcely make himself heard.

Now naturally all this is most surprising news to Silk, and while she is pretty much sored up because she cannot see Israel Ib to get her merchandise out of the customs, she has the taxi jockey take her away from these scenes right away, and up to her apartment in Park Avenue, which she has ready for her coming home. Then she sends out for the early editions of the evening papers and reads all about what a rapscallion Israel Ib is for letting his jug bust right in the poor people's faces.

It seems that Israel Ib is placed in the Tombs because somebody suspects something illegal about the busting, but of course nobody figures Israel Ib will be kept in the Tombs long on account of being a banker, and in fact there is already some talk that the parties who placed him there in the first place may find themselves in plenty of heat later on, because it is considered most discourteous to a banker to place him in the Tombs where the accommodations are by no means first class.

One of the papers has a story about Israel Ib's ever-loving wife taking it on the lam as soon as the news gets out about the jug busting and Israel Ib being in the Tombs, and about her saying he can get out of this predicament the best way he can, but that she will never help with as much as a thin dime of her dough and hinting pretty strong that Israel Ib's trouble is on account of him squandering the jug's scratch on a doll.

The story says she is going back to her people, and from the way the story reads it sounds as if the scribe who writes it figures this is one good break, at least, for Israel Ib.

Now these hints let out by Israel Ib's ever-loving wife about him squandering the jug's scratch on a doll are printed as facts in the morning papers the next morning, and maybe if Silk bothers to read these morning sheets she will think better of going down to Israel Ib's jug again, because her name is mentioned right out, and there are big pictures of her in the papers from her old days in the Follies.

But there Silk is in a taxi in front of the Bank of the Bridges at nine o'clock the next morning, and it seems her brain is buzzing with quite a large idea, although this idea does not come out until later.

THERE is already quite a crowd around the jug again, as it is always very difficult to make people who live on the lower East Side and wear whiskers and shawls understand about such matters as busted jugs. They are apt to hang around a busted jug for days at a time with their bank books in their hands, and sometimes it takes as much as a week to convince such people that their potatoes are gone for good, and make them disperse to their homes and start saving more.

(Continued on page 40)

"Hey, you guys, I just painted them front steps!"

G. Francis Kauffman

SEATTLE

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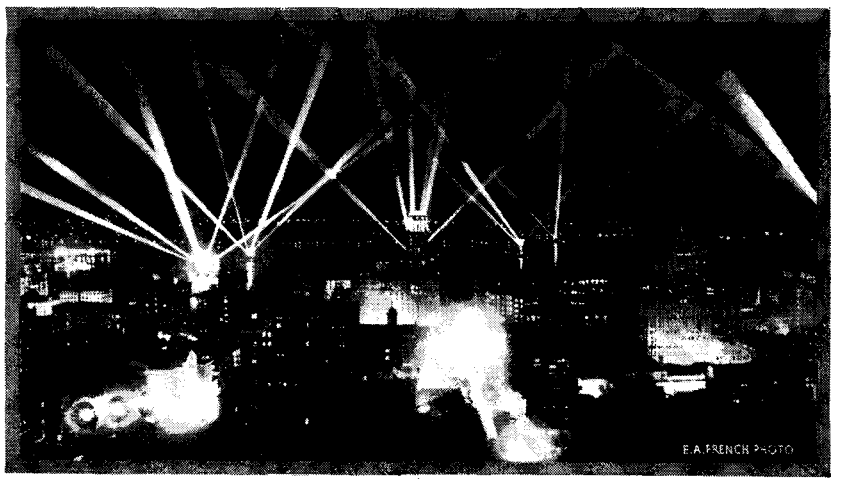

A Summer Evening View of Seattle—planes of light from the United States Battle Fleet in the bay silhouetting the modern cloud-grazing towers.

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Amid the natural glories of the Olympic wonderland.

In this most amazing section, you can lounge on sunny porches of inns near the tops of mountains that have a mortgage on the sky, and look down on gorges in which Manhattan's mightiest towers would be lost. There are lakes, streams and rivers populated with fish that apparently delight in taking a fellow's measure. If you are skillful enough to take a 40-pounder on a 4-pound-test leader, or a 62-pound King with a 6-ounce rod, you can qualify to talk fishing with fishermen. Naturally there are game and golf and yachting — this is a flowerful, green grass, tall timber, deep water country. Water craft of all descriptions readily available at exceedingly low rentals.

EXTRA! Olympic Games at Los Angeles

Pleasures, however, and the health you garner with them, are "less than the half of it." Consider the stimulation of meeting the up-and-doers who, in a brief span of years, have built a port of International importance and one of the country's first twenty cities. Here you can appraise firsthand, the great and growing fleets of Transpacific commerce—see silk trains load and leave for their swift flights East, interest saved by the speed they make, nearly paying the freight—watch cargoes of America's supreme apples and berries, from our mountain valleys, load for Rio and a hundred other new, and old world ports — gauge the rivalry of rail and water, the Panama Canal and cold steel in a battle royal at Seattle's docks, for transcontinental freights.

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IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as sticky lotions do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

(Continued from page 39)

There is still much moaning and groaning, though not as much as the day before, and every now and then the old doll pops out of the little store and stands in the doorway and shakes her fist at the busted jug and hollers in a strange language. A short, greasy-looking guy with bristly whiskers and an old black derby hat jammed down over his ears is standing with a morning paper spread out in his hands, and a bunch of other guys are around him listening to him read what the paper has to say about the situation.

Just one copper is walking up and down now, and it is the copper who speaks to Silk the day before, and he seems to remember her as she gets out of the taxi and he walks over to her, while a lot of people stop moaning and groaning to take a gander at her, for it is by no means a common sight to see such a looking doll in this neighborhood.

The copper no more than says good morning to Silk when the guy who is reading the paper stops reading and takes a peek at her, and then at her picture which is on the page in front of him. Then he points at the picture and points at Silk, and begins jabbering a blue streak to the guys around him. About this time the old doll peeps out of the store to shake her fist at Israel Ib's jug again and, hearing the jabbering, she joins the bunch around the guy with the paper.

She listens to the jabbering a while, peeking over the guy's shoulder at the picture, and then taking a good long look at Silk, and then all of a sudden the old doll turns and pops back into the store.

Now all the shawls and whiskers start gathering around Silk and the copper, and anybody can tell from the way they are looking that they are all sored up, and what they are sored up at is Silk, because naturally they figure out that she is the doll whose picture is in the morning paper and is therefore the doll who is responsible for Israel Ib's jug busting.

But of course the copper does not know that they are sored up at Silk, and figures they are gathering around just out of curiosity, as people will do when they see a copper talking to anybody. He is a young copper and naturally he does not wish to have an audience when he is speaking to such a looking doll as Silk, even if most of the audience cannot understand English, so as the crowd nudges closer he gets his club ready to boff a few skulls.

JUST about then half a brickbat hits him under the right ear, and he begins wobbling about very loose at the hinges, and at the same minute all the shawls and whiskers take to pulling and hauling at Silk. There are about a hundred of the shawls and whiskers to begin with and more are coming up from every-which direction, and they are all yelling and screaming and punching and scratching at Silk.

She is knocked down two or three times, and many shawls and whiskers are walking up and down her person while she is on the ground, and she is bleeding here and there, and the chances are they will kill her as dead as a doornail in their excitement if the old doll from the little store near the jug does not bob up all of a sudden with a mop handle in her duke and start boffing the shawls and whiskers on their noggins.

In fact, the old doll plays a regular tune on these noggins with the mop handle, sometimes knocking a shawl or whiskers quite bow-legged, and soon clearing a path through the crowd to Silk and taking hold of Silk and dragging her off into the store just as the reserves and an ambulance arrive.

The young copper is still wobbling about from the brickbat and speaking of how he hears the birdies singing in the trees, although of course there are no birdies in this neighborhood at such a time of year, and no trees either, and there are maybe half a dozen shawls and whiskers sitting on the pavement rubbing their noggins, and others are diving into doorways here and there, and there is much confusion generally.

SO THE ambulance takes Silk and some of the shawls and whiskers to a hospital and Professor D and Doc Daro visit her there a couple of hours later, finding her in bed somewhat plastered up in spots but in no danger, and naturally Professor D and Doc Daro wish to know what she is doing around Israel Ib's jug, anyway.

"Why," Silk says, "I am not able to sleep a wink all last night thinking of these poor people suffering on account of me taking Israel Ib's dough, although," Silk says, "of course I do not know it is wrong dough when I receive it. I do not know Israel Ib is clipping these poor people. But seeing them around the jug yesterday morning, I remember what happens to my poor mamma when the jug busts on her. I see her standing in front of the busted jug with me beside her, crying her eyes out, and my heart is very heavy," Silk says. "So I get to thinking," she says, "that it will be a very nice thing, indeed, if I am first to tell the poor souls who have their dough in Israel Ib's jug that they are going to get it back."

"Wait a minute," Doc Daro says. "What do you mean—they are going to get their dough back?"

"Why," Silk says, "I consult with Judge Goldstein, who is my tongue, and a very good guy, at that, and fairly honest, last night, and Judge Goldstein tells me that I am worth in negotiable securities and real estate and jewelry, and one thing and another about three million one hundred bobs, and a few odd cents.

"Judge Goldstein tells me," Silk says, "that such a sum will more than pay off all the depositors in Israel Ib's jug. In fact, Judge Goldstein tells me that what I have probably represents most of the deposits in the jug, and," she says, "I sign everything I own in this world over to Judge Goldstein to do this, although Judge Goldstein says there is no doubt I can beat any attempt to take my dough away from me if I wish to keep it.

"So," Silk says, "I am so happy to think these poor people will get their dough back that I cannot wait for Judge Goldstein to let it out. I wish to break the news to them myself, but," Silk says, "before I can say a word they hop on me and start giving me a pasting, and if it is not for the old doll with the mop handle maybe you will have to chip in to bury me, because I certainly do not have enough dough left to bury myself."

WELL, this is about all there is to the story, except that the Bank of the Bridges pays off one hundred per cent on the dollar, and what is more Israel Ib is running it again, and doing very well, indeed, and his ever-loving wife returns to him, and everything is hotsy-totsy between them.

As for Silk, she is back in Ziegfeld's Follies, and the last time I see her she is in love with a very legitimate guy who is in the hotel business, and while he does not strike me as having much brains, he has plenty of youth running for him, and Silk says it is the best break she ever gets in her life when Israel Ib's jug busts.

But anybody will tell you that the best break Silk ever gets is when the old doll on the lower East Side recognizes her from the photograph she has stuck up on the wall in the little store near Israel Ib's jug as the doll who once saves her son, Simeon Slotsky, from being placed in the pokey.

"Remember, not a word about the new planet until that fiend murder case is off the front pages"

James Trembath

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The Man She Trusted

Continued from page 19

with a canoe; not firm enough to hold a man's weight. Didn't he know? Hadn't he worked on the lake as a kid long ago, helping his father with the traps? Hadn't he seen men drown through the thin ice before it froze solid?

A new fear beat in his heart. A faster stroke pushed his canoe along the black water. He had to get there. He had to get the doctor. He had to bring the doctor back across the lake before it froze—back to Vera.

He hid his canoe in a cove near the village, and with the big collar of his mackinaw high around his face, and his fur cap pulled low, he walked into the main street.

Men passed by on the narrow boards of the sidewalk, jostling him with their shoulders. Men who would shoot him down in a moment, for the reward on the posters—Harry Plummer, wanted for murder, dead or alive—men who would not wait for any explanation.

A sense of power and strength came to him as he thought of the risk he was running.

Up the main street of Green Falls Harry Plummer tramped, looking closely at the little white houses with yellow-lighted windows for the sign of an M. D.

Finally on a side street, not far from the farther end of the village, he saw the familiar black-and-gold sign, lighted by the flickering street lamp.

He knocked.

A fat, comfortable-looking woman peered out at him through the crack in the door and warm air rushed out to greet him.

"You better come in," she said, "you kin tell me best what you want from inside."

"I want the doctor," he said.

"He's out," she said. "He's over to the Simpsons'. Young Charlie busted his head open fallin' down off'en the barn roof."

THE hall was warm. There was a pleasant odor of kerosene oil burning in the numerous lamps. On his right he saw the doctor's office. On his left was the front room.

"When will he be back?" he said, still holding his collar high.

"Don't know. 'Bout an hour, maybe two. Is it important?"

"Yes. Is there another doctor in town?"

The woman smiled. "There is," she said, "and he is a mighty fine man, but he is too old to be practicing now. My husband took it over for him twenty years ago next February."

"Can you get your husband by phone?"

"Sure. 'Twouldn't do no good, though. He never leaves his patients until he's through. Come in. Sit down. Take off your hat and coat. It's mighty cold out. What's your trouble?"

"My wife's going to have a baby."

"Umm—well, I declare! Do you live far?"

"Yes, fifteen miles."

"That ain't so far. How did you come?"

Harry hesitated, then he said, "By canoe, down the lake."

"Land sakes! That's bad on a frizzly night like this. I could help you out if it were by road, but I can't go in no canoe tonight." She shook her head again, with deep concern.

The kindness of her offer warmed Harry more than the air of the room. "Thanks," he said, "that's right nice of you."

The woman clicked her tongue. "What do you know about that?" she said. "My, ain't that the limit? And him out to the Simpsons'. Now you just make yourself at home here. I'll make you some coffee. Why don't you take off your coat, 'twon't do you any good when you go out."

"I'm still half froze," Harry said, keeping the coat buttoned up around his face. "I'll be warm enough soon. It's nice in here."

He heard her bustling in the kitchen, pumping water and lighting the gasoline stove. The familiar sounds brought back to him quickly and harshly the realization that he was away from Vera—that she was alone in that cabin; that she was suffering—wondering if he was still free, still able to help her.

He drank in quick gulps the hot coffee the doctor's wife had prepared for him.

When he put the cup down he asked her if she would telephone the doctor. At first she shook her head, but finally his pleading won and he heard her explaining his predicament to the doctor over the telephone.

When she returned to the room she said that the doctor would be there as soon as he could.

THE clock on the mantelpiece slowly moved its hands across the dusty face. An hour went by. The doctor's wife talked to him, gave him advice, told him how to treat his wife and what to do for the baby.

Harry was restless. Every minute counted. Already the wind had stopped blowing about the house. The waiting seemed harder than the paddling.

In the meantime the doctor's wife was arranging, on the white cloth of the dining-room table, metal instruments that gleamed brightly in the light of the gasoline lamp.

"These are for the doctor's kit," she explained. "I always fix it before he goes out on birth cases."

Harry stared at them.

When the doctor came in an hour later Harry saw a tall man, white-haired and tired-eyed, but stern and strong.

"You the young man my wife's been phoning about?"

"Yes," Harry said. "Will you come? We've got to hurry."

"Sure, I'll come," the doctor said, "but give me time to warm up a bit—it's mighty cold out. We'll have some coffee."

He turned to his wife, who had already started for the kitchen. "Make a lot," he said, "we'll need it."

Harry kept as far from the doctor as he could.

He saw the doctor staring at him and he felt his back grow tight. The doctor had a way of looking straight at him, through him. He didn't want to look at the doctor. But Harry liked him already. He was glad the doctor was that kind of man, not a little shrimp who would be sneaky.

"Aren't you warm with that coat?" the doctor asked.

Harry shook his head and walked to the window. He wanted to keep his back to the doctor. As he looked out into the blackness of the cold night he thought of the miles of freezing lake water between him and Vera; and he had that awful feeling of fumbling, of delaying, of a lapse of time, as if he were in a nightmare trying to get some place.

"We ought to go now," he said, leaving the window and turning to the doctor.

"Wait for the coffee," the doctor said. "Anyone with your wife?"

"No."

"Just where's your house, son?"

"Near Otter's Cove," Harry said.

"That's funny," the doctor said. "I don't know anyone living up there this time of year. What's your name?" The doctor was standing up now, facing him.

Harry had not thought of another name. He had never used an alias. There was a moment before he answered the doctor.

"I'm Harry Plummer," he said.

The doctor closed his mouth tightly and pointed to the kitchen. Then he said in a lower voice: "Jiminy! You got spunk!"

"Will you come?"

"Of course, I've got to! It's my duty, as a doctor." He walked over to Harry. "But before we start," he said, "let's make this thing clear. I'll go with you tonight to help your wife, but tomorrow you come back with me to Green Falls and the authorities. That's my duty as a law-abiding citizen. And to seal the bargain, you let me have that gun in your pocket."

Harry stared at the doctor. And during that moment he saw clearly the future. There was no turning back now. He had to go on. If he sneaked away now, he'd be leaving Vera, he would be quitting, showing yellow.

Harry felt his hand relax on the gun as he handed it over.

As soon as they were out of the house the doctor took Harry's arm and, walking close to him, told him to keep his head lowered. They went down a side street, followed along a deserted path that paralleled the lake. The wind had gone down. The night was very still and heavy with cold. The hard air hurt the lungs after the warmth of the house. The doctor's lantern, swinging at his side, made a round, yellow hole in the blackness about them.

"It's too cold to snow," the doctor said.

The gunwale of the canoe was lightly frozen to the ground and as Harry pulled it free he heard a piece of ice slide down the bank and strike ice on the lake.

The doctor swore. "She's frozen," he said.

HARRY lifted the canoe and slipped the bow onto the surface, which gave way under the weight.

The doctor stood above him; the light of the lantern showed heavy lines on his old face. He was shaking his head.

"It can't be done," he said slowly. "She's freezing too fast."

"We can break ice," Harry said.

The doctor looked down at Harry. "I'm an old man," he said. "This is bad weather to be out in."

"We've got to do it!" Harry said. Then, holding the canoe with his left hand, he arranged the paddles and poked the light ax he had brought to break ice toward the forward thwart.

His left hand, which was bare, became numb in that moment as he held on to the gunwale.

"All right, doctor," he said, "get in."

But the doctor did not move. He stood there, a tall, grim shadow, his kit in one heavily gloved hand and the lantern in the other.

Harry knew then that the doctor was afraid to risk it.

Without realizing what he was going to do, Harry found himself standing up beside the doctor.

(Continued on page 42)

The more you like a pipe the more likely you are to say . . . .

Dill's Best

is America's Best

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Like the tap-tap-tap of a hammer, constant coughing overworks the heart. Save it from this *extra* strain. Let Luden's Menthol Action soothe and comfort the throat tissues and relieve coughing—in 10 seconds.

In the Familiar Yellow Package **5c**
(10c in Canada)

LUDEN'S

QUICKEST RELIEF FROM COUGHING

Radio Program—Columbia System
Sunday Evening 7:30 to 8 P. M. (E.S.T.)

(Continued from page 41)

"Listen," Harry said, close to him, "you got my gun, but if you move I will kill you with my hands. My life isn't worth a cent tonight unless I can get you to Vera. But tomorrow it's worth what them posters say—dead or alive. You made a bargain. You come to help me tonight, I go with you tomorrow."

The doctor turned his head. "Guess I was right when I said you got spunk. Chuck-full of it."

Harry saw him relax and swing the lantern toward the canoe.

"Pitch my kit in there, will you?" he said. "If a murderer can talk that way, then I guess a doctor can answer back likewise."

The ice was still thin enough for the canoe to be driven through without preliminary breaking. The bow cut in with a brittle sound as Harry drove his paddle hard. In the blackness, he could hear the squeak of the ice beneath his paddle.

BEHIND him Harry found the same light he had used coming in and he kept that light on a clump of trees on a hill at the head of the cove. That meant he could go straight until he lost the light by distance. Then it would be up to him and the doctor to find the other shore and follow it, point after point, point after point, until he picked up his own light, which was a lamp burning near Vera's bed, now fifteen miles away.

Cold? The moisture of his breath froze on the fuzz of his turned-up collar. The froth of water on the shank of his paddle began to freeze—he had to knock it off. When he blinked, his eyeballs felt cold to the lids.

Ahead of him he heard the doctor's stroke as his blade struck ice, broke through, and sucked the water back, with ice chunks churning in the eddy.

After some time the doctor said gruffly, as if thinking aloud, "My wife can take care of yours up at the house after tomorrow." Still later he said: "I'll use the reward for her support for a while."

Harry paddled on silently. He couldn't think the way the doctor was thinking. He couldn't think beyond tonight.

They made the clear water of Moose River current. They skimmed by the thicker ice reaching out from Eastern Point. The Green Falls lights soon disappeared into the blackness behind. They were far out on the lake now—in the middle of black water.

Neither he nor the doctor spoke. But Harry knew that the doctor was thinking of the same thing. Would they be able to pick up the first point on the other shore? Would there be more ice?

Harry stared into the darkness ahead, paddling hard, hoping for the moment when either he or the doctor would see the blacker shadow of Long Point. Stroke by stroke, stroke by stroke, and he kept repeating to himself: "I gotta get back. I gotta get back."

The canoe felt loggy and slow. The water was spilling off at the bow as if something were against it.

"Put your paddle close to the bow, doctor, see what's dragging," Harry called, and his voice boomed in the darkness.

He felt the list as the doctor shifted his weight. Then he heard the doctor grunt.

"Ice!" the doctor said. "Three or four inches thick along the bow."

"Knock it off," Harry said.

A moment later he saw the shadow of the other shore and just as he shouted to the doctor he felt the bow strike ice, crack through and stop.

He backed the canoe out and as he pulled her around he heard the bottom slap against pieces of ice.

Then, using the stern as the bow, he began breaking through with the ax. He worked steadily, powerfully. And foot by foot the doctor pushed the canoe through the ice Harry had broken.

There was no turning back now, seeking open water. There was no landing on the shore and striking out through that dense growth.

Once, after a long silence, except for the crunch of ice and the slush of the ax as it broke through, the doctor said: "We can't do it, boy, we're making no time. We'd better turn back!"

Harry said nothing. The crash of his ax was his answer.

Sometimes they came to open stretches and with hard, fast strokes he drove the canoe on, on, only to run against more ice. The canvas was torn and the canoe was leaking—he could hear the water splashing between the ribs.

The cold seemed to descend upon them, pressing down, as if the air were frozen and could no longer support its own weight. The open water behind the canoe closed in with loose bits of ice freezing in solid masses. The ice seemed to grow about them, like a fast-growing plant, spreading itself over the water.

Once Harry stopped his work to hold his own hurt hands against his body, inside his coat.

"How are your hands?" he asked the doctor.

"They're all right."

"Keep 'em warm, Doc, you got more use for 'em than breaking ice."

"They'll be all right," the doctor repeated. His voice wavered.

When Harry started to go forward the canoe was held lightly in the new ice.

For two hours they paddled, broke ice and paddled again. The splattered water from the ax froze in big drops almost before it fell into the canoe. The bow coated again and again. The little finger of his left hand was frozen and his face ached with the cold.

That was when things began to whirl about him. And he dreamed of something warm and soft to lie on, to sleep on, to rest, to rest.

But he had to go on. He had to go on because he had to get there. He had to get there to bring the doctor to Vera.

"You'll kill yourself," the doctor said. "Take it easy, boy."

Another hour, and only a short distance. The ice was getting thicker.

Once he thought he heard Vera call him distinctly. She cried out in pain, just as she had done that afternoon, a stifled, sobbing cry that hurt the air it tore through.

"You resting?" the doctor's voice came from far away.

Harry found the ax slipping from his freezing hand.

Then he noticed the doctor's strokes were slower and he could hear the old man's heavy breathing.

"You all right?" he asked.

"Sure," the doctor said, "sure."

And Harry knew by the tone of the doctor's voice that he would soon have to do the work for both.

THE rest of the trip blurred—like a drunken night. He only remembered pieces of it. The weight of the canoe as he lifted it over solid ice, the crash of ice as his weight broke through, the shock of cold water on his loins, the dazzling nightmare of sparks of ice cutting into him.

At Sand Point the doctor collapsed. By holding the canoe between his hands Harry pushed it along the ice until the ice broke. Then he paddled. Then he pushed. Then he reached Pidgeon Rock. He tested the ice. It held and he slid the canoe on its strong keel, with the doctor in it, ashore. He carried the doctor over his shoulders until his back twisted and he had to stop before he could go on again.

At Otter's Cove he saw the light of his house. The light whirled around, became vague, disappeared, and he saw the posters flickering across his eyes, and he saw Vera's face beside his on the posters.

Barbed wire burnt into his feet. His arms were stiff. He heard the doctor say: "Brandy, boy, brandy in the kit."

It passed through the doctor's lips. Harry swallowed fire.

"We're almost there," he said.

He felt the doctor's hand grip his shoulders. "I can make it," he said. "I'm all right."

But he still held on to Harry as they climbed the steep hill.

When they reached the cabin Harry pushed the door open with his foot.

It was very still inside. The stove was out. The doctor swayed, steadied himself and walked forward.

"Where is she?" the doctor asked. Harry saw him forcing himself into action.

He pointed to the bed in the corner. The doctor crossed the room.

Harry leaned against the rough wall of the cabin. A deadly fatigue came over him. The doctor's heavy body seemed to be still pressing him down.

From the corner he heard the doctor's voice. It seemed to come from far away.

"She's all right," he said.

Harry closed his eyes. How easy it would be just to let go and fall, fall far down into the darkness below.

But he had to keep up. He had to help the doctor. The doctor was calling, telling him to do something. Fire, keep the room warm. Hot water.

He pulled himself back, out of the black mire, and found himself putting wood into the stove, pouring water from the pail into the kettle.

"This room's got to be warm," the doctor kept saying. "I want lots of boiling water."

AND as Harry worked he began slowly to realize that his job was done! He had brought the doctor here and Vera was safe. Tomorrow he would have to go back with the doctor. He would have to leave Vera and the child forever. He would be giving himself up without a fight, going back across the lake with the doctor.

Why should he?

He could wait until the baby was born. Then it would be easy. He was stronger than the doctor.

Then Harry wondered why the doctor was not afraid. Why did the doctor come, anyway?

Why?

From the corner of the room he heard the doctor talking to Vera. He could see his back as he leaned over so carefully, talking so soothingly, so gently.

And during that moment Harry again saw clearly the future. There was no turning back now. He had to go on. He could never quit, showing yellow.

The doctor stood up and took off his coat. Something heavy thumped on the table. The doctor reached in his pocket and took out the gun. He handed it to Harry.

"Here's your gun," he said gruffly. "Rustle up some coffee. We'll be needing lots of hot coffee." Then he added: "I'm an old man and I'm busy. I got enough duties besides fooling with the law. But take my advice as a doctor, get out of this country as soon as you can—it isn't a good climate for a baby."

Harry stared at the gun in his hand. Then he put it down on the table and walked to the bed. Vera's hot hand clung to his; in her eyes, burning with pride, he saw her belief in the future they would have in another country.

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Americans to the South

Continued from page 18

the resourceful William Russell Grace, went to South America direct from the snakeless realm of St. Patrick and established himself at Callao, Peru. Later the charms of a Yankee girl laid him low, and he was compelled to travel all the way to Manhattan for matrimonial treatment. Thus began the lasting attachment to New York, an attachment that twenty years afterward found him sitting in the most exclusive political circles and custodian of the city's minarets of brick and steel—Peruvian-business-man-mayor of gay Gotham, if you please.

The present president of the house, D. Stewart Iglehart, commenting in the vein of our Buffalonian expatriate says: "If a firm is able to assist the upbuilding of the industries of countries in which it operates and to reinvest therein any substantial portion of its profits, it will give a meaning to reciprocity which will be appreciated and lead to greatly enlarged opportunities for profitable expansion of business.

It Works Both Ways

"The introduction and distribution of Latin-American products into the United States," he went on, "has been no less an objective of this company than the sale of North American products in the Southern markets."

And listen to this from a so-called Yankee exploiter:

"We believe not only in commercial, but also in social, political and cultural reciprocity. We must accord tactful and considerate treatment, respect, esteem and complete confidence if we desire to receive them.

"The tendency in our country, and in all countries, to regard foreigners as somewhat inferior is one born of ignorance and has no place in the scheme of development of any concern of any country which aspires to international importance."

Many outstanding executives know this to be one of the weakest spots in the armor of United States business representatives abroad, especially those who go South for the first time. Here are the remarks of another dean in the Latin-American field, John L. Merrill, the venerable president of the most important system of inter-American communication, The All-America Cables, Inc.

"Difficulties with Latin Americans?" he repeated my question. "No. They are just like other people—very human and also very genuine. I deal with them as fellow Americans, not as Latin Americans. When I talk to a man from Colombia, Peru or Brazil, I talk to him as one American gentleman to another.

"For these people are as much Americans as we are and if you insist upon technicalities, they are more so. The word America, you know, appeared for the first time on the Waldseemüller World Map of 1507, and it appeared on the continent now known as South America, and not on North America."

He puts his finger on another sensitive point with the peoples of all these countries. They, too, are Americans whether we like it or not! To them the domain of the Stars and Stripes is the United States of *North America*. And when a thoughtless Yankee in Rio de Janeiro or Lima or Bogotá makes known, as so many do, that he comes from America and that his government is the American government, his personal stock immediately does a nose dive and whatever he represents—shoe factory, clothing house or government—suffers accordingly.

As Mr. Merrill says, "Their civilization is older than our own. There's the old University of San Marcos at Lima, Peru, a hundred years older than the Harvard I missed."

It may not be easy for the uninitiated to appreciate this, but any business man going to the important countries of the continent will do well to ponder it. When he goes to Chile or Uruguay or southern Brazil or Argentina, he must forget the adventures of the jungle-books, and romances of Richard Harding Davis—wild Indians, half-breeds and musical-comedy generals. These regions are not to be confused with the wild lands of Amazonia or the Sandino country of Central America.

Relying on men who "meet the people on equal terms" has been the gospel of Frank C. Munson, head of The Munson Steamship Company, who operated the first United States passenger line from New York to the great cities of eastern South America.

Frank Munson has built one of the most important new-world systems of transportation. Starting with an organization that kept a few windjammers plying between cities of our Atlantic seaboard and the West Indies, he now sends scores of freighters and a half-dozen regular express passenger ships to the eastern ports of the Americas from Canada to southern Argentina.

"Mr. Munson," I said, "you have gone into the great ports of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina against the opposition of all the most powerful European shipping interests and made your company respected as well as successful. What is the secret?"

Rushing straight to the point, as is the custom of this dynamo of energy, he replied:

"The secret of our success in these countries is to put our business into the hands of natives, to become a part of whatever country or community we are doing business in."

His very first representative in Buenos Aires was a native-born Argentine who is still manager of all Munson interests on the Rio de la Plata. In Brazil the agency representing him is headed by a man who is most prominent in business and among the socially outstanding citizens of the republic.

Such being his practice, it is worth noting that the four New York-Buenos Aires Munson liners were the first government-built ships to pay their own way.

Such men as Munson, Iglehart, Merrill and many others haven't merely read the tomes of touring observers or listened to the tales of wandering minstrels to form their ideas. They cut their business eyeteeth on some corner of Latin America and have kept them sharpened on it ever since.

Living Down the Past

As my friend, Philander Knox, hardened old *hombre* of the southern export trade, growls out—"We can't disclaim an early breed of brown-derby, checked-suit, fly-by-night gents who for a considerable period spread their phony transactions across these lands of old civilizations and sensitive peoples. A few of them may still be seen stalking across the horizon here and there. But even in their heyday they didn't control any substantial portion of our business in these markets. They merely got the publicity. All the while, any number of men were carefully, intelligently and tactfully laying the foundations for the present colossal six-billion-dollar stake which citizens of this country sponsor in the twenty republics of the other Americas."

And a tip to the fledglings:

"The men of the newer industries," comments Mr. Knox, "have usually profited by the experiences and methods of the trail-blazers. If they harbor any doubts to begin with, they don't get far before they discover the wisdom of the oldsters."

A Detroit automobile man wanted to open a sales house in Santiago, Chile. Seeking information and advice as to the best method to proceed, he visited several native lawyers and outstanding business men. Each one of them advised him to talk to the local officials of W. R. Grace and Company.

"They will steer you right," he was assured.

Our Powerful Movies

One of our enterprises frequently put on the spot and punctured by the sizzling shafts of the anti-imperialists is the talking-movie industry. No other Yankee product is more universally distributed from Cuba to Cape Horn; and if the adage "Seeing is believing" has any virtue, no other is more influential.

The raspings run somewhat like this: "They bring your style of morality; divorce, wild, free-and-easy living, to these countries of conservative, Catholic, Latin civilization." "They present abroad our worst side." "The United States at heart is not like that." "Dramatically they are silly."

"I think some of the stories, the melodramatic effects of your talking pictures, quite foolish," comments Professor T. S. Tschiffley, the distinguished Argentine, now in this country. "Some of the customs, as portrayed, are anything but complimentary to you. But there is one thing you must not overlook: They have advertised your manufactures as nothing else could. In one picture the people of the most remote town in South America may see four or five makes of your automobiles, a couple of airplanes, the way your streets are paved, numbers of your finest shops, a beautiful highway, electric fixtures in your houses, the kind of furniture used, the styles of your clothes—innumerable items that are new and attractive. They desire these products and eventually get them."

Our methods of salesmanship and advertising have their vulnerable points, but we may feel some satisfaction when the venerable, ruddy-faced, staid old John Bull deigns to take serious notice of them. None other than H. R. H. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, after a grand swoop of the Southern scene, disturbed the dignity of British tycoons of trade by telling them to go and do likewise—"engage in flashy advertising—offer products in the manner of 1931—stop talking about traditions—be up-to-date." What's more, he startled the king's subjects the continent over by making some of his appointments in commercial airplanes made in U. S. A., thereby calling world attention to the latest of our industries to reach out over Latin America.

Starting only a little over two years ago with desultory service between Florida and Cuba, the Pan-American Airways Corporation, together with the Pan-American Grace Airways, which it partly owns, have established their 20,000 miles of air lines in the islands of

(Continued on page 41)

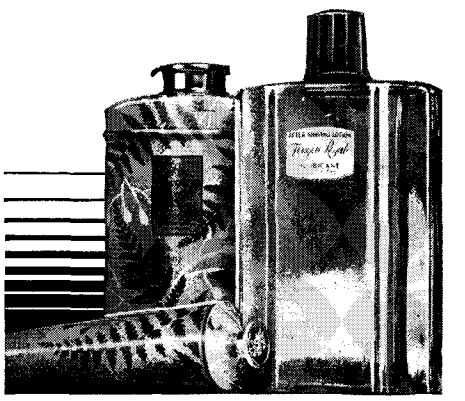
STARVED SKINS SPOIL SHAVES

Draw a razor blade across a face deficient in nourishment. Inflammation follows. The skin smarts, burns, is subject to chap.

Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion is both remedy and preventive. It speeds-up the circulation of the blood which feeds the skin. With daily treatments your skin grows supple, elastic, becomes firm and tense. It looks, and is toned, in condition. It shaves smoothly, with ease.

Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion in its new, sure-grip bottle, with free-sprinkling vent and fluted, anti cross-thread cap, is one of a trio of shaving requisites by Houbigant. Try the Shaving Cream and special Talc, too. They complement the Lotion.

Shaving Cream 50c | After-Shaving Talcum 50c | After-Shaving Lotion 75c



Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

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Vapex—on your way to the office

GET THE DROP ON *Colds*

JUST as soon as you feel yourself sneezing or sniffling, put a few drops of Vapex on your handkerchief or pillow and get after that cold.

A few deep breaths of the vapor clear up your nose and head . . . relieve your distress. Since its discovery in 1915 during a war-time epidemic of influenza in England, millions of people have accepted Vapex as "the modern way to treat a cold."

It costs only 1 cent an application. The $1 bottle contains 100 applications—enough to relieve many colds.

Ask the druggist for V-A-P-E-X.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc., New York. *Distributors of Medicinal Products Since* 1849.

A few drops on your handkerchief

VAPEX

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Breathe your cold away

Vapex—just before you turn in

Tested and Approved — 1163 — Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health — Good HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 43)

the Caribbean, Central America and the continent.

Let Juan T. Trippe, the modest, quiet-voiced, dreamy-looking young man who was the chief architect and builder of this, the largest air-transport system in the world, have the floor.

"In the extension of its air-transport lines," he told me, "Pan-American Airways dealt with the governments of the Latin-American countries. The enthusiastic reception accorded the establishment of these air lines in every country was indicative of a new international spirit. It is significant, I believe, that we have found these governments wholeheartedly in accord with, and sincerely interested in advancing, any sound project for the improvement of cultural and commercial relations between their countries and with the United States of America. Nor was that attitude reflected only in political circles.

The Symbol of a New Era

"Throughout Latin America today the American air lines are recognized as a symbol of a new era in international relationships. Designed to provide each country with the same facilities that are provided in the United States, they place at the disposal of each country transport and communication service of marvelous rapidity, not only to the United States of America, but to practically every other country and colony in the Western Hemisphere. The effect this new-day factor is having on international relations, both commercial and political, is apparent today in any section of Latin America you consider."

Yet he senses the true situation confronting the United States business man in this field.

"With the principal industrial and commercial nations of the world competing for his patronage, the Latin-American business man has become a shrewd buyer, a keen trader and has developed a liking to 'shop around.' Profiting from past experience and with all the products of the world to choose from, he has the opportunity and the means to permit his making an unrestricted selection.

"No business man today, interested in developing his Latin-American markets," he points out, "believes his products will enjoy preference simply because they are North American. Close study of the markets, of the people and of conditions, matched by sound, intelligent merchandising of products of recognized quality, priced right and promoted with the same concentration and efficiency that mark sales efforts in our domestic markets, are the keys to commercial success in Latin America.

"In the elimination of time, in the removal of distance, the airplane is paving the way toward a greater era of inter-American trade and new-world relationship."

I should say so. Until recently the most distant capitals, almost as far below the equator as New York is above, and trade centers, actually farther away, in travel time, than India and the Far East, are now as close to Washington as was San Francisco only ten years ago. Today you may soar over seas, mountains, deserts and jungles from Miami to the capital of Chile or the metropolis of Argentina in seven days, and sleep every night in a hotel.

Leaving the provinces of ocean and air, transportation under and over sea, communication, and the ancient realm of buying and selling, I went excursioning into the dark regions of money-land to see what its giants might have to offer on the subject of "dollar imperialism." And I stopped in front of an aging pile of gray stone fronted with colossal columns midway in the fabled golden thoroughfare. There is no name on its portals, only the simple designation—55 Wall Street. But then the National City Bank hardly needs to shout its name.

High priests of this temple could speak with authority on the subject at hand. The National City Bank operates in nearly every one of the twenty countries, with more than eighty-five different branches. Its very first venture outside of the home port was in the city of Buenos Aires in the year 1915.

And if 1915 seems recent for its Latin-American début in comparison with other organizations, it can be said that it went abroad at the very first opportunity. Mind you, not until the Federal Reserve Act was passed in 1914 were national banks permitted to open branches outside the country. Until then our business men must do as best they could when they ventured beyond the homeland. If United States business had to go gadding around in foreign parts it could look to others to furnish it credit and banking facilities. This government wasn't interested.

"We went abroad," says Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the board of this powerful National City enterprise, "believing that by providing adequate banking machinery of our own in the leading centers of South America and the Far East, where seemed to be our greatest undeveloped potential foreign trade possibilities, we could coöperate with American exporters in the promotion of increased trade."

That the very first branch outside the national domain should have been in South America is quite significant.

"Speaking of South America specifically," says Mr. Mitchell, "we have never for a moment regretted our business entry into those countries. We know that we have been factors in the building up of United States export trade by providing direct responsibility to our clients, safeguarding the delivery of merchandise, furnishing accurate information on credits and market conditions and contributing to the support of dollar exchange.

"In each of the South American countries we have developed important domestic banking business and the friends so made have automatically become sympathetic toward American products."

Good Credit Risks

There has been a popular feeling in many ill-informed quarters, and it has by no means breathed its last, that Latin-American business men are not to be trusted to the same extent say, as the business men of Canada, Great Britain, France or Italy; that they do not have the same code of business ethics. Once and for all I wanted to clear up this point, so I asked Mr. Mitchell his views on the matter.

He said: "While customs and laws governing the operation of our business in South America differ in many respects from those prevailing in North America, requiring specially trained men to operate branch offices successfully, we have found business credit risks nevertheless on a par with and worthy of the same degree of respect as those in our own country.

"North American exporters have had unfortunate experiences in many cases in their attempts to develop South American business, but these have been largely the results of deviation from sound credit standards and the care used at home in judging credit risks.

"Our experience during the past seventeen years prompts me to say that the character and moral responsibility of the average South American business house or firm is as high as will be found anywhere in the world."

Yet many people say to me, "That may be very true as regards business men themselves, but what is one to believe about conditions, when one after another of these countries blows up in revolution?"

You see your confirmed North American who thinks of these countries only in terms of bonds and interest, and export and import, never in terms of people made of flesh and blood, cannot divorce revolutions from economics.

This is how Mr. Mitchell feels about the revolutionary situation:

"Political disturbances of major and minor character come and go in the Latin-American countries," he said. "The past year has seen such disturbances rising to a peak. It must be remembered, however, that the overthrow of a government in South America does not have the same meaning that such an occurrence would have in this country. These upsets have been in the main purely political and, while it is too soon to say whether or not any real progress will immediately be shown in the countries where recently governments have been overthrown, the revolutions may in some cases prove constructive, and real progress can be expected all over Latin America as rapidly as world economic conditions change for the better."

While South America may have its economic troubles, serious in many instances, and tragic in some, as have many other sections of the world, the outlook for the future is not discouraging in Mr. Mitchell's estimation. However, he does not overlook the difficulties of the moment.

Our Neighbors' Troubles

"Business conditions in practically all South American countries continue unsatisfactory for the present. Trade is dull, collections are slow, bankruptcies are numerous and credits need special care and extra watching. In several countries there is the additional factor of a depreciated exchange. The governments have acute financial problems because of decreased revenue. As their exchanges depreciate, a larger amount of their local currency is required to remit a given amount of foreign currency in payment of their foreign debt service, thus adding to the burdens of the governments. Such problems prevent an early business revival, but one thing would seem to be sure—these countries should settle down eventually and be even better markets for North American goods than before.

"The demands for the comforts of life will be on the increase and the wise exporter is the one who keeps his organization and contacts ready to take advantage of the trade revival which can be delayed but cannot be prevented."

Another figure in Wall Street, with Lindberghian disdain for publicity, told me the day this takes the ink: "The most conservative of us are about to learn that Europe is not the only part of the world that deserves our attention. For Latin America is bound to be the chief actor in the next episode of world economics."

And there's the Ohio man who must have anticipated this prophecy.

"We were leery of an account with a certain firm in Buenos Aires," a Youngstown steel manufacturer told me a few months ago. "They owed us about $50,000—for steel window frames, fixtures and what not—and seemed unable to pay.

"We sent one of our vice presidents to close up the account at any sacrifice. Six days after his arrival we received a cable containing his resignation. He was to become the general manager of the firm we had dispatched him to collect from, because 'When the economic world gets back on the main road,' he said, 'here is where I'd like to be.'"

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Sure to Lose

Continued from page 21

"It was I who said you'd certainly be fired," Bill Hallowell said. "But I'm glad to hear you aren't. I'm for giving anybody another chance."

"You're a sentimentalist, Bill," Jim Riggs said. "You're ashamed of being so rich. You don't know what it's all about." He turned on Murray. "I think it's only fair to tell you, Randolph, that I've made up my mind about you."

"And you've decided to be a model of virtue, haven't you, Jim?" Murray Randolph said.

"I've decided that you cut too many corners for me," Jim Riggs said.

Murray Randolph nodded and managed to make the nod casual. "All right, Jim," he said, "then you won't mind if I leave."

Murray turned on his heel and walked out. His impulse was to run down the corridor. But he forced himself to walk at his ordinary pace. He walked down the corridor and down the stairs and across the campus and back to the square red brick house he had left forever that morning.

HE HAD lunch with his father. His father was as tall as Jim Riggs. His father looked like an old Roman. His father taught English literature and, with Prexie and Professor Graham, ran the college. The three of them had been running the college for thirty years. The three of them had made the college one of the three or four famous American colleges.

"Well, Murray," his father said, "what are you thinking about these days?"

"I'm thinking about writing a poem," Murray replied. "I'm thinking of writing an Ode to Winter."

He hadn't thought of it until that moment. He had been turning over in his mind one fantastic way after another of getting even with Jim Riggs and Bill Hallowell and Walter Patridge. But if he could take the Brown prize for poetry away from Walter Patridge he needn't bother about a fantastic revenge. He'd have a real revenge.

Murray Randolph went to work on the poem that afternoon. He was appalled at how silly he was when he tried to write poetry. But he kept on. He worked on the poem several hours a day for several months. He won the Brown prize for poetry.

Jim Riggs confronted him on the campus the next day.

"Randolph," he said, "we all read your poem last night. We thought it was great. And I want to say I'm sorry —you've got more stuff than I ever suspected."

"You needn't apologize, Jim," Murray said. "As a matter of fact, I was awfully obliged to you for telling me what you really thought of me. Up to that moment I'd supposed you were a friend of mine."

He walked on, leaving Jim Riggs standing in the middle of the path.

After he was graduated Murray Randolph did what so many young men with literary educations and the desire to write do. He became an instructor in English. He went out to the University of Minnewaska and corrected freshmen themes and was bored.

He lasted until April. And then the president sent for him.

"Randolph," he said, "I hear bad reports of you. I think the simplest thing you can do is to resign. There will be no publicity."

"I don't mind the publicity," Murray said.

"We do," the president said.

He went round that evening, after sending the letter to the president, to Joe Stragoni's. The police reporter for the Minnewaska Sentinel was there.

"I hear," the police reporter said, "that you're fired."

"Have a drink," Murray Randolph said.

The police reporter drank a gin rickey.

"Will you stand for the story that you're fired?"

Murray lit a cigarette. "Yes," he said, "of course."

"I'd lose my job if you denied it," the police reporter said.

"You needn't worry," Murray said.

"Listen, Professor," Joe Stragoni said. "What are you going to do now?"

"I haven't the least idea, Joe," Murray said. "Do you need a bartender?"

"Sure," Joe said. "Any time you say so you got a job with me."

"All right, Joe, I'll start now," Murray said.

Joe took off his white apron and draped it on Murray Randolph.

"There," Joe Stragoni said, grinning.

Murray Randolph walked behind the bar. He was standing there when a party of students came in.

Murray wiped the bar with a slight exaggeration of Joe Stragoni's manner.

"What'll it be, gents?" he asked.

The students looked at each other and ordered beer. They were obviously embarrassed. But more students came in. They got used to the idea of seeing Murray Randolph behind the bar in a white apron. The police reporter slipped out toward eleven o'clock.

Murray awoke early the next afternoon to a loud pounding on his door. His head ached. He didn't like the pounding.

"Wake up!" the landlady shouted. "Wake up. The president's here to see you."

MURRAY got out of bed. He opened the door. "Tell him I'll be down as soon as I can get dressed," he said.

But the president had waited long enough. He came charging up the stairs. Murray sat down on the edge of his rumpled bed in pajamas while the president charged up and down his room.

"You mean that the local paper printed this story?" Murray asked.

"No-no-no," the president said. "The local paper wouldn't dare print it, even if it were true. But the Chicago papers have printed it and the New York papers—the yellow ones."

"Well," Murray said, "it has a certain foundation in fact."

"Foundation in fact!" The president snorted. "Fact!"

"The fact is," Murray said, "that I did tend bar at Joe Stragoni's last night."

"Well, you won't tend bar there again," the president said. "I've seen to that. And now I'd like to know whether you'll leave town without any more fuss or do we have to go to the police?"

"I'll leave," Murray Randolph said mildly. "I'll be delighted to leave."

He left that night for New York. In New York he tried to get a job. He couldn't get one.

He had enough money to rent a sleazy room in Peck Slip, which is downtown, on the water front; and to buy a cheap suit of clothes and a couple of shirts. He did his own cooking over a broken coal grate. Sometimes he lived for a week on crackers and black coffee; once, for two days, he went without the crackers.

He awoke one afternoon to discover a woman in uniform in his room.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

He tried to raise himself up in bed and he couldn't. He was too weak.

"You've got influenza," she said. "You've been out of your head. I'm a visiting nurse."

Murray sank back on the pillow.

JIM RIGGS came down that evening and took him to a hospital in an ambulance.

When he was able to sit up Jim Riggs came around to see him.

"You know Murray," he said, "this sort of thing you've been going through isn't at all necessary. The class has a loan fund and, thanks to Bill Hallowell, it's a big loan fund. Bill's in Europe right now but I've been talking to the committee." He laid a check on the stand beside the bed. "There's three hundred. Your hospital bill is paid. When you get out buy yourself some decent clothes and get a decent room and we'll see if we can't get you a job. We'll allow you two hundred a month until you're on your feet. If you can pay back the loan sometime why that's fine—if you can't that's all right, too."

Murray nodded and gulped. The one thing he couldn't take was somebody's being nice to him.

He got the decent clothes when he got out of the hospital but he didn't move out of Peck Slip and Jim Riggs couldn't get him a job.

Murray spent most of his days walking the streets and hating New York. He continued frugally to get his own meals on the broken coal grate in Peck Slip. But once a week or so he lunched elegantly at a place in the west forties that Riggs had taken him to. It was a speakeasy, of course, but a quiet place. Riggs had called it the Calcutta Bicycle Club.

He was walking up the steps one noon that spring when he noticed a tree leafing out. It was a small New York tree. But it reminded him of spring in New England—of the first warm misty week when the woods turn intangibly green.

He sat down on the parapet and folded his hands on his stick and gazed down the street. He never knew how long he sat there. But he awoke suddenly to a girl who was passing. He caught a glimpse of her face—a piquant face.

He went off to dreaming again—dreaming of New England and spring.

He awoke to see the girl again. She was coming back up the street. She looked at him as she came up, and smiled.

Murray Randolph stood up and lifted his hat and walked down the steps to meet her. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you lunch with an old gentleman?"

She smiled as if she knew exactly what he meant.

"Yes," she said, "I would."

They went into the Calcutta Bicycle Club and had one cocktail and Murray ordered lunch. He knew, of course, out of his worldly wisdom, that she was no better than she should be. But she was young and she had nice manners and a pleasant, throaty voice.

"That's that," he said, when the waiter had gone. "What I'd like to know is—can you think of anything amusing to do this afternoon?"

She gave him a level, appraising look.

"Yes," she said, "I can. About ten minutes ago I got a tip on the races. I think it would be fun to go to Belmont Park and try it."

(Continued on page 46)

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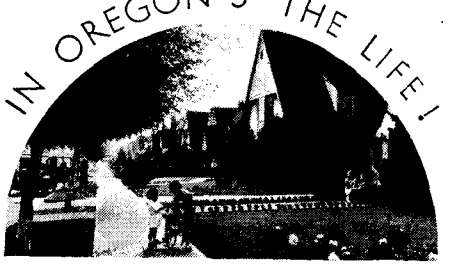

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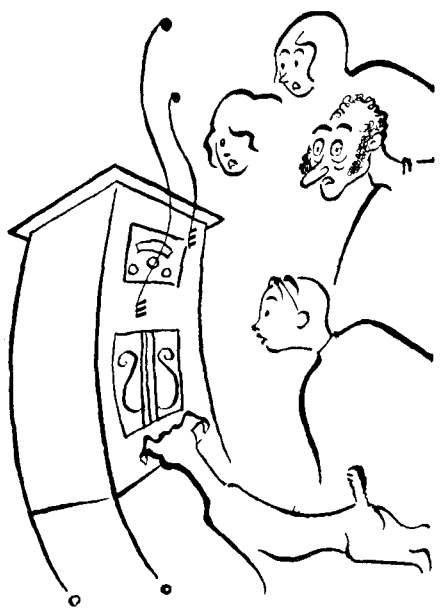

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8:15 P. M. Eastern
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6:15 P. M. Mountain
5:15 P. M. Pacific Coast

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

(Continued from page 45)

"Very well," he said. "We'll try it."

He knew of course that it was some sort of come-on game. But he didn't care. He had two hundred dollars in his pocket and he didn't care.

"I'm going to Belmont Park," Murray said to the proprietor, "and I'd like to back a tip I've got. But how can I do it—I don't know any bookies there?"

"Oh, you *don't?*" The proprietor smiled. "Well, go on out, and don't worry, Mr. Randolph. I'll just phone my friend Jim Hennessey and tell him you'll be around. He'll take care of you."

So they went to Belmont.

"Now," Murray said, "what's the horse?"

"Killarney Kate," she said.

Together they studied the program. Killarney Kate was entered in the last race—at twenty-five to one.

They sat side by side, watching the races and the crowd, and not saying much. Murray was several times astonished at things she said. She wasn't a crude person. Indeed, she struck him as quite as well educated as the girls he had met at Prom time. The idea delighted him.

"Now," he said, "it's time to place that bet."

He left her and found Jim Hennessey. When he returned he had two hundred dollars on Killarney Kate to win.

The girl was very quiet while the horses were led from the paddock.

"That's Killarney Kate," Murray said.

The girl nodded.

Killarney Kate was a rather small brown mare. She didn't look like much. Murray reflected that he would never have bet on her if he had seen her first.

When they sprang the barrier Killarney Kate jumped. Killarney Kate took the lead. The rest strung out behind her. She won by a head.

THE following day, Jim Hennessey sent Murray a check for five thousand dollars, and Murray and the girl met again and went to the Calcutta Bicycle Club. Murray had cashed the check. He felt like celebrating.

"We'll have to have champagne," he said.

She nodded. "Yes," she said. "I've never tasted champagne and I'd like to—just once."

They had a cocktail while they waited for their dinner.

"I've won five thousand dollars," said Murray, "and half of it's yours."

The girl shook her head. "Listen," she said, "Mr. Randolph."

"After yesterday afternoon," Murray said, "I think you might remember that my name is Murray."

"Very well," she said. "My name is Ann—Ann Farnum. And I've got to tell you I'm a fake. I never saw a horse race in my life until yesterday afternoon. And I didn't know a thing about Killarney Kate except what I happened to overhear two men say in the subway. And the only reason I—"

She hesitated and looked at him appealingly.

"I can't imagine why you're worried," he said. "After all—the horse won. And we're dividing five thousand dollars of real money. So there's nothing to cry about."

"That isn't all," she said. "I—I knew who you were—and I wanted to interest you—and that's why I—I—"

"How did you know who I was?"

"I was a freshman at Minnewaska when you were an instructor in English."

"So of course you heard the bartender story."

"Yes," she said. "And a lot more."

"And you still weren't alienated—you still didn't think I was an awful fool?"

She looked at him gravely—a look so steady and honest that he would have taken her in his arms if they had been alone.

"Of course I wasn't alienated," she said. "And of course I thought you were an awful fool."

The waiter brought the champagne just then for Murray's inspection. He glanced at it and nodded, and saw Jim Riggs and Bill Hallowell coming in. They looked at him and at the champagne and at the girl, and nodded coldly.

"I know what it's like to feel that the whole world is against you," she said. "It wouldn't be so bad if you didn't know it was all your own fault."

"HOW did you turn the world against you?" Murray asked.

"I wrote a poem," she said. "I've an older sister who always had all the beaus."

"I can't believe it," Murray said.

"That's nice of you," she said. "But I'm not beautiful and my sister is. And men fell for her in droves. And I hated her for it. I wrote a poem—a love poem, of course. It was youthfully frank. I was deliberately trying to be shocking. The college literary monthly published it and there was a terrible row."

"And you got fired from Minnewaska."

"Not actually—" she looked up at him appealingly—"and how I hate to admit it. It would make so much better a story if I had been fired. But I wasn't. Minnewaska forgave me but my family didn't—especially my stepmother."

The waiter poured the champagne.

Murray Randolph raised his glass. "Here's to you," he said.

"No," she said. "You must say 'Happy Days' or something casual."

"Very well," Murray said. "But you know I'm crazy about you—don't you?"

She smiled back at him. "I hope you are," she said.

They drank the champagne and Jim Riggs loomed up beside them.

"Won't you sit down," Murray said, "and drink a glass of champagne with us?"

Jim Riggs shook his head. "Thank you," he said. "I shouldn't appreciate it. I've never acquired a taste for champagne. Never could afford it. I merely stopped to say hello and to ask if you could stop in at my office tomorrow."

"I'm sure I can," Murray said.

"Very well," Jim Riggs said grimly, "do so."

"Now what was he so sore about?" Ann Farnum asked when Jim had gone.

Murray told her about the loan fund. Her eyes sparkled.

"And now," she said, "you can put him in his place."

"Yes," Murray said, "I can. And I shall. But don't think he isn't awfully decent—really. Because he is. Naturally he thinks it's in bad taste for me to be dining here with a girl and ordering champagne when I'm living on the class loan fund."

The girl shook her head. "No," she said, "that's no excuse. He shouldn't jump to conclusions."

"He's had a lot of reason for his conclusions about me," Murray said.

"Yes," she said, "of course he has. But just the same I can't wait for you to turn the tables on him."

"All right," said Murray, "I'll do it now." He got up and walked over to the table where Jim Riggs sat with Bill Hallowell. He shook hands with Bill Hallowell.

"May I sit down a moment?" Murray asked.

"Please do," Bill Hallowell said.

"I don't know that I've ever properly thanked you two for saving my life," Murray Randolph said. "I'd most certainly have died if you hadn't hunted me up and put me in a hospital and loaned me money."

"That's all right," Bill Hallowell said.

Jim Riggs looked particularly grim.

"I know I said a moment ago that I'd be at your office tomorrow, Jim," Murray said. "But I'm afraid I'm going to be frightfully busy tomorrow. Was it anything special?"

"You know what it is," Jim Riggs said. "Whatever else you are, you aren't thick-headed."

Murray took an enormous roll of bills out of his side coat pocket. He peeled off a five-hundred-dollar bill—and several hundred-dollar bills.

"I want to pay back my loan from the class fund," Murray Randolph said. "And I'd like to contribute a trifle extra."

Jim Riggs stared at the money on the table. "W-w-w-hy," he began.

"I went to the races yesterday," Murray said. "And I had a bit of luck."

"I wish you'd got it any other way," Jim Riggs said.

"Money you win on a bet isn't real money," Bill Hallowell said. "It slips through your fingers."

"I know that's the rule, Bill," Murray Randolph said. "But my specialty has always been violating the rules. Good night."

He went back to Ann Farnum. There was a red apple on the table.

"Where did you get that?" he asked.

"That nice old man over there," she nodded her head ever so slightly, "put it on the table."

Murray looked over her shoulder. The old man bowed and rose and came over to their table. "I wish you two would taste that apple," he said. "It's something I fancy."

Ann Farnum split the apple with a table knife and gave half of it to Murray. It had a special spicy tartness.

"It's a perfectly delicious apple," Ann said.

"I think so," the old gentleman said gravely. "I developed it myself. I call it the Harvest Home."

"Do you raise apples?" Ann Farnum asked.

"I grow apples," the old gentleman said.

"Is it a paying business?" Murray asked.

"That depends on what you mean by paying," the old gentleman said. "I make what I call a good living at it—taking one year with another. And it means living in the country—which is a good place to bring up children."

Ann nodded gravely. The old gentleman bowed and went back to his table.

THE Calcutta Bicycle Club closes early. It was hardly ten o'clock when Ann Farnum and Murray Randolph walked down the steps.

They paused at the foot of the steps as if by mutual consent. He took her in his arms.

"You're going to marry me," he said.

"Yes," she said.

He held her close.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Yes," she said, "something."

"I was wondering if you could bear living in the country."

"I think the country is the best place in the world to bring up children," Ann Farnum said. "And after all—I'm not a poet."

"Neither am I," Murray Randolph said.

And thus, in a manner of speaking, the dean's prophecy about Murray Randolph came true. Something did happen to him that got under his skin—in a speakeasy.

And every few months Jim Riggs and Bill Hallowell meet at the Calcutta Bicycle Club and wonder how long it will last.

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The Big Pink

Continued from page 17

Winship said passionately, "for degrading myself to become a hired bruiser, pandering to the basest instincts of the mob, a mere gladiator—"

"But you wouldn't be mere, Doc. That's just the point. Maybe you've been kind of mere as a professor, but that's because you were tackling a job you weren't cut out for. In the fight game you'd be a headliner, a—"

"I'd rather be dead! Can't I make you understand that?"

"No," Eddie said. "You can't make me believe it, anyway. You can't tell me you haven't any ambition, Doc. I know better."

"Of course I have ambition," Winship said hotly, "but not to be a prize fighter."

"What *do* you want to be, then? A professor?"

The incredulity in Eddie's voice stung Winship.

"Yes. I'd infinitely rather be a mere instructor in—in English, even, than to stand at the very top of any other honorable profession. As for choosing to be a pugilist, a paid bully—"

"You want to be a professor," Eddie interrupted. "Let it go at that, Doc, and tell me what chance you see of getting to be one."

Winship suppressed a groan.

"Very little, I fear. None whatever, perhaps. But—"

"You're wrong there. You've got a simply elegant chance looking you right in the face. No matter what game you go up against there's only one way to the top of it and that's advertising. You pick out any top-notch professor you please and tell me how he got to be a headliner. Advertising, Doc—advertising!"

BITTERLY Winship admitted a certain basis for the charge. Even at Leicester there were regrettable cases of preferment based rather upon publicity than upon honest scholarship.

"Perhaps. But not by being advertised as plug-uglies, as—"

"Look," Eddie cut in. "Were you ever asked to lecture at Yale, Doc?"

"No. But—"

"But Gene Tunney was!" Eddie spoke triumphantly. "And where did Gene get his publicity? How does he happen to be lecturing on Shakespeare at Yale and spending his summers with Bernard Shaw and Edgar Wallace and all those top-notch writers?"

Winship found no answer.

"And Gene never saw the inside of a college till after he was champion," Eddie went on. "Just suppose he'd been trained to be a professor before he ever put on a glove? Why, he'd be president of some college this minute, and you know it."

It was borne in upon Winship that this statement—*O tempora! O mores!*—held elements of horrid truth. For a moment a base, ignoble hope allured him. Then he remembered.

"You forget that I am a fugitive from justice, in hourly danger of arrest. I may enjoy a temporary security by virtue of Mr. McGurk's influence, but if I attract public notice, this influence will not suffice to protect me. My only hope of escape lies in remaining unknown. You appear to believe that Miss Sullivan can secure for me a wide newspaper notoriety. Surely you must see that this will lead inevitably to my arrest."

THE argument carried weight, apparently. Eddie and Beechy were silenced, for a moment. Winship could see, by the dim light of the dash-lamp, that they turned to exchange glances.

"Eddie, I'm going to tell him!" Beechy spoke warmly. "It's just too mean to let him keep on thinking—" she turned to Winship. "The police don't want you, Beekie. They never did. It was all—" she hesitated—"all just a sort of joke."

"Joke!"

"Yes. Listen."

Winship listened. Slowly, against his disbelief, she made clear to him the true history of the adventure at the Hotfoot Inn.

"But if you knew this all the time, why did you pretend to think that I had injured a policeman, that—?"

"It sounds perfectly heartless, now, but we didn't mean it that way, Beekie. We—we wanted to help you."

"Help me! By hoodwinking me into—"

"You'd never have shaved off that ghastly pink beard if we hadn't let you think you had to do it!"

"Of course not! But why—"

"And you'd have kept right on wearing those perfectly grotesque clothes."

"Gro—why shouldn't I dress respectably? Why should you deliberately trick me into—"

"Because I just couldn't stand it to have Aunt Minnie laugh at you! I wanted her to find out what a perfectly good scout you really are."

"Don't." Winship lifted his hand. He could not bear, just yet, to think of Wilhelmina and the irreparable mischief that these two children had done to his standing in her sight. "I quite understand that you meant well, that you didn't realize the harm that you were doing, but—"

"What do you mean—harm?" Eddie demanded indignantly. "Maybe you've got a right to be sore at us for letting you kid yourself that the police were after you, but you certainly can't claim it hasn't been good for you! If it hadn't been for us you'd still be a long, hearty laugh to Beechy's aunt and—"

"And what am I now?" Winship broke in. "What do you imagine that she thinks of me?"

"She's quit laughing at you, hasn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

Winship paused. Mysteriously he was able to find comfort in the knowledge, to be savagely glad that Wilhelmina, instead of laughing at him, hated him.

"That's one thing we've fixed up for you," Eddie said. "And we've hardly started. We've got you a chance to be the most famous professor on earth—"

"How's that?" Winship was startled.

"Oh, be your age, Doc! Don't you see that it's sure-fire front-page stuff? You don't even have to make good in the ring to get all the advertising in the world! Can't you see the headlines? 'Prof turns Pug!' Why—"

Winship closed his eyes in a vain endeavor to shut out the dreadful prospect. Then, gloriously, the truth came home to him. He was free! He didn't have to become a prize fighter! He could snap his fingers, if he pleased, under the flattened nose of Dan McGurk and tell that ex-dictator precisely where, in Eddie's idiom, he got off!

And, at this very moment, still unaware that his yoke had been cast off forever, McGurk was waiting at Nevada Sullivan's!

Winship scrambled back into the car.

"Oke!" It was a pleasure even to employ, of his own free will, the detested jargon that McGurk had forced upon him. "Let's go!"

MISS NEVADA SULLIVAN, in the course of a gracious circuit of the dancing floor, paused at the table whereat her brother Irving was in grave conference with Dan McGurk. All three glanced covertly across the room at a large, craggy gentleman before whom a waiter had just placed a brimming glass.

"That's the Killer's third since he's been here," Nevada whispered, "and Looie says they hoisted four or five on the way down. He ought to be just about right by the time the Big Pink shows up. Everything else jake, Irv?"

Mr. Solomon nodded. "I got boys here from four of the papers and Joe Ginzberg's handling the cam'ra stuff. If the Pink crashes through it's the front page for ours, sure."

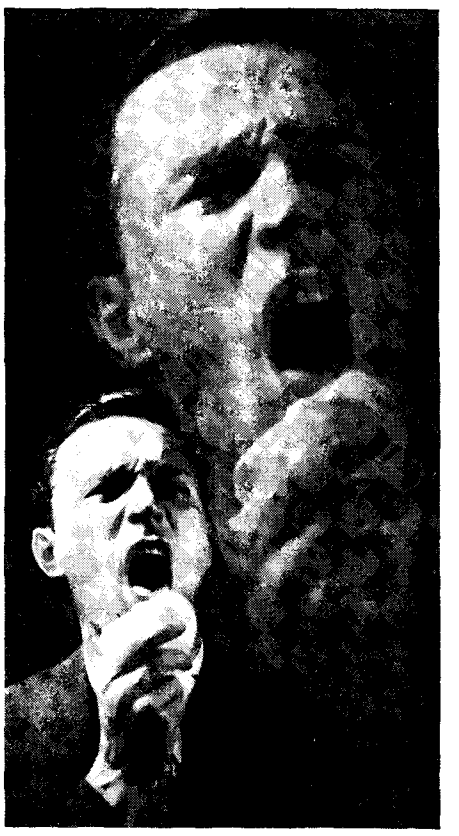
"He'll deliver, all right." Rolling his cigar brilliantly to the southeastern corner of his mouth, Mr. McGurk spoke with complete assurance. "I got that punk sewed up so he takes orders, see? If I tell him to slap the Killer down he don't even gimme a argument."

He glanced happily across the room. The Killer, having now partially emptied his glass, wore an aspect of more resolute ferocity than ever.

(Continued on page 48)

"You seem gloomy—no trouble at home, I hope?"

Crawford Young



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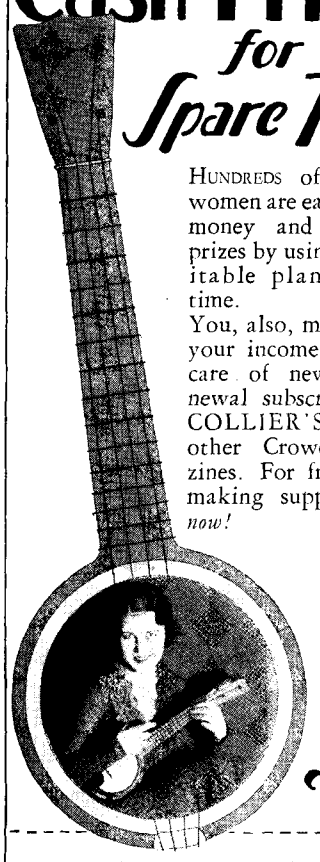

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(*Continued from page 47*)

"Yeah," McGurk continued. "For once I got wunna them big ones where he hannels right. The Pink dassent breathe without I leave him do it. He—"

He paused. Preceded by his young companions, Beekman Winship approached the table. In full evening dress his bulk loomed imposingly. Heads turned toward him, none more attentively than that of Killer Cain.

"Hey, punk, whadduyuh mean by showing up late? I told you eleven sharp, and it's—"

McGurk's rasping rebuke died into silence as Winship moved a little closer.

"Always hold up your hand and get permission before you speak to me, McGurk."

McGurk's jaw sagged.

"Say, who do you think you are?"

"I *know* who I am." Winship spoke sharply. "I am my own man again. I have just learned that I have never been in any difficulty with the police, and that there has never been any reason for allowing you to intimidate me into becoming, against my will, a pugilist. I came here tonight only to inform you that I am—" pausing, he found the right word, "that I am *through!*"

"Through?" McGurk blinked. "You mean you're gonna *quit?*"

"No," Winship said. "I mean that I have quit."

"But listen, Big Boy," Nevada intervened. "You don't know what you're passing up. We've got a sweet public'ty racket all framed up for you. By tomorrow you'll be a headliner clear out to the Coast."

"I'm sorry." Winship was astonished to find that he had spoken sincerely. He was genuinely sorry to disappoint this agreeable and worthy young woman. "You see, Miss Sullivan, I have no desire to be a—a headliner."

"Oh, be yourself, Pink! Everybody wants to be a headliner!" Miss Sullivan spoke severely. "You can't tell me that you—"

"The Doc just means that he doesn't want to be headlined as a scrapper," Eddie Jewett interrupted. "He wants to be a big shot in the professor business. He—he likes it."

"Oh." Nevada received the information with thoughtfulness. Her brows gathered. "Look," she said. "We can work it just as well that way. Better, maybe." She brightened. "Yes, there's class to it, this way, Irv. Listen. The Pink is a professor and that's all, see? He teaches in this college—what's the name of it, again? Leicester. Get that, Irv. You'll prob'ly have to spell it for the newspaper boys. He's just a professor who happens to drop in here with a party and—"

MR. SOLOMON'S eyes beamed through their shell-rimmed lenses.

"I get you. Sure. It gives a whole lot more class if it would be a college perfessor that sends the Killer to the cleaners than if another scrapper would do it. Fine!" He glanced thoughtfully across the room. "Maybe if you would be dancing with the Pink, Nevada, the Killer would—"

"No, Irv, I got a better hunch," Nevada interrupted.

She lifted an arm and waved it. Winship's eye, guided to the doorway by this gesture, came to rest upon Arthur Maybury, on whose countenance a look of blank, incredulous joy now registered itself.

Blithely Arthur approached the table. Nevada, springing up, laid glad hands upon his ears. With a vague, displeased sense of infringement, Winship watched her rise on tiptoe, and, employing Arthur's ears as handles, twist his head from side to side to leave upon each of his cheeks the richly purple imprint of her lips.

Mr. Solomon spoke in a tight undertone: "Look out! Here comes the Killer now!"

Winship turned his head and rose. He conceived an instant and intense antipathy toward the person who came swaggering across the floor, a person of grossly exaggerated dimensions, of foreshortened neck, prognathous jaw and back-slanting, beetling brow; a person visibly guiltless of culture or refinement, and, unless the expression of his brutally concave countenance did him injustice, a man of violent and overbearing disposition.

THIS person's left hand rose, clamping firmly between thumb and forefinger the back of Arthur's neck.

"Hey, what goes on here?"

The voice harmonized admirably with action and aspect, an utterly unlovely voice of harsh and domineering brutishness. It issued from a mouth that twisted itself into an unmirthful grin.

Nevada's hand clutched Winship's sleeve. "Make him let go," she begged.

The newcomer laughed heavily. Below the craggy overhang of his low brow his small eyes dwelt unfavorably on Winship.

"Yeah," he said, "make me let go."

Winship detected a mysterious lifting of the small hairs at the base of his skull. His teeth closed firmly and his hands folded themselves into purposeful fists.

"Come on, make me let go."

"Very well," Winship said. "I will."

Mr. Cain's expression changed swiftly from amusement to unbelief and from unbelief to malignity.

"Yeah? You and who else?"

"I shall require," said Winship, "no assistance."

"No?"

"No."

There was a pause.

"Listen, sucker, I'm gonna give you a break. You know who I am?"

"Yes." Winship said. "You are the big tramp who is just about to let go of that boy's neck before—" he paused —"before your own gets broken."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah."

Mr. Cain hesitated.

"Kayo, sucker," he said. "You ast for it, and you get it."

Winship's head moved aside precisely far enough to feel only a faint atmospheric disturbance as Mr. Cain's fist passed it by. He laughed. This man, who had described him as a sucker, was himself so simple-minded as to lead with his right!

Plunk!

The thumping sound marked the arrival of Winship's left fist upon the drum-like muscles immediately below the bulge of Mr. Cain's nethermost rib.

Plock!

The sharper, smacking note announced contact between Mr. Cain's under jaw and Winship's uprising right, with all the power of his back and legs behind it.

Boom!

The hollow, reverberating noise arose from the floor under the impact thereon of Mr. Cain's head.

THERE was a sudden flash of dazzling brightness, followed by a soft, puffing explosion. Winship shut his eyes. When he reopened them it was to witness the converging descent of several able-bodied waiters upon the recumbent form of Mr. Cain. In swift and practiced collaboration they lifted this and bore it away.

A short, squat man scuttled out upon the space thus vacated. He bore a large black camera into which he peered through a roof-like superstructure.

It dawned upon Winship that the lens was pointed at himself. He raised a savage, menacing fist.

"Don't you dare to—"

Again the flare of a flashlight blinded him. He opened his eyes to see the photographer in swift retreat, already screened against pursuit by the approach of several young men whom Winship seemed to recognize intuitively as reporters.

(To be concluded next week)

"Pierre, you may swear back softly" *Edward C. Gressley*

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The Sporting Thing

Continued from page 28

She loves a blouse and skirt; above all she loves a sweater. Sweaters with a round neck, long sleeves, straight cut and in unastounding colors. Sweaters without a single claim to novelty. Just sweaters.

Under that unassuming garment, if it is a coat sweater, she wears a blouse. A tuck-in blouse with a square neck, of linen or silk in summer, of light wool in cold weather, a blouse as plain as plain can be.

And below that unassuming sweater, a skirt of exactly the right length and of exactly the right width. Slim enough not to flap, wide enough to stretch to stride and stance. According to the weather, it is in woollen tweed, in cotton crash tweed, in flannel, in homespun or in linen.

Conform to Rules

Her felt, linen or panama hat has a brim just wide enough to guard the eyes and nose from sun and rain, but not wide enough to flop.

Between the game, the place and the weather, the individual has little chance for the display of personal taste. Chic depends upon perfection of cut, tailoring, fabric and color. The sportswoman is smartest when she learns to conform to the rules.

We who have seen Mrs. Helen Wills Moody play championship tennis on many courts know that her costume is almost as much a uniform as a trained nurse's. When it comes to playing the game as champions play it, dressing the game becomes merely a matter of slipping into the right uniform.

White is as inevitable for the court as for the hospital. Tennis is a hot, dirty game—not like golf, a comparatively neat, ladylike game. Everything that goes onto the court goes into the tub—usually after half an hour's wearing.

One plays golf in all sorts of weather. Tennis is a fair-weather game, full of sunshine, heat, dust. One must often dress warmly for golf. A tennis player dresses always for coolness. It's not what we put on that chiefly concerns us but what we can leave off. Bare arms, bare necks, bare heads, bare legs. Tennis players are the sunburned squad of the sports world.

So a full, short, washable white skirt and a full, short, washable white blouse —not a tuck-in, for whatever tucks in will come out. The little slip-on affair which Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall of Great Britain wore at Forest Hills in the recent national championship matches—call it blouse, call it sweater—is a new idea in tennis garments, and most attractive. It looks like a polo shirt—something—but it's knitted like a sweater and it has a turndown collar, five big buttons and a short, almost puff sleeve. It fits snugly over the skirt at the top of the hips, with a fitted, knitted band.

No stockings—what would one hitch them to?—but short white socks which follow the law of gravity, low white shoes, and sometimes the visor to shade the eyes.

Now, let's look into this matter of bathing in tropical seas and lounging on tropical sands. Here, at last, we come to a sport where there are no rules. And here, the smart woman who frequents the Riviera knows just about all there is to know about beach fashions. She sees every fashion as it comes out—often before it comes out—and wears as many of them as she is convinced are indisputably chic.

There's that matter of the bandanna newly converted into a blouse for pajamas. Someone simply took one of those big cotton handkerchiefs which the French peasants use for noses and head coverings, split it from one corner to the center, knotted the split ends at the back of the neck, let it hang down in front like a bib, tucked it in under the pajamas, and tied the remaining two corners at the waistline in back—a perfect backless blouse.

As for pajamas—there is no end to them. It's like looking at yourself in two facing mirrors. Happily, every season's crop is less bizarre and gypsyish than the last season's. This year they are less full, more tailored and of more sober colors than ever before.

A typical pajama costume at present consists of beautifully tailored dark blue wool slacks, quite narrow, almost like a man's flannel trousers, sharply creased like a man's trousers, and perfectly fitted to waist and hips; a marvelously tailored, heavy white silk or jersey blouse with short sleeves, a breast pocket, an open-throated collar and an embroidered monogram; and, if you like, a blue coat like a man's. The Duchesse de Gramont wears one.

As for bathing suits, they become more and more negligible as to size and more and more important as to style. Skirtless, backless, legless, all but frontless, these clean-limbed, stripped-for-action little masterpieces gain in chic with every inch of fabric they sacrifice.

These suits, too, are often white and dark blue—one or both; though wine red, that color new to sports, is on the ascendant. They are one piece, sloping up on the thighs, cut to the waistline in back, and in America usually lined. We add, when out of the water, a small, a minute, an almost undetectable skirt which snaps about the waist or—if the figure is practically perfect—is flung over the shoulders.

And sometimes the jersey, instead of being absolutely plain, is woven with a slightly rough surface—basket weave, ratine, diapered, or a diamond pattern to give a hand-knit effect. The plain jersey is usually stitched in a contrasting color—white with blue—or has fine diagonal tucks.

Riding Togs

Now let's take a look at riding togs. Young America has led the way toward informality here. Being dressed up in high hat and shiny boots is all very well for park riding or the National Horse Show, but if you want to get the most out of riding, the less you think about your clothes, the better. The time to do your thinking is when you order them. After that, forget them.

For country riding, the whole trend is toward a free-and-easy, let's-feel-at-home-in-our-clothes style of dressing. Jodhpurs and the low, easy-to-slip-on, easy-to-slip-off, easy-to-wear-all-day jodhpur boots; a coat when a coat is necessary, a shirt left open at the throat, a tie (when you're all dressed up) and a soft felt hat (if you just have to wear a hat). You may find a sweater more comfortable than a shirt—a turtle-neck or V-neck sweater with perhaps a gay scarf knotted about the throat. Just slip it on over your head, tuck it in under your breeches, roll up your sleeves *à la* washerwoman —and there you are!

Of course, all this must be done very knowingly, with the air of one who could wear a high hat and a gardenia to perfection. With the air, for example, of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, who often rides in just such a costume. She represents one of the foremost families of horse-lovers in the country, owns some of the most famous hunters and race horses, can ride any horse in her stables, referee a polo game and take any jump in the hunting field. Being a thoroughgoing horsewoman, she dresses like one.

Sophistication is shown, not in the formality, but in the cut of the riding costume. Jodhpurs, for example (and breeches) are cut with less flare than formerly, a less heart-shaped expression. This flowing line makes the leg look longer—and how smart is a long, slim leg in riding breeches! From just above the knee downward to the cuff, the jodhpurs must be absolutely straight — and tight, even uncomfortably tight at first. High-waisted in back they must be, too, so that they don't pull down when in the saddle; and lower waisted in front so they won't rise up when in the saddle.

The brown combinations are the most popular—breeches in the cocoa, copper, beige or russet tones combined with coat in a darker shade, the breeches in cavalry twill, bedford cord or whipcord, and the coat in tweed. The breeches should be of one-tone material, possibly with a faint herringbone weave.

Not a Wrinkle

The cut of the coat is something to pray over—unless you go to a tailor who's been saying his prayers to the god of tailors for years; just the right slope in to the waist, just the right flare over the hips (not too much!), broad shoulders, not a bulge nor a wrinkle anywhere, above all, not too long.

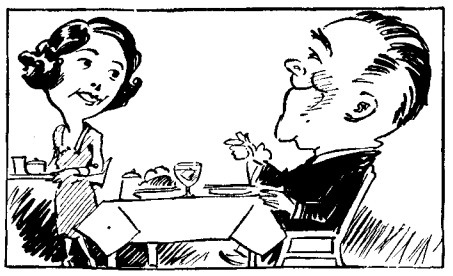
A yellow, turtle-necked sweater. Oh, other colors if you like but yellow goes so divinely with browns. A brown soft felt hat—nonchalant. (But why wear a hat unless it's raining?)

And then, if you want to ride in the park, all you have to do is to wear breeches instead of jodhpurs, and high, tan boots coming to just below the knee and as straight as a stovepipe! The fatal mistake is to have boots too low and too flaring.

It's simple enough, if you once make up your mind that there must be no concessions to femininity—no jewelry, no frills, no curls!

A motoring-traveling costume should not be omitted from any winter traveler's wardrobe. An all-weather, all-times, all-service traveling costume consists of a long tweed coat, a matching skirt, a harmonizing sweater and a silk blouse as well as a silk dress to match the lining of the coat. With this combination one may be warmly dressed for traveling in cool climates, for boat trips, night motoring, etc., coolly dressed for warm climates, and immaculately and freshly gowned for dinner in a hotel—all without carrying extra luggage.

One such combination worked out by a New York dressmaker for some of her smartest customers shows a coat of red, brown, black and beige mixed tweed (the red predominating) with a big roll collar, a soft, clinging sweater in two of these tones, a red silk blouse and a simple, tailored red silk dress. One may motor hundreds of miles in such a suit, wearing the skirt and sweater, changing into the dress for dinner, wearing the same chic little red felt hat and tweed coat, and feel delightfully fresh for the evening.



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Let's Not Pretend

SENATOR JOHNSON'S fury over the moratorium and Europe generally is a pathetic spectacle.

Hiram Johnson was once a famous Progressive leader. He marched around with the Bull Moosers in 1912 and 1916, singing Onward, Christian Soldiers, and getting himself into a lather of oratorical excitement over "the Battle of Armageddon." That was a good mouth-filling phrase borrowed by the great T. R. from the Bible for the purpose of fighting Taft and Wilson. Hiram was a great preacher in those exciting days. He and Billy Sunday, the evangelist, ran neck and neck in the race for new converts.

Time has not been kind to the vigorous Californian. He has always been in the opposition. He is against whatever happens. The meanest trick fate played upon him was the election of another Californian to the Presidency. Johnson has never forgiven Mr. Hoover for getting to the White House. It is not possible for the President now to do anything to please Senator Johnson. The fact that Mr. Hoover approves any course is quite enough to arouse Hiram Johnson's hostility.

In his fight on Europe, however, Senator Johnson is using words which many understand. It is the simplest and easiest thing in the world to picture foreigners as devils. All of us can believe that. Nearly everybody does in some degree. Hiram Johnson's tragedy is not that he indulges in unpopular talk, but rather that he is challenging the dominant tendency of our time. He would be the voice of a hermit republic and the day for hermits is past. To be the prophet of a lost cause is a sad fate for a politician.

"Forget Europe" is the Johnson shibboleth.

Forget Europe. Let the foreigners stew in their own juices. We have plenty to do at home. Such is his song.

We can't forget Europe. Europe owes us money. It is possible to forgive but it just isn't in human nature to forget debtors.

We want the money. Everybody wants it. There are no divisions of public opinion on that score. Democrat, Republican, Socialist, militarist, pacifist—name your "ist"—and the story is the same. Everybody wants Europe to pay what was borrowed.

Thus far everybody thinks alike. The hullabaloo in Congress arises over the very practical question of how to get the money. For the moment Europe isn't paying us anything on governmental debts.

When will Europe resume payments? When can Europe take up the debts? How much can be paid and how? What can we as creditors reasonably expect?

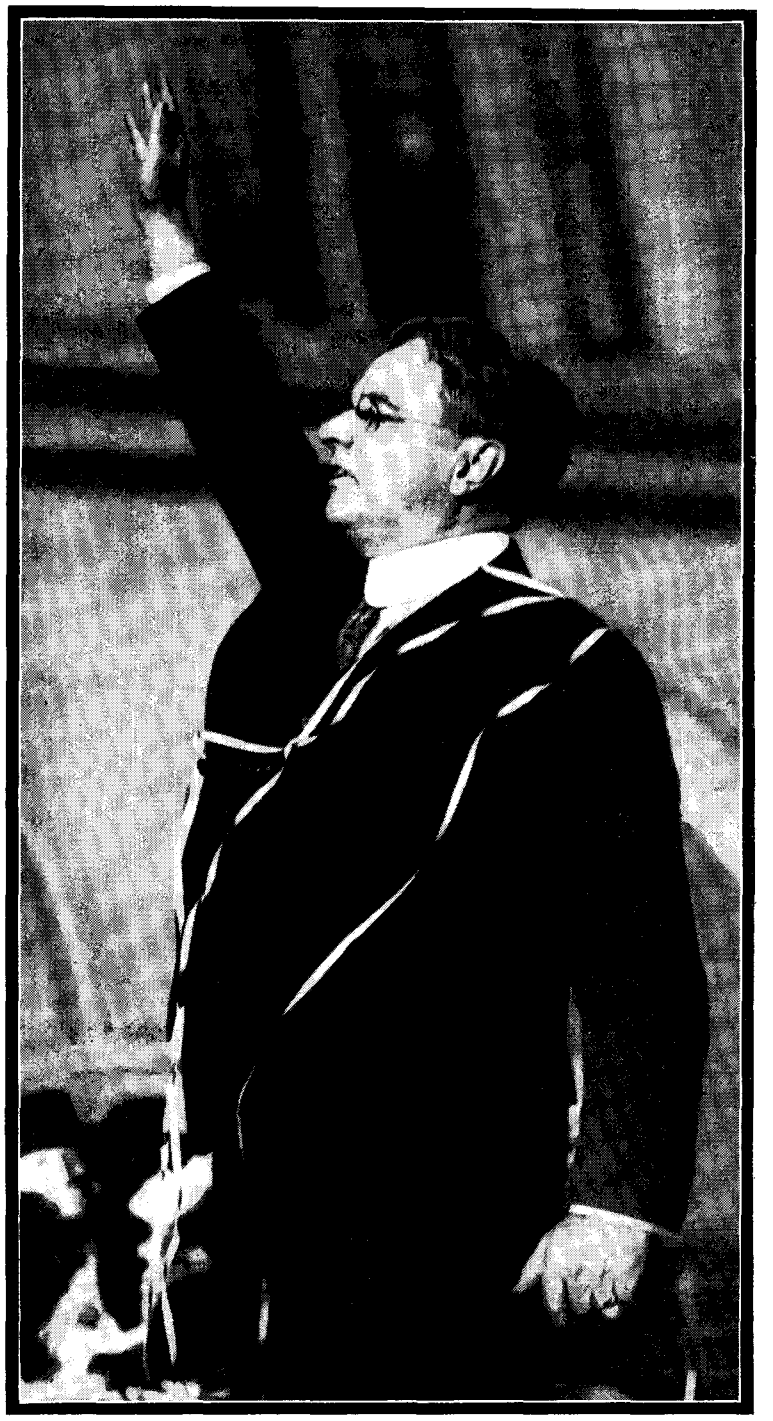
These are the very matter-of-fact issues which any lender has to take up with any borrower. Unfortunately they are questions which Congressmen hate to face because they fear the answers.

Not much will be gained, however, by pretense or delay. We are not going to get any more than our debtors can pay. The amount any nation can pay another is definitely limited. Second sight is not necessary to reckon the amounts we can hope to get from our various debtors. All that is needed is a paper and pencil and a willingness to admit that two and two make four.

The sum which any nation can pay at any time is its foreign balance. That is a definite amount. A nation cannot export its houses or railroads, waterfalls or farm lands. The balance accumulated abroad from the sale of exports and services and from investments in other countries is all that can be transferred. It matters not whether the debtor is honest or tricky. The most honorable nation or man can pay no more than he has.

The business of Congress, accordingly, is to try to find out, or at least to empower the Administration to find out, what can actually be paid.

Some years ago we made such inquiries and on the basis of conditions then existing we agreed to settlements with our debtors. The settlements were fair and even generous. The debts were scaled down.



Senator Hiram Johnson

Unhappily the world's economic circumstances have changed since those settlements were made. No longer are the old payments possible.

What do we want? To go on drifting, hoping for what we know we won't get? Isn't it a thousand times better to know the facts and to build sanely on them?

Of course we shall have to pay out of our own pocket what we don't get from our debtors. We shan't pay any less, however, by refusing to admit the facts. On the contrary, continued uncertainty diminishes the capacity of our debtors to pay and so increases our own burden.

We are intrinsically a powerful and productive people. We shall get to work again creating stores of goods and accumulating wealth. We can build a new prosperity very largely by supplying our own needs. We shall do this sooner and more effectually if we disentangle our credit machinery by writing off bad debts whether they be due from nations or from individuals.

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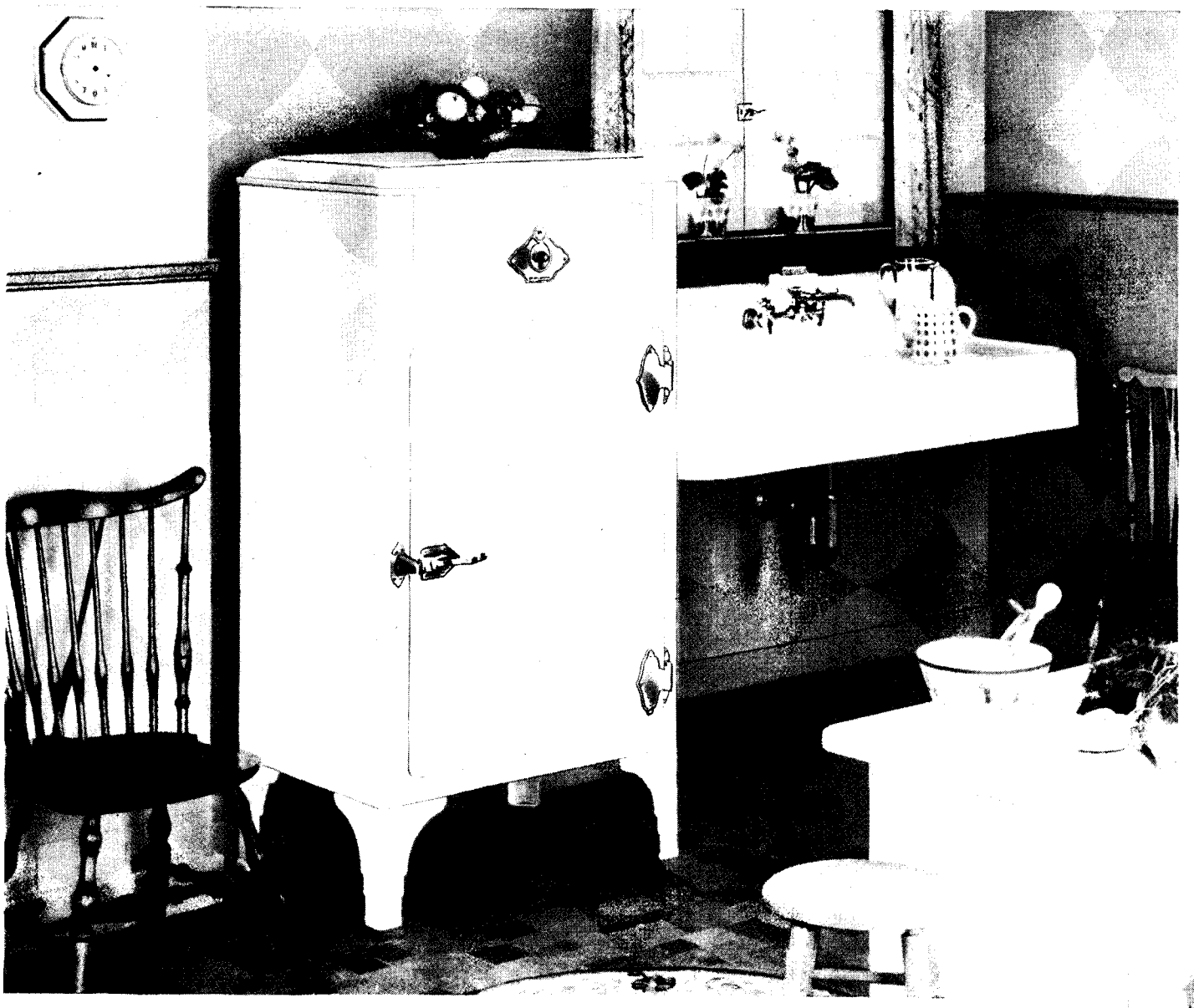

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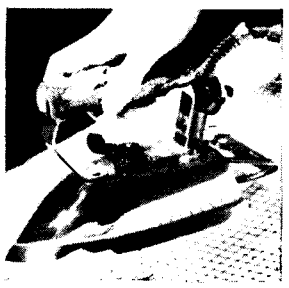

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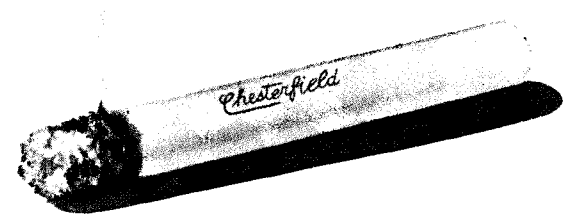

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